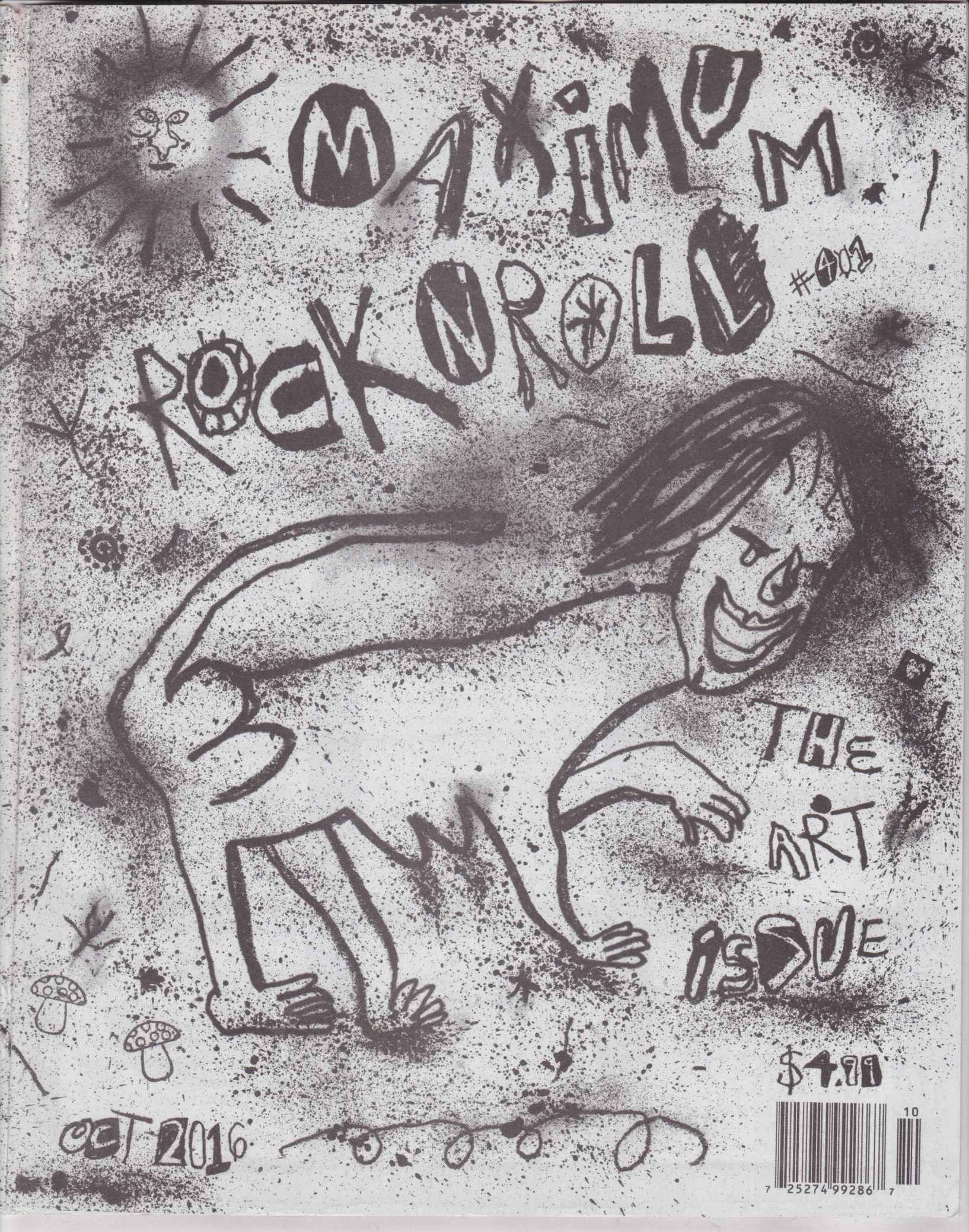
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Call us on the phone between 10AM and 10PM PST at (415) 923-9814.

More information at our website: maximumrocknroll.com

TOP TENS

Some of our contributors' top ten (or so) things we've reviewed this month. For review consideration, send two copies of vinyl, or one copy of CD-only or demo releases to our PO Box. We review independent punk, garage, and hardcore releases—no major labels!

GRACE AMBROSE

CCTV – live
RIÑA – CS and live
MALCRÍA / ANTI-SEX – live
DESGRASIA JUBENIL – live
PATSY – live
MUERTE / 86 GEMINI – live
SPECIAL INTEREST – CS
WARM BODIES – CS
VATS – Green Glass Room LP
TENEMENT – live
BIB – No Exit EP

MATT BADENHOP

Listening to the Lemonheads...

MITCH CARDWELL

LSDOGS – "Creeps/You're Done"
FINISHED – Come Inside Me Bro LP
CCTV – live
GOLDEN PELICANS – live
THE CRAZY SQUEEZE – 45
SUICIDE – LP
MARK CONE – Mark Cone Sings EP
THE WILFUL BOYS – LP
EX-CULT – Negative Growth LP
ZOTZ – Victima EP

ROBERT COLLINS

RAKTA / MUERTE – live
THE DARK – live
SCHWUND – demo
TERRÖRSTRIKER – demo
OUTFIT – live
THE MEN – live
BELGRADO – live
CONGENITAL DEATH – LP
AUSENCIA – live
AMYGDALA – Population Control LP
COMFORT – demo

LAYLA GIBBON

CCTV – live
BIB – No Exit EP
EX-CULT – Negative Growth LP
VATS – Green Glass Room LP
MARK CONE – Mark Cone Sings EP
LSDOGS – "Creeps/You're Done"
SUICIDE – LP
FAILED FLOWERS – LP
G.L.O.S.S. – Trans Day of Revenge EP
DOWNTOWN BOYS – LP
EXECUTIVES – Jet Set EP

DAN GOETZ

G.L.O.S.S. – EP and live
VANILLA POPPERS – live
VIVID SEKT – Who Protects Us... EP
TV FREAKS – "D.Y.O.T./The Pits"
PURE DISGUST – live
LSG – live
BIB – No Exit EP
THE POSE – Dig an Endless Grave EP
TURQUOISE FEELING – LP
MARK CONE – Mark Cone Sings EP

GREG HARVESTER

G.L.O.S.S. – EP and live
SPECIAL INTEREST – CS
NO STATIK – 12"
TENEMENT – LP
XYLITOL – CS
TV FREAKS – "D.Y.O.T./The Pits"
MARK CONE – Mark Cone Sings EP
CULT VALUES – LP
WARM BODIES – demo
CCTV – live
THE BODY & FULL OF HELL – live

KENNY KAOS

Don't ask...

MARISSA MAGIC

UGLY / CENTRE / SBSM – live
G.L.O.S.S. – Trans Day of Revenge EP
20XX – live
UROCHROMES – live
CCTV – live
BIB – No Exit EP
SUICIDE – LP
LSDOGS – "Creeps/You're Done"
THE CULT OF LIP – Right Now EP
LITTLE MONSTER / NEGRO
LÉO – split EP

LENA TAHMASSIAN

California girls are really the most...

CAROLYN KEDDY

TURQUOISE FEELING – LP
BOSS HOG – Brood Star 12"
BUG FIX – Chocolate Nerve EP
LIL TITS – Freak Flag EP
THE BUSYMEN – 10"
MARK CONE – Mark Cone Sings EP
ZOTZ – Victima EP
EXECUTIVES – Jet Set EP
NUMERATORS – Strange LP
X= – 5 Walls LP
MISS DESTINY / SUN BATHER – live

ROTTEN RON READY

OWL – Screech LP
VIDEO FILTH – Media Games EP
MARK CONE – Mark Cone Sings EP
THE POSE – Dig an Endless Grave EP
G.L.O.S.S. – Trans Day of Revenge EP
THE WELLIES – "Higher Calling" 45
GET OFF THE COP – Lipstick Tim EP
VIVID SEKT – Who Protects Us... EP
THE WANKYS – EP
BIB – No Exit EP

ELI WALD

CCTV / VANILLA POPPERS – live
VATS – Green Glass Room LP
86 GEMINI – live
SPECIAL INTEREST – CS
WARM BODIES – CS
G.L.O.S.S. – Trans Day of Revenge EP
FAILED FLOWERS – LP
EX-CULT – Negative Growth LP
BIB – No Exit EP
TENEMENT – LP and live

RAY LUJAN

THE BACKSEAT ANGELS – CD
B BOYS – No Worry No Mind LP
BOSS HOG – Brood Star 12"
NATO COLES – Live At Grumpy's CD
FAILED FLOWERS – LP
FLESH RAG – Stay Away EP
GET DEAD – CD
HOSPITAL JOB – Never Get Cold LP
MODERN DELUSION – Days of Us LP
SHALLOW CUTS – LP
SNEEZE ATTACK – Maxwell LP
TENDER DEFENDER – LP

FRED SCHRUNK

G.L.O.S.S. – Trans Day of Revenge EP
DOWNTOWN BOYS – LP
BIB – No Exit EP
BUG FIX – Chocolate Nerve EP
TV FREAKS – "D.Y.O.T./The Pits"
TENDER DEFENDER – LP
TENEMENT – LP
THE MISCASTS – EP
EX-CULT – Negative Growth LP
LSG / 86 GEMINI / MUERTE – live

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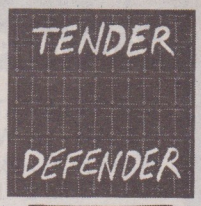

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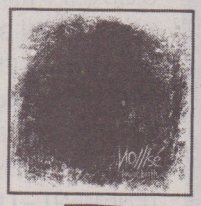
i go quiet 7inch

high dive
new teeth 12inch



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ISSUE 401

The art issue is one of our recurring favorites, one month every year (give or take) where we turn our focus away from music and onto the visual noise that occupies punk spaces.

Nearly thirty artists made new work for this issue. You'll find their spreads in the following pages and for many, you'll also see some examples of their "punk art"—gig flyers, record covers, t-shirt designs, and more.

Does the phrase "punk artist" actually mean anything? How do punks who make art separate their studio practices from the functional materials they make as parts of punk infrastructure? Do they separate those areas at all?

We've all been conditioned to support our friends who play music and go on tour, five dollars at a time. Conscientious consumption under capitalism is a myth, of course, but buy it into for a second and consider investing in a piece of art by your favorite punk who happens to be an artist, something that you'll feel lucky to live with every day. You'll be glad that you did.

Kansas City-based artist Olivia Gibb lived at the compound for ten days in August, the first ever *MRR* artist-in-residence. She made drawings, painted t-shirts, and created the cover of this issue and the artist names you'll see throughout. Thanks to her for the inspiration and energy she brought to our house.

Drawing made during Olivia Gibb's *MRR* residency, August 2016

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LETTERS

Send letters to PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146 USA or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. Letters may be edited for length. Response not guaranteed.

Dear *MRR*,

I never realize how much I miss or have been anticipating the next *MRR* till I'm removing it from my mailbox with glee.

The Teaching Resistance and "What's Left" columns always seem to verbalize things I've been thinking about in a way that's unpretentious (or less pretentious than what I often hear from academically-inclined radicals. I am so fucking sick of Hegel references.)

That there's been an emphasis on including QTPOC voices in recent years has meant the world to me; has meant reconciling myself with a punk that always felt subversive but often replicated the same shit I wanted liberation from. That there's often been call-outs on making punk inclusive and accessible has meant I could believe in it again.

I don't want to just consume, I want to contribute eventually but 'til then, this mag often reaffirms possibilities rather than solidifing nihilism.

Thanks, I love you.

Kirsten

TW: sexual assault, PTSD: I am looking for submissions for a zine I am trying to create based on accounts of PTSD where the survivors are unsure of the validity of their experience, due to the fact that they have never heard their type of trauma discussed before, or they felt uncomfortable coming forward publicly, or that they felt their trauma was 'created' in their own mind and therefore not relevant to current conversations around abuse or survivorship.

I am doing this zine because I suffered, and am currently going through, intense PTSD based on exposure at a young age to magazine articles about incest. I believed for a long time that because I had not been physically harmed, this trauma, manifesting itself in daily and nightly dreams, was not valid, that somehow it was not real enough to seek help, to talk about, to accompany other stories of rape and assault.

I want to explore the spectrum of PTSD. I want to give my account but I want it to hear from others as well.

Please send all inquiries to: onlyindreamszine@gmail.com.

NATIONWIDE PRISON STRIKE ON SEPTEMBER 9TH

Prisoners nation-wide are getting ready for what is likely to be the largest prison strike ever on September 9th. A call has gone out for an end to prison slavery, the only form of slavery that is still legal in the United States. Many prisons rely on inmate labor to function, while also putting prisoners to work for pennies an hour or nothing at all, turning out a huge profit. Although the initial call is for a work stoppage, the strike is decentralized and there are many ways prisoners can take part. We can expect to see hunger strikes, commissary boycotts, inmates staying in their cells or refusing to return to them among other things on the 9th.

Since the call has gone out many prisoners have taken action to get organized and build energy for the strike. Hunger strikes, work strikes, and rebellions have been taking place all summer from Texas to Indiana to Nevada and beyond. Prison authorities have retaliated against some prisoners—Siddique Hasan in Ohio has been prevented from using the phone or accessing his email, in Alabama prisoners were put into segregation without being told why, and in Milwaukee prisoners on hunger strike are being force fed by having tubes stuck up their noses. On the outside many support groups and individuals have taken action to put this strike on the map, sending letters, dropping banners, hosting informational nights, writing graffiti, and marching in the streets.

September 9th is right around the corner, but it's not too late to participate. The widespread and decentralized nature of the strike means everyone can find something to plug into or contribute in their own way, whether from within the prisons or on the outside.

For more information about the strike check out: iwoc.noblogs.org, supportprisonerresistance.net, itsgoingdown.org.

We're looking for another content coordinator to run the magazine alongside Grace. If you have a mind for business, a passion for punk, and a confident and clear editorial vision, this might be the job for you! Applicants must be willing to make a two year commitment, ready to relocate to San Francisco, and able to work legally in the United States. Write to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com for an application and more details.

We're putting together a special feature about reproductive rights. If you have a story you want to tell (anonymously or not, positive or negative) about trying to access an abortion where you live, write to grace@maximumrocknroll.com. Same goes for people who want to talk about ways to support access—escorting, fundraising, safely inducing at home—or people who have made art or music related to the issue at hand. We're looking for many perspectives from all over the world.

We still need volunteers to help with the archive project. If you live in the Bay Area and can commit to weekly or bi-weekly inventory sessions, get in touch with our archive coordinator Shivaun at archive@maximumrocknroll.com.

Steve and the Neurotics

The End of Life as We Knew It

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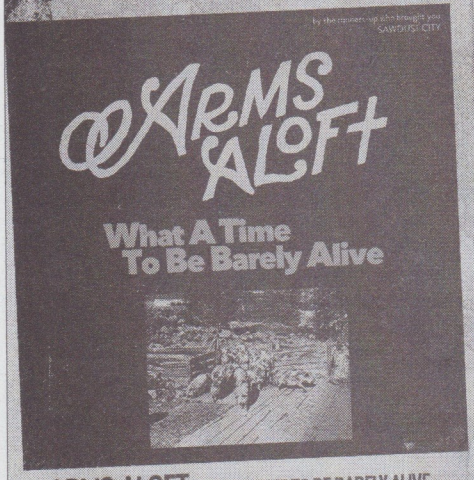
"DUDE, YOU'D HAVE TO BE A FUCKING IDIOT TO TAKE ON 3 NEW BANDS IN 2016..."



ARMS ALOFT WHAT A TIME TO BE BARELY ALIVE

MAKEWAR DEVELOPING A THEORY OF INTEGRITY

GOOD FRIEND RIDE THE STORM

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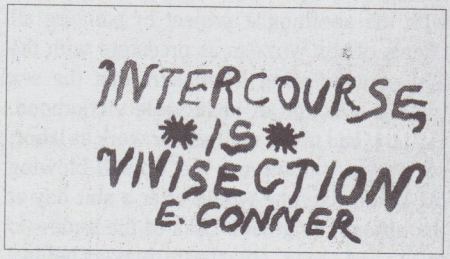

In the last issue I wrote a pretty over the top introduction to an interview I did with my local heroes Scream Queens. If you didn't catch it they are a collective entity that produces a weekly radio show on our local pirate radio station that can also be streamed online and is archived. They also put together zines and shows highlighting the general ethos and aesthetics of their radio show. In the intro I tried to tackle this huge subject about how the rhetoric of friendship in punk has always seemed so intrinsic to the experience of the Punk Community and yet so foreign to my own.

Like a lot of people reading this, punk and hardcore was a real way out of (or at least a distraction from) a shitty life. I got involved in political stuff around the same time through the same channels and the kind of utopic beacon of what was possible really kept me afloat for many years. This is a romance that isn't always named. The idea of staying up late at night and doing crimes with my friends while looking really cool is still largely appealing and drives my current life as much as it did when I was fifteen.

The Houston, TX punk scene I grew up in was rough. The same year that my mother passed away my friends were playing beer bottle baseball in the backyard of the warehouse where they lived until someone got their eye taken out with flying glass. That next year some of the people who I considered friends cut the brake line of my bike and scratched "you made your mom die" into the paint. These *were* my friends. They were men and they fucked me but didn't really seem to like me.

For a long time this felt regular. We listened to harsh noise and drank shitty beer and had our provincial and violent scene drama. I can't really pinpoint where it started to feel like there were other options. The differences between punk, which was about crime / criminality, and the nationalism and friendship of hardcore probably began to emerge for me then. Immediately, and since, I was implicated to both ethics.

I just found an old note on my phone where I tried to come up with a hyper specific themed mixtape that was all punk bands singing about the artifice of the nuclear family. The list contains only a few tracks as it's likely I got distracted or started reading out loud from a Manchette novel.

It was late December, early January when I made the list. I was driving with my friend from the Bay to Nashville and back in just eleven days. The trip was motivated and pushed along by the special kinds of psychic residue that only the return to the homeland can precipitate. We stopped in Houston along the way. Despite my best efforts I didn't have a single friend left in the area who was willing to let us crash on the floor. So we resigned ourselves to staying in a La Quinta Inn in the suburbs that my aunt bought me as a Christmas present. Upon driving through the large sprawling city of my youth we stopped in at the local Vietnamese deli, Cali Sandwich to get banh mi for the road. In the bathroom of the deli my ten-plus year old scrawling grease marker tag remained: STAY PUNK.

Certainly it is a mixture of embarrassment and pride that I had stuck to my guns so ardently. Here I am a 31-year-old human who feels removed from every potential to assimilate into a family unit. What I'm thinking about now are my friends. In the past year I've lost several friends to drugs, alcohol, and suicide. When people talk about growing up and aging in this community this experience is often overlooked. We commend the winners often. The good bands, the ethical businessmen, the parents, the social workers, the artists and writers are all often highlighted, even and especially in the very pages of this magazine. People get lost here. Friends fall off the map and even what's seen as "growing up" has its nasty side.

My friend Barker died little over a month ago. Immediately and since then it has felt like there has been an impetus to correct this mistake. It felt like there was / is something I could be doing to keep this from happening. A few days after he died I held a baby who was born the day before Barker left us. He slept in my arms and squirmed only a little. It's so weird that much of culture invests in the futurity and innocence of a child and its potential when the odds are firmly stacked against it.

At the memorial / birthday party for Barker a few weeks later I felt compelled to make as many amends as I possibly could. There, I drunkenly grabbed the arms of exes, estranged friends, and that racist dude who I got in a fight with on the internet and pleaded with them to accept that I needed them here. Resentment is something that's hard to let go. I woke up the next morning thoroughly ashamed of my behavior. My sin was being too vulnerable and wanting. Wandering through a record store crowded with sad drunk bleeding wounds who all loved a friend who left us too soon.

I'm angry about it. I'm terrified too.

I held Barker in my arms like a baby once. In a backyard on a half pipe in between bands. I fed him beer and rocked him back and forth like a little baby while he goo-gooed and ga-gaed. This went on for only a few minutes and then he looked me in the eye and said, "That was our moment right there." I didn't know I would only get one.

Nostalgia may be a way of dealing with grief. Punk and hardcore are locked in a kind of eternal return same as everything else. It's possible that the form of punk which creates a kind of expansiveness in its repetition also somehow deals with this reality better than some others. It's also possible that offering up our lives and bodies to extreme social experimentation offers capitalism more access to our resiliency.

Anyway, I wanna live.

ENDNOTES:

1) This is my first column although I've been a shitworker and avid reader for years. I'm happy to be in the fold and a special shout out to sharing pages with Erika Elizabeth who taught me a lot about braving the bro and making shit happen for yourself and the people you love during our tenure of growing up in the same scene in Houston early aughts.

2) I highly recommend Cali Sandwich if you

COLUMNS

are ever in Houston. The sandwiches are great but if you have time take a seat and eat some salt toasted tofu.
3) If you have any track to recommend for the mixtape I mentioned feel free to send it to toofworm@gmail.com or E. Conner, PO Box 22302, Oakland, CA 94623 USA.

SEX WORK IS REAL WORK

Bruce LaBruce Nearly Chewed My Tits Off
By Tony Delgado

"I am the consummate whore and neither priest nor police could reform me. I'd sooner bare my ass on the street than drink a glass of wine and think nothing of it!" – 120 Days of Sodom

"Why do people become prostitutes?" my father recently asked me with a forced air of unassuming geniality. I bristled at the question. Not even a year ago the old man had cornered me in the kitchen and told me that I wasn't fooling anyone as to where I got my money. I gave myself away not just by the odd hours I kept, or my impatience to get a place of my own, but by my entire self-presentation. Why else would I have *cockslut* written in sharpie on my Jordans? It was the books I read; even my taste in ideas was that of a whore. Did I think he was an idiot? I sank into my abjection, imagining that my breath stunk of freshly quaffed loads. He said his concern was for my safety, but it was the way he felt he was rightly confronting my "deception" that I felt his reaction was one of revulsion to my venality, my profligate effeminacy, my depletion, my failure to embody the mannered, liberal homosexuality so inoffensive to the sensibilities of straights.

We're fed such lore as the belief that engaging in sex work permanently depletes one's emotional resources for non-transactional intimacy. I sucked and fucked my way to an income on par with that of any nurse, realtor or electrician and still wear my heart on my sleeve. This belief is all the more pernicious and proprietary for women, for whom sex work is thought to sully their market value as spouses and corrupt their god-given willingness to be mothers. One of my best girlfriends is happily married yet still works the pole three nights a week, infantilizing men by reminding them "no touching" while insouciantly blowing a queef on their knee.

Dancing and turning tricks allowed me to embody the thief / cowboy / hustler persona I had admired in the pages of Dennis Cooper, Bruce Benderson, Lydia Lunch, Camille Paglia, Jean Genet, and in the films of Bruce LaBruce and Paul Morrisey. I earned the nickname "hardcore Tony" by dancing to Motörhead, L& and the Cramps. I made a habit out of provocative stage antics. When offered cheap tips I'd shove them up my ass and throw them back at people. I once cock-slapped the spectacles off some doddering old letch in perverts row and then sunk my prick into his pint of Pilsner before tossing it back myself. One night I got the DJ to make my last song "I Want A Hippopotamus For Christmas" and traipsed about onstage lip-syncing every word with my cock pulled back between my legs, embellishing the "no crocodiles!" line with a pert, admonishing wave of the finger. By the time the manager had cut the music and summoned me over the mic to the DJ booth to be upbraided, the entire place was sobbing with raucous laughter.

I've sucked the ashen cocks of seventy-year-old men in sarcophagal apartments that smelled of baby powder and laxatives. I've fulfilled the cuckold fantasies of one man by taking his wife from the back, my friend Miguel fingering my asshole to keep me hard. I had one john who was into shit. I made the trip to his hotel room listening to Rectal Hygienics to get in the mood. I hadn't showered in three days, at his request. In between swigs of rotgut he set to work on my filth encrusted hole, deftly using his tongue to loosen and collect the hardened rime of shit.

So implacable was this man's lust for coprophagia that on occasions when he was feeling slightly more peckish he'd have over a few of the club's Durabolin junkie weightlifters, whose seven daily meals of brisket and broccoli produced turds that would make even a Tibetan Mastiff blanche. He'd have them all unload into a blender and take turns spoon-feeding him the gruesome spackle.

This one buttery, pig-faced motherfucker tried to short change me after having rammed his finger up my ass during a lap dance. Given that the club and all the dancers are fully licensed, we have the option of calling the cops when stuff like this happens, but since there's nothing I hate more than pigs at a fag bar I tend to go the strong-arm route. I put such a fright in this bastard's ass, I reduced him to tears before having him ejected from the club.

I've been told that my way of describing johns can verge on cruelty, and my intention in doing so is to express contempt for the looky-loos, cheapskates, gargoyles, and, as I hope is by now clear, my enthusiasm for abjection and erotic solipsism. It is not to be confused with the abolitionist project of painting all clients of sex workers as predators with the aim of convincing lawmakers that the sex trade is a trough of ineluctable victimhood. Bashing bad tricks verifies our work as labor; our way of putting our feet up and blowing off steam like one would after a shit day at the office. The greater risks of the trade—to health and safety—that basic thinkers believe are the reason for the stigmatization of sex work as opposed to the ugly product of it, are on account of the systematic denial of our labor rights by the hateful proponents of criminalization.

Some of my closest friends had initially been clients of mine, or of friends, or men I'd merely cadged drinks off of and fallen into conversation with at the club. One of my regular clients was a well-known publisher in the city. We swapped books (*Veronica* by Mary Gaitskill), went for lunch at art galleries, had some of the most vitalizing, generative conversations I'd ever had with a person.

Another client I'd met at the club was a sanguine intellectual who'd taught at Stanford and Harvard, was a veteran of the counterculture movement of the '60s and had rubbed shoulders with the likes of such seminal radical thinkers as Norman O. Brown and Herbert Marcuse. We stayed up all night in his hotel room at the Four Seasons ridding the mini-fridge of Tallisker, Malbec, Heinekin, as I harangued him about the need for more enlightened foreign policy vis a vis the geopolitical roles played by "terrorist" organizations such as Hamas and Hezbollah. I bounced ideas off him for a collaborative punk LP called *SONIC INTIFADA*, a collection of songs by different artists expressing solidarity with Palestinian liberation and the ongoing resistance to the killing machine of Western imperialism.

One regular patron of the bar claimed to have smoked crack with Allen Ginsberg.

However, the most lasting of these relations, which I am here compelled to recount in full at his behest, was the night I met legendary cineaste profligate and "queercore" luminary Bruce LaBruce. One of the regulars at the club was a failed filmmaker in his forties working a nominal job in television production. He'd come of age in the late

'80s / early '90s and nights when it was slow we'd sit and drink and talk about Godflesh, Nomeansno, TAD, Swans, Ciccone Youth, Brainbombs, Bob Mould—he'd mentioned that sometime among his spate of efforts in the film world he'd met Bruce on a handful of occasions, certain he'd impinged upon his consciousness enough to be remembered. He recalled he'd hung on to a copy of Bruce's zine, *Monstar*, since the '90s and that he'd be willing to part with it.

The next evening he brought it in for me in a plastic grocery bag. I went to the dancer's lounge and skimmed through it. My initial impression was made by his avidity for deprecation, pages of invective going toe-to-toe with Dennis Cooper or shitting on the "hateful monogamy" of queercore poseurs. It was a sulfurous cunty-ness hard to reconcile since I've come to know Bruce as one of the most demure people in my life, a loyal friend and a locus of support and affirmation. The man has given me endless pep talks, babysat me when I relapsed on heroin after a considerable length of sobriety, and helped me publish some of my first work. I love him with my whole heart and owe him a major debt of gratitude.

After my friend saddled up and left he walked a few blocks over to our competing strip club with a louche reputation for its onstage sex acts and general sleaziness, a result of having bypassed the strip club license for legal recognition as a sex club. Why I never worked there to begin with is beyond me. At the bar drinking a pint of Heineken was none other than Bruce LaBruce. My friend sidled on up to him and let him know that there was a dancer at Remington's to whom he'd just given a copy of *Monstar* and that this dancer was a big fan of his.

Bruce's plan was to surprise me by coming into the club on one of our slower nights. I happened to be standing by the DJ booth fucking the dog when he walked in. I stood rooted to the spot and watched as he walked up to the bar and ordered a drink, steeling myself to go and make my introduction. As if he were any regular patron I could fleece a wad of cash from I went and sat next to him, mentioning I really liked the films of his that I had seen and that in fact I had a copy of his zine in my locker downstairs.

"Well, I actually came here to meet you" he said coolly.

My heart fluttered. He bought me round after round of Perrier (I was on the water-wagon at the time) and we shared outrageous stories. He told me of the night he met Ron Athey twenty years earlier back stage at a performance, sewing his lips shut as if he were "darning his socks." I put my leg up on the corner of his bar stool and he began kneading my calf. I hopped up onto his lap and started making out with him. After an awkward silence when I suggested we could go to the back, he said, "I can pay," thinking he was going to get a fucking freebie because he's Bruce LaBruce.

In the backrooms I peeled off my tank top and he fell onto my chest, sloppily kissing and gnawing at my sternum and circling my nipples with his beer reeking tongue. Groaning spasmodically he nipped at my areolas and chewed my tits, hard, as I resisted the urge to shove him off me. We must have been back there for fifteen songs, until the club closed, and by the end of it he owed me at least three hundred bucks.

"Uuuuh, can I give you sixty?" he demurred.

"Eighty." I countered, primly.

He fucking shortchanged me and I had to wear his bruises for a week afterward. Oh well, he's Bruce LaBruce, what can I say?

Sex Work Is Real Work is a recurring column written by punks who are sex workers. If you'd like to contribute your perspective, get in touch: mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. Discretion guaranteed.

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

A few years ago when I didn't have any place to stay I was sitting around at the end of a pier down on the Bay and thinking about how maybe I should just hop in and drown myself to death. See, I'd had a good run for a while, but then things had turned sour which was of course nobodies fault but my own, and I figured that a good dose of seawater in my lungs might cure my dumb ass blues. No shit, I didn't kill myself and here I am, years later, trying to glean some sort of meaning from all that.

I'll tell you what: As dumb as that sounds now, it sounded good as hell at the time. I'd just been released from the loony bin. The reason I was in the fucking nuthouse was this: Some goddam *citizen* had called the cops when she spied me out her window as I was overdosing on a nearby roof. I was wobbling around with speedball legs and kept falling over until I finally collapsed into a hundred pound heap. Funny thing is, all the cops and everyone thought I was trying to jump off the roof when I all I really wanted to do was die on top of it.

I'm petrified of both heights and needles, but as they say, man is a many-sided creature. I'm not sure anyone says precisely that but people say shit that means pretty much the same thing all the time and besides, you get what I mean.

I'm glad I didn't bite it any of those instances. It's a miracle I didn't, as I am an idiot's mix of incredible stupidity and stupendous clumsiness. How I've made it this far with all my limbs intact and almost completely uncircumcised astounds me. The one thing that has stood true throughout my dumb life is that I've consistently rescued small, half-assed victory from the jaws of terrible defeat. I swear to Christ I'll be in some hole, damaged as hell, about to croak in some way whether it's physical or a variation of soul deaths you can catch throughout this life and I'll figure out some way, somehow, to get myself out of it. That, or it'll just happen. If I were a dumber man (rather impossible but perhaps), I'd point to this as some proof of God's plan or some shit like that. More likely, I'm just lucky.

I'm saying lucky because a lot of people with a much better outlooks than I got to pop their pimples, so to speak, every day and somehow I've managed not to do it.

I think everyone weighs out suicide as an option at some point. Most folks just think of it when they're particularly hard-up for happiness, or right after a breakup or something like that. In those cases, I think it's more an impulse along the lines of "I hope I have a big funeral and the person that scorned me cries center-stage." God, what a fantasy! Who wouldn't want to see all the loves of their life sobbing into handkerchiefs and shivering with grief?

When I was a kid I had a bathroom all to myself in my parents house. I'd do this tremendously wasteful thing: I'd turn out the shower real hot so the room would fill with steam and I'd sit there and read comic books. Then I'd get in the shower and lie down in the tub and imagine the room disconnecting from my house and floating through out space. I'd try to visualize all the ways that I could maximize my personal space. Which way I'd lie down, which towel would make the best blanket and which would make the best pillow. I had books in there, a lot of books, and I'd think about which ones I'd have to memorize first and what I'd do after I memorized them all.

I think that's what I figured heaven would

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be like: This cozy, warm room with lots of books and no one around to bug me. What a fucking simp I am, to think heaven's exactly like this weird reverie I'd had as a child. Sure, it's no more ridiculous than any of the other beliefs people hold about the afterlife, but that doesn't stop it from being a stupid fucking notion.

The thing is, heaven is most likely incredibly bad and you don't even get to go there if you kill yourself anyways.

I mean, here's the thing: You want to be happy. Like a lizard on a hot rock. I get that. And you think that's never gonna happen, because a gross black breath flows out of you, breath that stinks with sadness and mistakes and all the cruel shit you done mixed shitty together in a dark miasma. You cough it up on everyone you meet, infect them and drag them down. If you think like this, you're insane but that's fine. Most people are nuts and sad and being sad and nuts is a good recipe for self-obliteration.

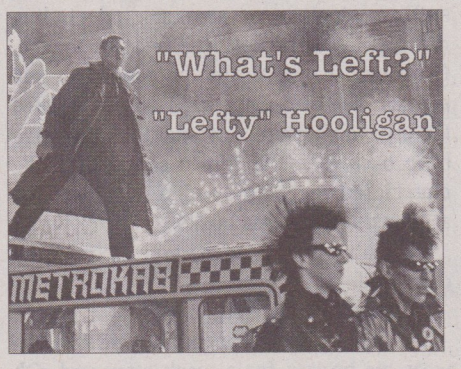
It's dumb to wonder why people kill themselves. They do it because they feel like shit.

But here's the thing: death usually makes that a hell of a lot worse. People hold grudges when you die, they don't release them just because you've shuffled off the stupid-ass mortal coil. There'll be women in black veils at your funeral, sure, but they'll be wearing them because they're too ashamed to show their face at such an ugly gathering and instead of weeping, they'll spit on your corpse. Or maybe not, but why take the chance?

Don't let anyone around you die under any circumstances. I understand there's a plethora of reasons why the world's population should be drastically reduced. I know that if justice was to be served we'd all be in a ditch letting our bodies rot to give Mother Earth more nutrients but it's just too fucking sad. Never turns out particularly well for decent people. Friends descend into weird barbarism, fighting petty little battles to distract themselves from their sadness. Mothers cry and that's very bad to see and even worse to cause. Avoid it!

Do what you have to do. Descend into shame, into penury, into living out of boxes in Single Room Occupancy hotels with nothing but needles to your name and a phone that won't text—just don't die.

I hadn't intended to write this column about suicide and part of me regrets it. First off, I've likely written this exact same thing before (I can't remember and God help me if I'm going to flip through my old writing). But, ah, we have just passed the suicide anniversaries of two friends and we're fast approaching my mother's. Besides them, I've known several other people (although not well) that have done it. My god! It's astounding if you think about it. Anyways, I also think it's corny as hell to write about death like this but it's much, much cornier to shoot yourself in the head, so here we are.



"Because of you Bernie is going to have to campaign for Hillary every day until election day and he shouldn't have to do that. One, because he hates her. It's just unlike you he's adult enough to pretend he doesn't."
—Seth Meyers, "Hey," *Late Night Show*

I was "Clean for Gene" in 1968 even before I could vote. I canvassed for George McGovern in 1972. In 1996, I voted for Ralph Nader on the Green Party and attended a couple of rallies, but not much else. Same with Bernie Sanders in 2016. I put up his poster and voted for him, but that was about it. Over the decades, I've gradually distanced myself from the electoral mania that seems *de rigueur* for such progressive / third party efforts. This time around I'm definitely feeling my age and getting quite vexed over those Sandernistas for reinventing the wheel of naïveté under the guise of youthful idealism.

By Sandernistas, I'm not referring to those third party stalwarts or vanguardists who jumped onto the Bernie bandwagon, only to return to their respective political folds once Bernie lost. I criticized them and their sectarianism in *MRR* #397 after tackling the viability of independent third party politics in general in *MRR* #396. *Sandernistas* are those young, politically unaffiliated, OWS types who were swept up in the frenzy of Bernie's "political revolution," but who now feel bitterly betrayed by his defeat and capitulation to Clinton and the Democratic Party. Those other progressives, social democrats, and Leninists might all be delusional about the importance and promise of their respective third parties, pre-party formations, or social movements, but they cannot be considered naïve by any means in that they fully understand that the electoral system is rigged and that American politics-as-usual are a dead end.

Not so the Sandernistas, who are credulous in three important ways, the first being their belief that genuine revolution can be won electorally through the Democratic Party. Personally, I don't think significant social change can be had outside of taking to the streets, but I'd be happy if a dual role were possible for electoral politics and street action simultaneously, with a vibrant social movement mediating between the two. The youngsters inspired by Bernie's call for an electoral revolution are idealistic to a fault, in that they think they can storm the bastion of capitalist power that is the Democratic Party without firing a shot.

Which brings me to the gullibility of Bernie's followers when they proclaimed they were shocked, shocked they tell us, over the Wikileaks dump of DNC emails revealing that prominent party Democrats had it in for the Sanders campaign. "But they're not playing fair," they wailed, as if playing fair has anything to do with politics, or for that matter life. I fully expected the Sandernistas to demand that Debbie Wasserman Schultz be given a "time out" for her anti-Sanders partisanship. I mean, this is the party of Lyndon Baines Johnson, who won election in 1948 by stuffing ballot box thirteen with votes from deceased Texans.

Finally, there's the overwhelming personal sense of betrayal that many Sanders followers expressed when Bernie lost the primary and endorsed Clinton. Seth Meyers commented that "Look, I know you're 'Bernie or Bust' but the results are in. 'Bust' won," but his sarcasm fell on deaf ears. The weeping and gnashing of teeth continues, and it's as if Hillary or Bernie or the Democratic Party personally slapped them in the face or ran over their dog. I mean, get over yourselves and take Joe Hill's advice—"don't mourn, organize"—to heart. But that would be too much work and way too adult, so I stand by my conclusion that they are naïve beyond belief.

For those of you who felt that a political revolution in the Democratic Party was possible, that you were being treated unfairly by the Democrats, and that Bernie's primary defeat and subsequent endorsement of Clinton were bitter betrayals, I have a bridge I'd like to sell you. It's a beautiful suspension bridge painted orange, and it even produces its own income. But I really don't have the time to further disabuse the Sandernistas of all their other misconceptions, which are legion. The idea that all you have to do is occupy a park

or a square OWS-style and *voilà*, instant movement, is ludicrous. Or the Manichaean good-vs-evil notion that the struggle is between political purity and choosing between the lesser of two evils, which is also bullshit. Even contrasting idealism with pragmatism is a false dichotomy in that it ignores the need to think strategically and dialectically. My pet peeve has been the canard that if I vote for Hillary, or for that matter Trump, I've completely sold out and legitimized the entire capitalist-statist-racist-patriarchal-fascist-imperialist system under which we live. Part of the simplistic belief that voting is the be-all-and-end-all to all politics, it's also part of the idiocy that one vote, my vote, changes everything. To paraphrase Sigmund Freud, sometimes a vote is just a vote.

I've pointed out before that I live and vote in California, a state that Clinton is sure to win come November. So whether I vote for Hillary or Trump or write in Bernie Sanders is irrelevant. I could write in Mickey Mouse or self-righteously abstain from voting entirely and it will make no difference. Of course, there's so much more to electoral politics, third parties, movement building, or fomenting revolution. I'm just sick and tired of political naïveté masquerading as youthful idealism or worse, serious revolutionary activity.

Now, get the fuck off my lawn!

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There is another approach to Bernie's "political revolution," aside from the cynical opportunism of third party / vanguardist hacks and the naïve enthusiasm of the youthful Sandernistas. My peeps, the ultraleft, push the political form of the revolutionary organization that does not strive to be either a mass-based, quasi-democratic, parliamentary bourgeois party or a professional, democratic-centralist Marxist-Leninist vanguard party. Ostensibly a cadre party as "hard as steel, clear as glass," the ultraleft revolutionary organization leads by example, intervening at pivotal historical moments or in crucial social movements to clarify social and political contradictions in order to push the working class into actualizing itself as a class, and eventually into social revolution. Luxemburg, Bordiga and the original Council Communists saw Lenin and the Bolsheviks as fulfilling that role during the Russian 1917 revolution up through at least the October Revolution, although some subsequent ultraleftists have not been as kind to either Communist icon. In my humble analysis, that's not what Lenin or the Bolshevik party actually did, and no ultraleft cadre party organization has managed to win a successful social revolution using this strategy. Certainly no one intervened in the Sanders campaign to show the Sandernistas the error of their ways. Hence my cantankerousness.

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For those of you keeping score, it's 2 to 1. I was correct that Donald Trump would win the Republican nomination and that the "Dump Trump / Never Trump" movement would not succeed. Similarly, I was right that Hillary Clinton would get the Democratic nomination and that the "Bernie or Bust" movement would be all bark but not much bite. And that they were, loudly, inside and outside the DNC in Philadelphia. Their activities did help Bernie to negotiate a slightly more leftist party platform while not actually playing much havoc with the convention proper. There was far more raucous protest and disruption at the Democratic convention however than at the Republican one, which brings me to my prediction that Cleveland 2016 would make Chicago 1968 look like a pink tea. I was wrong. Aside from acrimonious behind-the-scenes politicking in the RNC's rules committee and Ted Cruz's reviled non-endorsement speech on stage, the convention itself was remarkably disciplined and on-point. The streets of Cleveland were low-key and often empty, with nary a riot in sight. Some of that had to do with so many of us predicting, with a certain amount of glee and bloodlust, just the opposite and thus scaring the bejeesus out of the public. But I think there's a deeper reason here. The young and the restless realized where the center of action was and gravitated toward where history was being made. Nothing could be done inside or outside the RNC to change things. Not so the DNC where there was at least the perception that protest might change the course of history. That's why there was more shit happening in Philadelphia where even the Green Party's Jill Stein hoped to woo disaffected *Sandernistas*.

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I finished my second novel. It's all edited, rewritten, and copy edited. Now, it's in the hands my book designer, and ultimately, IngramSpark.

It's called *1% Free*, and it's a near-future speculative fiction / science fiction political thriller with a dash of noir. Aside from the genre tropes, it's also dystopian and utopian fiction, but I'll let you figure out which is which. It's 2042, and America's second civil war rages. Besides the collapse of the United States into racialized warfare, there are revolutionary social movements that combine red, black, and green politics; wild-assed youth countercultures; and meditations on science, cartography, technology, and extinction. There's also a lot of prognostication via fictionalization, much like my first novel *End Time* in which I predicted the rise of Zapatistas in southern Mexico. The accuracy and desirability of the future I predict is also up to you to decide.

I have a book launch for *1% Free* at 6 pm on Thursday, November 3 at the Book Passage bookstore at the Ferry Building in San Francisco. I'm putting together some swag now.

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WEIGHTY MATTERS

A while back, I wrote about ageism in the punk scene but there's another "ism" I wanted to touch on as well: sizeism. I'll admit I've made my share of fat jokes over the years but never completely went in for fat shaming. I suppose it was more out of concern about the person's health. That's really none of my or anyone else's business, of course. Whatever's right for that person is up to them and no one else should judge them. Ellen set me on the right path, after she got tired of hearing me pound out the opening drumbeat to "Bubble Butt" by MOD every time I saw former presidential candidate Chris Christie on TV. She's right—there are plenty of issues to criticize him about. His weight shouldn't be one of them.

My own weight has yo-yo'd over the years. It's been a real struggle in recent years. I won't give the number right now but I was up over 200 lbs. in the mid '00s and I'm only a shade under 5'6". Over time, I managed to shed over 30 lbs. but then I had my shoulder surgery in 2009, wasn't able to exercise as much as I wanted at the time and started gaining weight again. I've put on more weight than I've wanted to in recent years. I'm still not back to my heaviest weight—it's still a fair amount under that—but the XL shirts I was able to wear again have become too snug around the gut and I've had to bring the XXL ones out of retirement. I stick with darker colored shirts because they hide the fat better,

except during daytime in summers because the black ones absorb too much heat. I don't like the double chin that's started to reappear. I know why I gained the weight back. It's not from a lack of exercise. I try to do something four or five times a week, either at the YMCA or walking by the beach. I have about a three-mile route and there's something blissful about it, having my favorite music pumping through my headphones while walking at a fast pace. The problem, though, is I spend a lot of time around the house and I think I've turned into a compulsive eater. That's what's packing on the pounds. People have told me I'm not fat, that I look fine and that's cool but I want to do something about it and that's my choice. I'm sensitive about how my midsection looks.

What brought this on? Not too long ago, someone posted a picture of John Lydon from the SEX PISTOLS and PIL that was probably a "gotcha" shot. He was pictured wearing a blue shirt and blue shorts with sneakers. The clothes looked rumpled and he's definitely on the heavy side these days. Of course, that set off a parade of wisecracks about not only his fashion choices but also his girth. The usual tropes about how unhealthy he looks. I called people out for making fun of his weight and it actually got a good response. And while Lydon has flogged the horse of PIL a lot longer than he should have (to say nothing of those butter commercials or support of Brexit), I'll give him a lifetime pass because of the PISTOLS output and early PIL records. He's also been willing to poke fun at his weight. A few years ago, he joked that the PISTOLS were too fat to get back together and in another interview, when someone asked him how he was, he said, "Fat, stupid and lazy…someone's got to say it. It might as well be me!"

I mentioned in the column about the "age thing" that people who were anti-racist / sexist / homophobic etc., had no problem with making cracks about older punks. In all honesty, I haven't heard a lot of sizeist cracks at the shows I go to, although I do remember being at a show with someone whose band expressed strong political sentiments and I remember the person making fun of someone's double chin. This was a long time ago—1992—I thought that was kind of shitty even then, although I didn't call them out on it.

The first time I saw SICK FIX, I remember their vocalist Michelle saying, "I'm fat, deal with it," but couldn't remember the name of the song they played. Turns out it's on their first 7" and it's called "Thanks For Telling Me I Am Fat (Like I Didn't Already Know)," concluding with the line, "*Fuck your standards of beauty*." On the money. People saying, "she'd be beautiful if she wasn't so fat" is beyond condescending. By the way, Michelle is an incredibly nice person, even though she's a Baltimore Orioles fan. Could be worse—she could be a Yankees fan!

On the topic of shirts, I wish more bands would make XXL shirts available for us over-sized punks. A friend in a band told me there's an extra expense to making them but even if it cost a buck or two more, I'd pay it. We must stop this t-shirt size oppression! OK, I won't go overboard—first world problems, right? Of course, if anyone has any extra XXL shirts lying around that are too big for them, I wouldn't turn them down. Well, unless it's a band I don't like.

MUSICAL MATTERS

The latest package from Schizophrenic Records features three solid releases. BORN WRONG's self-titled album is the first 12" release for this somewhat unheralded band from Hamilton, Ontario. Blistering hardcore full of pent-up rage and enough off-kilter ear damaging properties to separate it from the mundane. That lasts from the floor-pounding stomp of "Nailed" until the all-out speed-driven onslaught of "How Will I Survive." Lamentations of a harsh existence—anyone dealing with a soul-sucking job will be able to relate to "Disposable" and those words are delivered with a pain-drenched howl. The accompanying poster is an illustration of a pretty winter scene, children playing in front of a mansion. Flip it over and you're confronted with a drawing of genome surrounded by "your life is a prison," and the front side seems to be but a fantasy and not real life for many people. If you haven't been paying attention to this band and the likes of HOAX, GLUE or GAG float your boat, you will love BORN WRONG. Limited to 300 copies.

While listening to FLESH RAG's self-titled 7", I was thinking these guys sound a little like the TV FREAKS and it turns out their drummer Nathan is in that band. Actually, I like this better than the most recent FREAKS material—this is ass-kicking garage punk delivered in no-nonsense fashion. "Stay Away" is acting kind of Childish, if you can read between the lines. "Tonight" is a butt-shaking rocker and "Watch It Burn" is brief and furious. This is how ya do it

Finally, GET OFF THE COP's *Lipstick Tim* EP features brooding, tension-filled bash centered mainly around thick-as-molasses bass-lines and cymbal-smashing drumming, to go with the David Yow-ish vocal emanations. "Beef Babe" is a dose of stop'n'start squall but the other pair of songs (one of 'em, "Golden-Hair / Making Love" is actually a two song suite, I guess) follow a more deliberate path to your skull. (Schizophrenic, 17 W. 4th St., Hamilton, ON CANADA, L9C 3M2, schizophrenicrex.com)

Moving on to Lumpy Records, three of their most-recent discs have been logging a fair amount of time on my turntable. The lovable LUMPY himself is back with his DUMPERS for their debut 12" opus, *Huff My Sack*. I had a nice Beavis and Butt-Head-type laugh when I saw the title of this album, as well as the scatological artwork. Scabrous punk at its best—nasally vocals and a prickly (sorry) sonic dust cloud. "I'm Gonna Move To New York" mentions being like Thurston Moore, but sounds more like a tribute to CRAZY SPIRIT. The cover song here, "Loony" (he spells it "Looney") is an obscure '78 B-side by the UK band SLIME. If the guitar line sounds like the DAMNED's "Suicide," that's because Captain Sensible played guitar on the original and Lumpy's version sounds even nastier. Brief, thorny blasts, except for the aforementioned "Looney" and epic (3+ minutes!) "Spider Bite."

Six of the eight songs on UROCHROMES' self-titled 7" come from their *Get In Line For Mental Decline* demo and these Western Massholes have a somewhat unclassifiable sound. Loud and boisterous with different strains of punk, hardcore and garage filtered through and a thoroughly rockin' concoction. To add a different wrinkle, they use a rhythm machine and it adds quite a wallop, along with the snarling and sneering vocals.

Finally, GLITTER's *Joy Of A Toy* 7" EP, like their previous 12", is a feisty delight. Yowling vocals and a mesh of barbed guitar and loping bass lines, compressed in a morass of trebly garage-punk-noise and the guitar and bass lines that start the songs on each side—"Garden" and "Merry Xmas"—have an ominously haunting quality. Lumpy is the perfect home for them. (Lumpy, spottedrace.bigcartel.com)

The two latest discs of note from the prolific Swiss label Voodoo Rhythm come from the DEVILS and the MONSTERS. The DEVILS are a fierce two-piece garage punk dynamo from Italy and boy do they make a racket with such a minimalist lineup. On their self-titled album, there are ten songs varying between revved-up ravers and bluesier stompers, three of 'em being instrumentals. Satan's on the thank-you list, of course, and the song titles reflect the devious subject matter, poking fun (pun intended) at the Catholic church, in particular, as the guy and gal who comprise the DEVILS dress in religious finery. Both contribute vocals although drummer Ericka

Toraldo takes the mic most of the time. Fuzz and bash that's formidable enough to shake up your very soul.

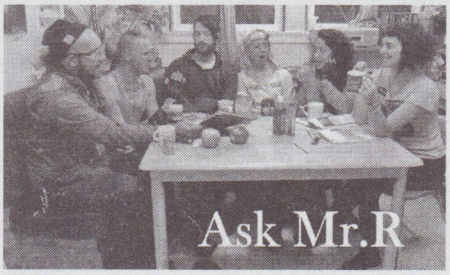
The MONSTERS are Voodoo Rhythm patriarch Rev. Beat-Man Zeller's long time band. *The Jungle Noise Recordings* is a collection of mid-to-late '90s material culled from 1994's *Jungle Noise* 12" and the remainder is taken from various 7"s, etc. The MONSTERS started as more of a rockabilly style band but eventually embraced a tougher garage focus, although there are different shades here—bare-knuckled fuzzbusters, heavier blues ("In Hell") and rootsy, pre-British Invasion rock'n'roll. At the center of this is Beat-Man's razor-sharp rasp and he sure ain't no crooner. Even with the occasional dud (their cover of Ricky Nelson's "Lonesome Town" falls flat), there's a good amount of rantin' and ravin' quality to be found. (Voodoo Rhythm, voodoorhythm.com)

Veteran Sapporo, Japan band SLANG's latest LP, *Devastation In The Void*, has been given a long-overdue US release on Prank and it's a scorcher. SLANG started out, many years back, as a NYHC-inspired hardcore band but that's long in the rear-view mirror. Their sound is an assimilation of Burning Spirits hardcore—hoarse, agonized vocals and a hard-charging attack. That means there's a fair amount of crossover metallic riffage, taking a few bows in SLAYER's direction. (Prank, PO Box 410892, San Fransciso, CA 94141-0892, prankrecords.com)

There's a song called "Bone To Pick" on BLACKBALL's *Visions Of The Third Eye* EP and that encompasses this Richmond / Raleigh band's overall feel. Ericka emits pure bile and the sound mixes slam-bang US hardcore with some Scandinavian influences along the lines of a band like TALK IS POISON. Rage you can feel. (Sorry State, sorrystaterecords.com)

As with BLACKBALL, Nashville band BARRICADED SUSPECTS (who I'm guessing take their name from the old Toxic Shock compilation album) have a song that sums up their attitude—"Fuck This Shit World." They come storming out of the gates with a simple, straightforward hardcore attack and I imagine that will exclude them from playing the Grand Ole Opry or any other "respectable" venue. That probably suits them just fine. (Closet Landscapes, PO Box 60294, Nashville, TN 37206, barricadedsuspects.bandcamp.com) Finally, closer to (my) home, PRAGMATICS' *No Rules, Just Fashion* EP is a four song blast of brawny, catchy punk rock'n'roll with people from such Boston bands as FRUIT SALAD, GARBAGE STRIKE, ST. RIPPER and plenty more. Sentiments worn on the sleeve—OK, I'm using a bit of a pun for the title track, about fashion punks and scene status and these guys have been around long enough to know exactly what they're talking about. And they also know how to keep it simple and play with a lot of heart. (Prax, pragmatics.bandcamp.com)

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, subvox82@gmail.com, subvox.blogspot.com, sonicoverload.net



I don't think anyone should take advice, but there are probably a lot of things for the punks to talk about, and we might as well do it here. Think of it more as an opinion *column though. (..and if we need a tagline for that I hope it can be something as vague as: "A column for people who are intrigued by subtle differences between the 'punks' and the 'punx.'")*

Text a question to 510-585-HELP (510-585-4357) or send an email to askmrr@mail.com.

I've been hearing a lot of sad stories lately of my friends getting fucked over by other punks and radicals. The call out discourse is of course limiting at times, which makes real change and accountability harder but I'd really like to know what to do in these instances. I've heard about a punk who wrote their housemate (a Black single mother of three, an obviously already precarious place to be) a fake eviction from the landlord to get them to leave. I've heard about a punk who emotionally abused his neighbor who lived in a squat (an already precarious place) in an adjacent lot until they left and became homeless again. I've heard about radical feminist porn producers underpaying, not paying their models and carelessly using content and images out of context and without consent to bolster their personal brand. I know this question is hard and I know you alone don't have the answers but I want to engage with what it means to be emotionally vulnerable with each other. To provide care and support in these situations. To not let the same abusive and toxic personalities continue to further repress and harm our friends. As the Ramones once said, *"I wanna live!"*

Lately I also feel as though I have been hearing about these kind of things more and more. It's hard to tell whether the instances are actually more prevalent or whether we are just in a place in time where it seems more necessary to share them with each other, and have many more platforms on which to do so. And it seems like it's everywhere too, right? Like, there's so much violence and death and sadness everywhere, and then we have to see the same issues reflected back at us within the punk scene, our own home. It can feel like there is no respite from the bullshit, and it can feel especially hard and sad maybe if you are a punk who has historically allowed yourself to believe that we are better than all of the fucked up business of the typical world. Like, how we tell each other stories of how "punk saved [our] life" at the time at which we discovered it, and how we felt as though we weren't going to have to step back out into the punishing norm world as long as we had this new enlightened posse alongside of us. It's easy to feel tricked and then eventually too burnt out to care as more and more issues arise. As punk grows and grows, more people casually enter our scenes, and, in a lot of cases, use the language of radical politics without doing the boring self-reflection / work that goes along with it. Even people who *have* tried hard to do the work can still become defensive, behave in entitled ways, commit assaults, or participate in generally oppressive behavior, so punks maintaining the ability to stay focused on the care and support of the people around you is all the more necessary.

Thanks for not making me responsible for a complete answer to this, since honestly there can't be just one. Everybody is different in the support they require and the way that they fight and mourn. All I can really do is speak to the importance of the idea, I suppose. As punks we work hard to create new and better systems of dealing with our issues, so when we talk about our accountability processes and the results of call out culture being less than effective or, depending on the situation (i.e. stature / coolness of perpetrator), generally lacking, it can help to remember that these issues are typical everywhere in the world and have obviously led to the creation of criminal justice systems, shame based societal policing, and other policies which also struggle / fail to hold people accountable, eradicate bias, or seemingly make anything happen that resembles the idea

of the "justice" people were looking for when they were initially instilled. I'm not writing in defense of these systems, but I do want to relate a reminder of the historic difficulty of the task at hand, and the idea that maybe part of being vulnerable with each other and providing the care that we have felt a lack of in the rest of the world would be to allow ourselves flexibility with our own processes, in order to see each situation as an opportunity to engage with affected individuals and the group as a whole. To listen to each other and to speak honestly about our experiences, to make mistakes, and to back and feel backed by the honest good punks all around us in the way that feels best. Stay engaged as much as possible, and take care of yourself whenever you can. Thanks for this question.

Calling all inquiries! I'd like to get more of a question backlog coming up, so now is the time to send in all your questions, opinions, and pranks to be answered within the pages of Maximum Rocknroll*! It'll be like a beautiful dream! Send a text to 510-585-HELP. Send in email form to: askmrr@mail.com.*

Hello all you insanity crusties, noizenheimers and fucked-up punx! Let's talk, why not?

Hey, the BACTERIA demo got reissued! You know, BACTERIA, the Japanese side-project band? No no, BACTERIA the Japanese side-project band that *isn't* Takeshi from C.F.D.L. and a bunch of Brits. This BACTERIA featured Kawakami, Hiro from INSANE YOUTH, and a drum machine fucking around with some blurry, stench-y grind sounds and RSR has just pressed their '94 *28 Trax Demo* onto a one-sided 12" for your...enjoyment? They thank SORE THROAT and FEAR OF GOD on the original tape and those are definitely primary influences, there is as much *Inde$troy* in the mix as there is *Unhindered By Talent* or *As Statues Fell*, with dashes of second-generation noisecore like DECHE-CHARGE or FINAL EXIT creeping in on the edges as well. It's very tough to do this style and quite a bit of this material falls short of the mark, but there are definitely some high points, generally when they push the tempo to the extreme in one direction or the other. To be perfectly honest, this is possibly the least of Kawakami's many projects, chalked up next to CRUCIFIED BY THE KA-KAMI as a well-intentioned but ultimately flawed attempt at a style outside his wheelhouse. Unfortunately, while I totally appreciate the concept of giving this recording a wider release, this reissue feels a bit like a low-effort cash-in. There's no insert or even the most minimal effort at setting a context for this release, just the absolute minimum of reproduced text and a nice pic of teenaged Kawakami. If one weren't aware of the label's hype blurb about this record you would gain literally no information about it based on the packaging. Bad, bad form. I'd recommend this for super-fans of Kawakami (though I'd recommend several recent Kawakami project reissues, especially THE CRANKS CD + DVD set and the GOATWORSHIPPER collections over this 12" any day of the week). I wish this was better than it is.

Hey, you want an "ex-members of" band that's fuckin' rad? A bit of a palate-cleanser? Try a bite of this SKYMARS *4 Songs Demo* tape! Rich as hell, yeah? Old schooI Japanese punks dropping some amazingly slick hardcore that exists in a fairly unlikely sweet spot between overproduced stadium crust and the best of Burning Spirits hardcore, featuring the unmistakable super-charismatic vocals of Asari (the vocalist of AGE and HAKUCHI, possibly the Japanese hardcore Mick Jagger!) and super-chunky riffing from Yohsi, who played in AGE toward the very end of the band. Is this recording a tad too slick? Yeah, for sure. Also, the riffs are so simple that were they not so goddamn well-written they'd be disappointing. I'm having a hard time remembering the last record I heard, much less demo, that managed to be both incredibly straightforward and so urgently demanding of immediate re-listens. Fucking great stuff! (CD-R self-released, cassette on Black Konflik)

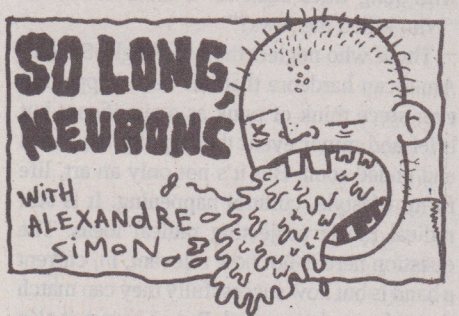
Now the AVVIKELSSE *Doomed* demo does not suffer from any kind of overproduction issues. This is some old fashioned blown-out, everything louder than everything else crust that makes my old ears bleed with happiness. It's fuckin' hard to find good crust these days, and these Osaka punks dish out three steaming helpings of the finest on this cassette, bouncing between warbly, clean-picked intros of the sort favored by NAUSEA, and vitriolic, nearly crasher-style crust assaults, flavored by some truly raging vocals and a couple of tasty little solos buried under the noise and chaos. Originally self-released late last year, Ukraine's Voice From Inside records re-issued this bad boy in limited quantities. Osaka crusties, will they ever stop ruling?

System-hating old punx EXTINCT GOVERNMENT are having a bit of a renaissance lately (lately being...the 2010s, I guess?) having scored a (metaphorical) hit with their *Punk Addict* EP a couple of years ago, which you may recall due to its incredible pop-up insert. The new *When Was Feeling Born?* EP is a more than worthy follow-up, and might be their best EP since the self-titled one in '96! The title track is the kind of mid-tempo stormer that seems to come more naturally to older bands, an effortlessly anthemic rocker with a gloriously mush-mouthed vocal and killer a capella break (seriously!). The two tracks on the flip are pretty fucking great as well. "Imaginary World" has a great melodic chorus and memorable guitar solo, while "Filth As Power" is the most hardcore of the bunch, driven by an all-out drum attack bolstered by tough gang vocal backups. To top it all off, singer Ricky has found time between fronting EXTINCT GOVERNMENT and playing bass in ASUKA & THE BUM SERVANTS to grow a very fetching mustache in the Lemmy style which is showcased beautifully in the record's photography. Lookin' sharp! (Pogo 77)

So, one great thing that Hardcore Survives records does is put together these amazing EPs for package tours that features tracks from the bands that will be touring together. Every volume has been solid to date but the new one, entitled *Roam Over the Land* is easily the best yet. Featuring two songs each from GENERACION SUICIDA, ESPERANZA, and SOLPAATOS, this record is sequenced perfectly, sounds fantastic and features A+ plus material from all three bands. SOLPAATOS were far and away my favorite band of the three going in, and I still like them the best (fuck, "Rakkautta" is one of their best songs yet!) but their record-mates put up some stiff competition and the blend of GENERATION SUICIDA's depressive melodies, ESPERANZA's Spanish/beach punk hybrid and SOLPAATOs' Finnish capital-P Punk attack is just sublime. Also neat: you can fold the three-panel sleeve to display your choice of two covers. Please give Hardcore Survives all your money as soon as possible.

Lastly, I rarely recommend exercise of any

kind (cuts into one's drinking and listening to records time) but lately I've found that running in circles with my son while listening to the SCREAMERS is a tops way to burn off a few calories. So, if you have access to a SCREAMERS record and a small child, give that a shot maybe. Cheers!



Recently I dug up an old box, which contained some comics I drew when I was thirteen. One of them was called *The Happy Killer*. The concept was that the protagonist, a young adult with big sunglasses and a mafia-type haircut, would kill people with a huge smile on his face. I distinctly remember drawing a bunch of episodes, but it seems only this one survived. In this story, The Happy Killer was hired as a substitute teacher in a school that looked a lot like mine. He first shot a bullet in the head of my French teacher. Then, he stabbed a student with a pen (obviously, said student looked *a lot* like some guy I hated). The Happy Killer then threw a dart in the eyes of my senile computer teacher, and killed all the other students, which for some reason included a kid dressed as Batman. Then, he befriended Freddy Krueger, and that was it.

The drawings were simplistic, highly influenced by *The Simpsons*, which I was fascinated by. The comic was in black & white, with smudges of red for the numerous blood splatters. It was fun to re-discover, and got me thinking about my longtime fascination with underground cartoons, preferably with the darkest humor and fucked up stories. I wonder what my teachers would have thought, had they found this comic in my backpack. Would I have been expelled? Probably just sent to some dumb therapist, asking why on earth I hated adults so much. Nowadays, it could be worse. With the current wave of ISIS-related mass-murders in France, and the whole hysteria around it, could these kind of things make you a *suspect*? Maybe if your skin is the wrong color. Or maybe not.

Somehow, this got me thinking about Mike Diana. As some of you may know, Diana is a North American cartoonist, who self-published a bunch of comics in the '90s. According to his Wikipedia page, "his work deals with themes including sexuality, violence, and religion. He is the first person to receive a criminal conviction in the United States for artistic obscenity." I've been looking at his drawings, watching videos about his case, and wondering why people like us enjoy drawing and reading comics featuring giant dicks, throwing a mix of cum and blood in people's faces, burning babies, cannibalism, fun-looking ultra-violence, bloody cunts and, let's face it, a particularly significant amount of dicks. Diana's zine *Boiled Angel* has been described as "surreal, perverse, violent, graphic and funny as heck." His home-movies *Blood Brothers* and *Baked Baby Jesus* (a moniker which, surprisingly enough, *hasn't* been stolen by any punk band thus far) have been described by Frank Henenlotter, director of *Basket Case* and *Frankenhooker*, as "The ultimate home video gone terribly, terribly wrong. The kids are way too young to do what they're doing, and the victims look even younger, making it all that much more perverse."

I couldn't find said movies, but the trailer looks like outtakes from *Gummo*, starring a bunch of white trash youngsters burning American flags, cutting their veins, destroying some pretty realistic-looking hand with a hammer, pissing on a statue of Jesus Christ, shitting out a fake baby then putting him in the oven, staring at their food with a crucifix in hand while wearing Black Flag shirts, or throwing bibles down the toilets.

There's also a big Mike Diana anthology, *America: Live/Die*, that you can still buy online, which I would if it was cheaper. Maybe I should ask Mom to buy it to me for Christmas?

I think my point is that, regardless of what you think of Diana's comics, you gotta admit that it's *just art*, and that if people feel the need to draw this stuff, they should be allowed to. When I try to analyze my past in relation to my tastes, I always recall growing up in a family where everything considered "deviant" or "abnormal" was kept secret. And by this, I mean anything from farts to sex, violent pulsions, family dramas, death, addiction, depression, mental breakdowns, bodily fluids, you name it. A family where every meal and gathering felt like a *spectacle*, where we couldn't say anything "rude" or "gross", and where people would rather live a lie than admit they were real humans, and not some onlookers in Huxley's *Brave New World*. In such a context, in a sterile suburbia before the internet, coming across things like *The Simpsons*, underground comics, Bukowski novels or punk lyrics became my oxygen, as I exponentially felt like the protagonist of a Philip K. Dick story, the only person aware that reality was a lie. Maybe a simplistic explanation, but what I want to say is that I've been thinking about censorship, and my love of "fucked up art." To me, one of the things punk and underground comics have in common is that they're more realistic than some *Friends* episode or Hollywood movie trying to sell us a version of reality that's impossible to conform to, yet sending us the message that if we don't, something is wrong with us.

Mike Diana was from a small town in Florida. Years later, he said his "life in Florida influenced the rebellious nature of his art." During his trial, the State's Attorney argued that the town had its own identity. "It doesn't have to accept what is acceptable in the bathhouses in San Francisco, and the crack alleys of New York." Ha! I wonder what that guy thinks, now that any teenager in bumfuck nowhere can have access to millions of porn channels and all the "crack culture" they want. At the end of the trial, Diana was sentenced to three years of supervised probation, a $3,000 fine, 1,248 hours of community service, ordered to avoid contact with minors, to follow a state-supervised psychiatric evaluation *at his own expense*, and take an ethics-in-journalism class. He was also to submit to unannounced, warrantless searches of his personal papers by the police and deputized probation officers from the Salvation Army, which would allow them to seize any drawings or writings. The sentence has been described by some as "mind control" or "legalized lobotomy." If this sounds crazy to you, read more about it online. As for Diana, he was *forced* to quit drawing comics after the trial, so he started painting instead.

In France, lately there have been a few examples of people getting *very* angry at cartoonists or painters. In Paris, the *Charlie Hebdo* murders obviously come to mind, but it's admittedly a very specific case, involving mainstream cartoonists and a complicated backstory that's been covered in many other places, so let's not get into it. In Marseille last year, the underground comic book publisher *Le Dernier Cri* had to deal with newspaper scandals and hundred of death threats from conservatives and National Front types, due to an exhibition that featured paintings these assholes accused of "promoting pedophilia or zoophilia." As if some piece of art, as "crazy or "deranged" as it looks, could only aim at "promoting" its subject-matter. If this was the case, Tobe Hoopper should have been sentenced to death for *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, Nabokov hanged for *Lolita*, and Bolaño forced to sit on the electric chair

COLUMNS

for the dozens of female corpses described with numerous details in *2666*, as well as committed for his necrophilic short story *The Return*.

The original impetus for this column, other than this being the art issue of *MRR*, was that I recently read *Suicida*, the latest comic book by Abraham Díaz from Mexico City. In the meantime, I'll say that *Suicida* is even more disturbing *and* fun that Abraham's previous stuff. The book opens with a story of voyeurism called *The Witness*, after which it's all about death, war, sexual perversion or just plain "deranged stuff." Also of note is the "Death Letters" section, featuring some surprisingly deep thoughts on mortality and our relationships to it. The hand-made printing, as usual a mix of different techniques like screen and riso printing, is on another plane from anything I've seen in the comic / zine world. Reading it, I started thinking that not only is the comic book the perfect medium for stories of that ilk, it is also the *only* medium where they can be expressed with enough distance. These cartoon characters might be disgusting, but they're also entertaining as hell, and while other mediums have managed to carry a similar amount of filth *and* fun at the same time (the aforementioned necrophilic story by Bolaño comes to mind), I think marginal cartoonists like Mr. Díaz and Mr. Diana are the flag bearers of a certain kind of freedom, the freedom to explore the darkest corners of the human psyche with as little constraint and melodrama as possible, and we're all better off for it.

Art issue. How much punk can you take? Is punk art? What is punk? What is art? These questions are also the subject of art, because in a pointless existence just like ours questions in generally are better parts of life and art is some sort of artificial life, isn't it? Another reason why Discharge's *Why?* is a milestone in human history.

The sort of art I prefer the most is based on nothing. This nothing could be omission, space, selection, silence, ignorance, lack. It's the opposite of nihilism. It's only that I'm able to feel like shit when I gaze through transparent air and could bite my own melancholy then maybe this weighty nothingness could also be found in creations that I need to send through my head to feel rewarded for the boring shit. It all seems to be bigger than what I could understand, just as the joy that I feel when I crash into great art, great punk is. This is also what I felt when I heard Anxiety channeling from an artsy environment and delivering great outsider hardcore. Hardcore that is broken, fragile, funny, draft-like but still consciously reduced from a master plan. How it mixes garage sounds and art galleries on fire, sometimes bringing us back into our fucked up and cruel nature with the songs evoking a huge variety of slightly different styles that are vaguely connected and creating a wide but coherent soundscape within which Anxiety can do whatever the fuck they want. It's great how much focus the vocals get even though they aren't gimmicky. Still, everything else billows around them like bricks in a washing machine. This is not only a great record from a given year but a record that expands the possibilities in this occasionally exhausted genre.

The beginning of "Delayed" reminds me of a fucked up version of a Neu! song but also connects to the refrain guitar part or bridge or whatever of the late and great Good Throb's "Psycho Disco." Rest in peace Good Throb, a band I always loved since they had the ability to push me into doubt. To be unable to understand their guitar parts and the beautifully fucked up melodies they could patch together. Their final 7" is different—they give more of a platform to rage and less to weird melodies. Here it's closer to no wave hardcore, but with a bass sound as weird as if it were a double bass. After so many records they remain embarrassingly fresh. From great punk music I'm always in entertaining doubt.

But what actually makes indubitable sense? Punk does not really due to that it's about such frustration as us humans building buildings and locking some out of them. What's the point of that? Or what's the point of anything that is more than survival? How will slackish guitar solos save us and kill the queen? After all, we float in a space that is dark and full with planets made out of gas. In some future interview you will read about survival as radical as it is applied to art not just to scavenge food and be close to physical warmth.

So what is that nothing that I'm interested to find in great punk music? That is more than rhythm, harmony or beat which are also just a poor combination of a fact and nothing / space. It's the knowledge, the talent, the perfection that lacks from thoughtful, talented, perfect punk music. Punk is best played when cluelessly trying to succeed with a presentation of an absurd idea. Such as naming your band Rövsvett and playing raging hardcore about ass functions or being Sieg Heil and playing chaotic but under the filth and misleaded riffs bouncing hardcore with song titles such as "I Hate Crass" or "Who killed the Jews?"

Those who neglect the non-Anglo-Saxon / American hardcore that has been happening ever since think of punk as a significant but brief and minor event that rapidly happened and ended soon. But it's not only an art, life form, lifestyle, cultural happening. It is still radical music projecting radical ideas. The question here is not how relevant, *in*, current a band is but how successfully they can match their idea to their sound. But of course it also matters what is the main idea. Thus a middle class, straight white men ragtag will never be as interesting as anything else. So whenever I catch myself whining about not being recognized enough I have to remind myself that I'm nowhere close to that secondary citizen status where the international scene still locks all women. Although I do not believe there is a ranking system in which one environment is much more interesting than the other. But they should not be similar to a universal standard because the desire for approval kills all art, even if this is the subconscious drive for all.

They are better if personal, local. Probably Artacus Eaght wasn't only this crushed because of the Reagan era but because being weird teens is a horrifying experience. When the same experience of teenage existence was combined within the Years of Lead it resulted as a fertile ground for Italian hardcore and along with boycore there was the post punk, art wave of Hot Love girl/queer scene in opposition of Swiss misogyny. Don't we have the same things today in this crazy human pulp of confused hatred and pointless evil fueled by non-sense greed? Still all these bands managed to be different in sound in aesthetics. Just as Piñén differs from Piss who differs from Lace who differs from GLOSS.

Although present scenes have to battle with this whole mutant child of globalism AKA uniformism that is butchering everything interesting in the world with all these social connections and gatherings and communities where people want to have everything together, even listen to music together or have the same memories and ideas of the same things so they share themselves for the outside world while they do not really have a clue about themselves. At least I don't know who I am.

For a long time I felt like I was I'm locked out from a secret society where people change opinions and tips on the best music that exist but is commonly unknown. My present truth is there is always more music to learn about but the fun part in it is to find them myself, to have my own approaches, ways, stories that connect to each bands, to encounter them without a preconception of how are they supposed to sound.

It is a false idea that we are one click away from anything. Our brain is not like a drawer where anything could be placed, stored, processed, archived. Most people will never give a fuck to dig as deep as to listen to Juden Souchi's *Deadline* or the new Alienation mini LP or the Nekromantiker LP. Just as most people will always shrug off Hungarian bands and there will be always people who say the only reason for the hype of some bands is due to their gender or sexual orientation.

The reason almost all the time is the same: we are too lazy to work. To think, to re-listen, to try to understand or to cope with strange, awkward outputs. Most are afraid of questions and they are hungry for answers even ones that could not be attached to questions. I guess there needs to be a drive to condition ourselves to like things and the easiest way in such processes are always tempting. Before the lyrics were the quintessence of punk, then riffs, and now maybe noise. For me, it's the atmosphere. Art is hard.

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In honor of the Halloween season, my favorite time of year other than summer or my birthday, I would like to talk about things I pretended to be. Not about things I tried on, or phases I went through, or people I became, but a funnel, a box, a stinking corpse of a costume I crawled into for years.

Before I ever wanted to be hardcore or badass or strong, I wanted to be Exquisite. I had a particular image and definition for the word. I couldn't tell you what it literally means. My Exquisite was a thin, delicate, physically and emotionally fragile girl, with thin silky hair and thin silky skin (white) and thin silky bones (in an otherwise able bodied frame), who garnered the protection and tenderness of a noble person, gender or class or race irrelevant. Before I wanted muscles, before I even had understood a reason to rest my anxious heart and blood, I tried to let it like a seventeenth century surgeon. Before I ever wondered what different foods do what inside my experienced, scarred and tattooed body, I locked the gates on nourishment altogether, purged the channels of what deliciousness had escaped my notice. Before I wanted to be independent and gay, before I wanted to be different from my classmates who bored me, I wanted a man to save me, and I wanted to be adored. I also wanted someone to literally call me exquisite, one day, without prompting. It was my sexual assault counselor who finally did, long before I could call myself a survivor, or even wanted to be one.

I remember all this, at 26, when it feels like all of the things I have wanted, all of the things I might eventually want, converge on my horizon, or on this little house on a cliff. It is golden and has red shutters, smirks at the corners, holds many lodgers, who are drunk. I remember all this, at my partner's sister's wedding in Thompson, Connecticut, my second trip to my home coast this summer. She is only two years older than me, and loves her fiancé, they help each other explore new things, they always have the same instincts about which path to take, and so they are marrying each other, but right now he is yelling and she is washing her hands of decoration because they hung the wrong lights up in the rafters. My partner's niece comes up to me, who really already feels like my niece, but I have never had one, because both my mom and I are the only child of our mothers, and I feel sad about that the most when I am with Tony's family. It is so big and yes not everyone is best friends but they have the ability to share in struggle, to share narratives, of what happened, what is happening on good days. Sometimes my mom and I debate, and it feels like the only thing that would break the ping-pong would be a third person as smart and fierce and loving as we are. Tony has two sisters. Earlier, the bride-to-be and I got our nails done, and later she would introduce me as her sister, with no caveat, and all I want to do is to live up to that feeling.

But anyway, my almost niece comes up to me, and she keeps giving me things like leaves of fake flowers and gems, anything that has pink on it or that could represent friendship. And I keep attaching the things she gives me to my shorts or my ponytail as I write at a picnic table while the family is setting up the pavilion. It's the day before the wedding. My almost-niece can't lift or plan anything because she is six, and as she has expressed to me, she is not very strong. It's funny though, she has a talent for drawing and for dance, and she is very outgoing and a diva Sagittarius, and dark haired and pale and long limbed, in many ways what I was and what I began to hope to become at six or seven or ten or thirteen. Her older sister is physically strong and shy, and I've realized, these kinds of people get less attention sometimes. Eventually, Exquisite was a girl who smoked long cigarettes and was prone to fits. But the fits were justified. I didn't have the letters P-T-S-D yet. Was Audrey Hepburn the first manic pixie dream girl? *Breakfast at Tiffany's* was a much better film, minus the mortifying racism, than what would come after. *Elizabethtown* felt like it was in fact a more creative way to slowly kill one's self than the suicide machine the protagonist creates in the beginning.

My almost-niece tells me that the green and pink leaves match the straps of my green tank top and my pink bra and she asks, "Why do girls when they get older have to wear bras?" I told her that it's partially societal expectation, partially physical comfort. I looked down at my 36Cs and the two part, thorax-like curves of belly over ribs and belly over pelvic bowl and thought, a curvy black/brown genderqueer punk with body mods and arthrogryposis and scoliosis and hairy armpits, weak ankles and strong triceps could be someone that this little white girl with every princess as role model in mind, could look up to. If only I had had me to look up to, when I couldn't see myself. My niece follows up by asking, "What are societal expectations?" Right?! So I say that society is all the people who make up rules for you outside of you and your parents' home, even though they don't really have a right to tell you what to do. Fuel the resistance early, I say. I love her so much.

I'd like to say, that punk was a place where I saw myself. A place where I felt fed, and could let my body be. But it wasn't so much like that. I definitely felt alive. I definitely felt like I could be "sexy ugly," as Sean Gray and I discussed at the second true start of my *MRR* writing career. As anyone as smart as Osa Atoe or Michelle Cruz Gonzales can tell you, brown and black people were there all along, and it's not as if I didn't find my people in gasps and spurts, and eventually, if you call now eventually. But I continued to find my mirrors in the not-like-mes up

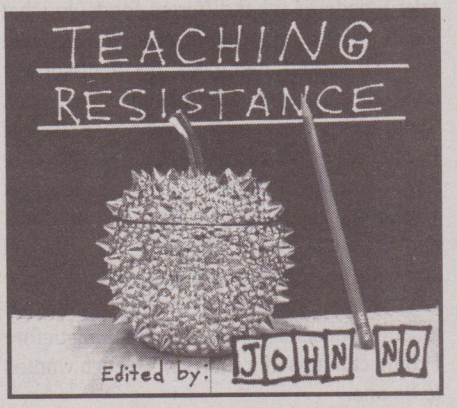
until very recently. The white thin fragile-yet-not-called-disabled girls and boys who seemed to be the pride and joy of every punk scene I found myself in. Maybe they were also straight. The intersectionally weird were harder for me to find solace in, because I found the terrain of my own place in the world, or at the edge of it, so rocky. Maybe growing up in a small very white town did a number on me, Exquisite haunted on, even when I was shaving my eyebrows and head and living on dumpstered bagels and sidewalk slammers. Disassociation is not just leaving your body when triggered, sometimes it's living a life where you can't locate your body at all.

My eating disorder, the method for travel down the path towards the mirage of Exquisite, was always actually a problem, but I don't think I realized what part of it was problematic, other than the possibility that it would lead to my death. My eating disorder is a nasty low-fat tasteless salad of internalized ableism, racism, sexism, queerphobia, and transphobia. And of course, the most obvious and intense element, that I had somehow never considered, fatphobia. Which I couldn't really say was internalized, because I have never been fat. But my body, too, has been well fed only a few times in my life, once, when I was fourteen, and was on so much Zoloft that I was too distractedly euphoric to analyze my own body, and now, when I must face that I will never be Exquisite, even if I might happen to be exquisite. But not just that, the most fucked up part is that I also have to admit that I have still carried that specter with me, hoping that I could silently become pricelessly symmetrical, delicate, and thin, without ever admitting to the world, and certainly not my beloved radical punk world, my hypocritical values, and my abhorrence for the way my body takes space. Before I ever wanted to be a criminal, I wanted to be reformed.

If radical punk scenes have issues that they don't deal with, with ableism and sexual assault, as I have said, I think it's also true that we have issues with body politics in general. We claim to be body positive, to be escapees from the clutches of societal beauty standards but how could we be? Many people have suggested that I join or start a group, for disabled survivors of sexual assault, etc., but sometimes, rather than gathering around identity or traumatic experience, I think to gather around coping mechanism. Around the skewed and unattainable image that formed for you, translucent and smoky in the mirror. Who were they? Can you make out yourself, now, behind them, solid, and there all along?

ENDNOTES:

1) I've decided to combine my shout-outs into one and go with the positive name for it. Accessibility Shout-Out: The east coast still seems to think that "Handi-cap" is a thing. It is not. Today I was subjected to the phrase, "The Handicaps are amazing!" It did however inspire me to start a step team.
2) Was *The Witch* or was *The Witch* not a prequel to *AntiChrist*?



While Teaching Resistance has frequently addressed the many problems with so-called public school "reform" efforts, it is important to note that the hypercapitalist and neoliberal forces which have forced teachers to defend themselves and their profession from destruction are not restricted to the United States. In Mexico, the teachers of Oaxaca are in a state of open conflict with the government over its efforts to privatize the public school system there. This conflict, which has recently turned openly violent (generally violence inflicted by the state), has flared into the global news cycle a few times over the last several months—but while attention from the rest of the world comes and goes, the violence and repression by capital in full collusion with the Mexican state continues unabated.

The author of this month's Teaching Resistance is ***Scott Campbell****, a radical writer and translator based in Oakland, California. He previously lived in Mexico for several years, including Oaxaca. His pieces appear frequently on* El Enemigo Común *and* It's Going Down. *He can be found online at fallingintoincandescence.com and @ incandesceinto on Twitter. Solidarity to our Mexican colleagues, and power to the people everywhere against hypercapitalism and imperialist hegemony over public education.*

The People and Teachers Unite Against the State and Neoliberalism in Oaxaca

In the fall of 2008 while in the city of Oaxaca, I walked with David Venegas in the plaza in front of the Santo Domingo Cathedral, a massive four-block church and former monastery whose construction first began in 1572. We were returning from the courthouse nearby, where Venegas had to report every fifteen days. A prominent member of the Popular Assembly of the Peoples of Oaxaca (APPO) and the anti-authoritarian group Oaxacan Voices Building Autonomy and Freedom (VOCAL), Venegas was arrested, beaten and tortured in April 2007, held for eleven months on charges of "possession with intent to distribute cocaine and heroin, sedition, conspiracy, arson, attacks on transit routes, rebellion, crimes against civil servants, dangerous attacks, and resisting arrest," and eventually conditionally released. Until he was found innocent in April 2009, one of those conditions was his semi-monthly presentation at the courthouse. As with any trip he made in public, Venegas had at least one person accompany him to provide some security against being arrested or disappeared.

During this walk he recounted a story from July 2006, about a month after the people of the southern Mexican state of Oaxaca rose up in open rebellion against the state government. From the plaza in Santo Domingo, which served as the center of the social movement in 2006 after it was forcibly removed from the city center—the Zócalo—one can see an auditorium on a nearby hill called Cerro del Fortín. This auditorium was built by the state government specifically for the annual celebration of the Guelaguetza. Guelaguetza is both an event and a concept. It is an indigenous Zapotec word meaning reciprocity or mutual aid, an important tenet of communal indigenous life. It is also a state-run occasion which brings dancers from Oaxaca's seven regions to perform "traditional" dances, modified from indigenous festivals which marked the beginning of the planting season. The state's biggest tourism draw, tickets to the annual July Guelaguetza cost around 400 pesos (at the time around $40 US dollars), beyond the means of the average Oaxacan, thereby excluding them from a celebration of their own culture.

Just before the state-run Guelaguetza was to be held in July 2006, Venegas told me, "During those days of freedom, I was walking here in front of Santo Domingo and saw people up in the auditorium painting 'FUERA ULISES' in huge letters on the seats." ("Ulises Out," referring to then-governor Ulises Ruiz Ortiz.) Opposition was so great that the state ended up canceling the commercial Guelaguetza, while the APPO organized its own free People's Guelaguetza.

The above anecdote of an anecdote serves as a microcosm for a story still unfolding. A story told standing in the shadow of a building which serves as a reminder of the 500 year legacy of colonialism, by a survivor of state repression, about a social movement not only fighting against a despotic regime, but at the same time working to reclaim and reimagine life and culture outside of the structures of an authoritarian state and an impoverishing neoliberal system. While the 2006 Oaxaca Commune was crushed by federal police and military force five months after running the state government and police out of power and administering affairs via popular assemblies, the embers which led to that rebellion remained smoldering. Fast-forward a decade later, and the resistance in Oaxaca has just finished celebrating its Tenth Annual Teachers-Peoples Guelaguetza. For good measure, they also set up blockades around the Cerro del Fortín at 6:00 a.m. the morning of the second of two commercial Guelaguetza performances, causing the festivities to occur in front of a largely empty auditorium.

Just as in 2006, what started this year's revolt was a teachers' strike. Teachers belonging to the National Coordinator of Education Workers (CNTE), a more radical faction of about 200,000 inside of the 1.3 million-strong National Union of Education Workers (SNTE), the largest union in Latin America, have been on indefinite strike since May 15. Their primary demand is the repeal of the "Educational Reform" initiated by Mexican President Enrique Peña Nieto in 2013.

A neoliberal plan based on a 2010 agreement between Mexico and the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, the reform seeks to standardize and privatize Mexico's public education system, as well as weaken the power of the teachers' union. Publicly supported in his efforts by pro-business lobbying groups such as Mexicanos Primero and the Employers Confederation of the Mexican Republic (COPARMEX), Peña Nieto set out to implement the OECD agreement and then some, changing Articles 3 and 73 of Mexico's Constitution. Together, they create a standardized system of teacher evaluation, as well as granting schools "autonomy." That is, autonomy to raise funds from the private sector—in other words, to become privatized.

A standardized evaluation system that is imposed from above without the input of teachers, yet at the same time places the fault for low scores solely on teachers' shoulders, is extremely problematic. The attempt to create a monoculture, one-size-fits-all education system that produces a certain type of student, as Gallo Téenek noted, "doesn't, knowing the cultural diversity that exists, take into account the reality and local conditions of each of the regions, municipalities, communities and states in the country, as well as the inequality and poverty that prevail throughout the nation—for example, in regions of Oaxaca, Chiapas, Guerrero, contrary to the better conditions that exist in cities such as Monterrey, Guadalajara and the Federal District."

The second major aspect of the reform, making schools "autonomous," opens up each school to be directly influenced by capital. As CNTE Section 22 from Oaxaca explained in a letter to parents, "Parents will have to pay for the education of their children, since the federal government has disowned its responsibility to maintain schools, meaning it will not send funds to build, equip or provide teaching materials for schools. It also clearly states that parents and teachers will manage the financial resources to maintain the operation of the schools, which will lead to the establishment of compulsory monthly, bimonthly, or semiannual fees."

By forcing schools to continually fundraise in order to exist, CNTE Section 9 in Mexico City points out that the legislation "opens the door for, in the name of autonomy, and with the pretext of involving parents in the management and maintenance of the schools, the de facto legalization of fees, allowing the entrance of businesses into schools and turning the constitutional provision guaranteeing free public education into a dead letter. This has a name: privatization."

The teachers are also demanding more investment in education, freedom for all political prisoners and prisoners of conscience, truth and justice for the 43 disappeared students from Ayotzinapa, and an end to neoliberal structural reforms in general.

While the CNTE has been fighting against the educational reform for the past three years, a teachers' strike in and of itself is fairly uneventful. It occurs annually in Oaxaca as a tactic used by the union leading up to the beginning of the school year in the fall. Usually the strike happens, followed quickly by negotiations with the state. A compromise is reached and everyone goes home. This year, however, the CNTE upped the pressure by announcing a national strike instead of on a state-by-state basis. And this year, like in 2006, the state refused to even talk to the union, instead deploying thousands of federal police and gendarmerie to areas where the strike is strongest—primarily Oaxaca, Chiapas, Michoacán, and Mexico City, though also in states such as Guerrero, Tabasco and Veracruz.

In another echo of 2006, it was a brutal act of state repression that turned a labor dispute into a widespread revolt. Ten years ago, it was the pre-dawn raid and destruction of the teachers' encampment in the Zócalo of Oaxaca on June 14. Following the beginning of the strike this year, there were several police actions against teachers in Oaxaca, Mexico City and Chiapas; as well as the arrest of the Oaxaca union's leadership.

In response to police attacks, teachers in Oaxaca began setting up barricades and highway blockades around the state. By mid-June of this year, the CNTE controlled 37 critical spots on highways throughout the state, blockaded in part with 50 expropriated tanker trucks. The blockades were so effective that ADO, a major first-class bus line, indefinitely cancelled all trips from Mexico City to Oaxaca and federal police began flying reinforcements into airports in the city of Oaxaca, Huatulco (on the coast), and Ciudad Ixtepec (on the Isthmus).

Given the climate of escalating state repression, in a statement released on Friday, June 17, the Zapatistas posed the following questions: "They have beaten them, gassed them, imprisoned them, threatened them, fired them unjustly, slandered them, and declared a de facto state-of-siege in Mexico City. What's next? Will they disappear them? Will they murder them? Seriously? The 'education' reform will be born upon the blood and cadavers of the teachers?"

On Sunday, June 19, the state answered these questions with an emphatic "Yes". The response came in the form of machine-gun fire from Federal Police directed at teachers and residents defending a highway blockade in Nochixtlán that for a week had been successful in preventing hundreds of federal forces from reaching the city of Oaxaca.

Initially, the Oaxaca Ministry of Public Security claimed that the Federal Police were unarmed and "not even carrying batons." After ample visual evidence and a mounting body count to the contrary, the state admitted that federal police opened fire on the blockade. In total, eleven were killed that morning in Nochixtlán. At the time of this writing, a total of fourteen have been murdered by the state in Oaxaca during the course of the conflict, including Salvador Olmos García, AKA Chava, a community radio journalist and pioneer of the anarcho-punk movement in Huajuapan, who was kidnapped, beaten, run over and left for dead by police on the streets of that city on June 26.

Following the Nochixtlán massacre the struggle has taken on an increasingly popular

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dimension. This has looked like direct actions, marches, material support and expressions of solidarity from across Mexico and beyond, in numbers far too large to recount individually. By way of example, here are some of the actions that have occurred since. Parents and teachers took over tollbooths in both Mexico City and Durango for a day, allowing cars to pass through for free. On July 3, an explosives device was detonated at the headquarters of business associations in Mexico City who have been lobbying the government to crush the uprising. There were three days of intense mobilizations from July 5-7 in Mexico City. On the first day, there were at least 70 simultaneous blockades and marches, followed by four mass marches on July 6, and at least ten blockades on July 7.

The Zapatistas have continued releasing statements in support of the teachers' struggle, stating, "To say it more clearly: for us Zapatistas, the most important thing on this calendar and in the very limited geography from which we resist and struggle, is the struggle of the democratic teachers' union." They also went further and announced that they were suspending their participation in the July 17-23 CompArte Festival for Humanity, which they had called for earlier this year. Instead, they sent delegations from all the Zapatista caracoles to donate the food they would have eaten during the seven-day festival to the teachers in resistance in Chiapas. This amounted to 290,000 pesos (15,600 USD) worth of food.

In recognition of the contribution of the people to their struggle and the fact that the people have demands which extend beyond the immediate concerns of the union, on July 9, Section 22 of the CNTE in Oaxaca called for a gathering of teachers and indigenous leaders to "build a peoples' agenda against structural reforms." The union met with authorities from 90 municipalities in the state. Important to note is that these authorities are selected as the moral leadership of their communities not through a vote based on political party, but through nominations, discussions and agreements reached in community assemblies. A second such gathering was held in early August.

At the same time that all these actions have been occurring, the CNTE and the Interior Ministry have been holding negotiations—negotiations which the state agreed to following the massacre. They have met a total of seven times, addressing political, educational and social issues. At each meeting the teachers come prepared with specific proposals and ask the government to do the same. After each meeting the end result has been the same: no progress on the core issues.

With the beginning of the school year fast approaching, the union and the parents committees that have been forming to support them state that classes will not start and the strike will continue if the demands of the movement are not met. As the movement has grown beyond the initial framework of a teachers' strike to object to the functioning of the state and neoliberal capitalism as a whole, the likelihood of an agreement reached around the negotiating table seems improbable. The conflict is far from being resolved and the peoples of Oaxaca have shown they will not be silenced in the face of the weapons of power, ten years later providing another lesson in dignified resistance. As the popular slogan goes, "A teacher fighting is also teaching."

The Teaching Resistance column is designed to provide a platform for radical, punk-affiliated, subversive teachers/educators to share their ideas and draw attention to important issues around education; particularly compulsory- and community-based education. If you are a teacher (anywhere in the world) for students of primary or secondary school ages (K-12), community colleges, or alternative learning arrangements such as collectivist free schools, and you want to submit an idea for a column, please write an email to teachingresistance@gmail.com. There is also an archive for this column which can be found online at teachingresistancearchive.blogspot.com.

i don't think that i need to sit here with you fucking dildos any more

by Imogen Binnie

Imogen Goes To LA Part 3

I've got the fucking dread, dude.

You ever get the dread? The thing where everything in your life is going pretty good but you still feel like something fucking terrible is about to happen? It's easy and fun to think of it in narrative terms, like your life is a story, and to believe that the reason you've got the dread is that something terrible actually is always about to happen.

But it's not.

I live in LA, in an apartment I can afford, doing a job that I'm probably not going to get fired from, you know? I have a car and a TV and a guitar and look, I think that writing for a show on network television probably fucks up my street credibility, I had too many fucking punk points already. I've been trying to figure out how to spend them for years, but I still keep feeling awful.

Maybe I should sleep more, or less? Maybe I shouldn't smoke so much weed. I don't fucking know.

There are two kinds of punkers: Barts and Lisas.

I'm a Lisa. Let me tell you about why colonialism is bad and why everybody is problematic. Especially me.

I'm pretty sure Turbo is a Bart. Oi! is for Barts.

I bring this up not so much because it's a wise and insightful taxonomy but because there is this TV show from 1994 called *My So-Called Life* that was a pretty important cultural touchstone for a lot of Lisas a hundred and fifty years ago when I was in high school. It's about a middle class white girl who feels bad all the time. It rules. She is friends with this other girl Rayanne Graff who takes drugs and has problems and also this junior homosexual named Rickie Vasquez who spends a lot of time in the girls' bathroom putting on eyeliner and then gets kicked out of his house.

Rickie was a big deal to me. I mean, you can see why this would be important stuff for certain Lisas who were fifteen at the time. And check this out: now that I am a big time Los Angeles asshole television writer, sometimes I just get to hang out with Wilson Cruz, the actor who played Rickie Vasquez.

He is in an episode of this show I'm writing for and me and my friend Heather, who is also a writer here, we both flipped out pretty hard when we heard and decided to go over to the set to watch him film. Then as we were walking over, we walked right by him, only I didn't notice that he was there. While Heather was frantically trying to subtly point him out to me, I pretty much walked right into her and we both looked like assholes.

We kept it moving though, and went to the set. And let me tell you: until recently, my only context for sets where things are filmed is the end part toward the end of *Pee-Wee's Big Adventure*, when there's a frantic chase across a bunch of sets including one where Twisted Sister are filming their classic proto-sludge banger "Burn In Hell."

Good news: that is exactly what real life Studio City back lot sets are like. I cannot fucking go anywhere without bumping into Dee Snider.

It's fucking bonks, dude. In my experience, here is what it's like to be a TV writer with no seniority: you make about four times what

you used to make facilitating group therapy in a psychiatric hospital. You eat breakfast at work because there's just like fruit and yogurt and stuff there, waiting for you to eat it. Then they buy you lunch.

You sit in a room with a bunch of people who are nice—you like them—and you make up stories and then you make up stuff about those stories that makes them better. It's basically a more elaborate version of thinking up cool band names.

I mean, writing collaboratively is weird. I'm used to writing by myself and only having to think about changing anything if my girlfriend, who is my editor, points out that it is stupid, otherwise, it's just me sitting around going "what if there was a dragon" or "transgender *Legend of Zelda* horror fanfiction." It's wild to be writing with a bunch of other people. It takes way longer to make up a story. But you do it for like fifty hours a week! So you've got time.

But it's also awesome. I mean I don't know if you do this but I spend a lot of time thinking about story and narrative and how to communicate complicated things anyway.

It rules to get paid for it.

I know I'm kind of just gushing over here about how rad my bourgeois job is, but I promise this is going somewhere—so I won't be mad if you give up on this column and skip to Turbo, but everybody in the room is really nice! I mean, in terms of politics, it's not exactly an anarchist potluck. (One writer introduced me to his husband as "further to the left than Bernie Sanders," which is true but which I hadn't really thought about before.) But what job is?

Well, besides Professional Anarchist.

My point is just that you spend a ton of time in this room imagining stuff and then one day they start filming and you go over and not only are there famous people around for you to embarrass yourself in front of but also these enormous, expensive sets. This show is about lawyers so inside these warehouse-size buildings I walk by every day there are just these huge fucking law offices, courtrooms and apartments and stuff. It's weird, dude. I'm getting paid an absurd amount of money to write for TV but I don't know how to put into words the feeling of coming in from outside and then you're on these stages that are kind of like sets for plays but 360 degrees, lit more beautifully than anywhere you've ever lived, and smelling all freshly constructed. And there's this wild disconnect from being in a room drinking coffee and making up jokes and heartbreaking scenarios with people you like and then seeing what those jokes and stories actually look like in three dimensions, being acted out by people who know what they're doing.

Luckily, I don't really have access to my emotions or the whole thing might be kind of intimidating.

Heather and I made our way to the set, sat in actual folding chairs with the canvas backs that had shit like "director" embroidered onto them, and watched screens showing what the cameras were filming while Laverne Cox acted out some stuff we'd helped to make up.

And then Wilson Cruz came in, and honestly, *Maximum*?

I was not cool.

I was like, "I'm sure you hear this every day, but seeing Rickie on TV was a big deal for me when I was fifteen."

And he was super nice! He was like, "Thanks! Playing Rickie on TV was super important to *me* back then."

Then he told me about a documentary he's working on about queer representation on TV and sent me this fifteen-minute short trailer thing for it.

I went home and watched it and had a lot of feelings.

Look: you and I both know TV isn't punk or radical or whatever. I've been framing it to myself less as like, my art, and more like a cushy job that I get to do instead of making ten dollars an hour selling books or never being able to pay back my student loans by working in a hospital. It's not my show, right? I was mostly hired because I wrote a book about trans people and the show runners read it and wanted me to help make a show that has a trans person in it.

Representation matters. Rickie Vasquez was one of those things that made it possible for me to survive high school. I don't think TV is worse than, like, movies, or pop music or whatever, in terms of moral defensibility. I get to be involved with a thing that might help someone survive high school! And not really struggle while I do it!

So why do I have the fucking dread?

There are a lot of Lisas in the psychiatric hospital, trying to carry around the weight of the world for everyone else. A thing that came up in group therapy a lot was this idea that if your expectations are low, you might be pleasantly surprised, but you won't be disappointed. I've lived my life this way myself sometimes. It sounds win-win.

I mean, you learn it, right? You come by that attitude honestly. Get disappointed enough times and you'd be an idiot *not* to learn to expect it. Then, because blaming other people doesn't accomplish anything, you learn to blame yourself, because then you can at least feel a sense of agency.

As I walk past the palm trees to my convertible, with my cell phone and my sunglasses and six hundred gigabytes of power pop mp3s, in my power suit with shoulder pads up past my ears eating fusion cuisine and doing aerobics, I'm thinking: what if I don't have to beat myself up for stumbling into a nice job? What if sometimes you just get to write for a TV show for five months making enough money to live on and you don't have to fucking feel shitty about it all the time? What if "checking your privilege" is not necessarily the same thing as "feeling like you are a bad person all the time no matter what?"

Maybe this is growing up and selling out stuff—probably—but I've been thinking about how easy it is to be a judgmental and self-righteous armchair anarchist and how comparatively hard it is to do things, which do not have a self-flagellation component, that might turn out cool but also, in a very real way, might not. Like, you can't lose at talking shit, right?

I mean. Except on the internet.

Everybody loses when we talk shit on the internet.

A big fuck you to me for not being able to just chill out and enjoy a nice thing I get to have. Talking to Wilson Cruz and hanging out on TV sets; that shit rules. That self-imposed imperative to Do Selfless Good In The World is really just a mutated and internalized capitalist value system thing, so I'm not really even trying to say that it's okay to be a big deal Los Angeles asshole if you're helping people somehow. I think my point, if I have a point, is something like, "maybe I get to have things go okay sometimes. Maybe I don't have to hate myself and expect the worst and blame myself for everything all the time."

Maybe you don't either.

Even if you're a Bart.

ENDNOTES:

1) Barts and Lisas don't have to be enemies, by the way. Just look at the episodes of the Simpsons where Bart and Lisa are friends. Or at me and Turbo!

2) Also, not everybody has to be a Bart or a Lisa. Maybe you are a cusp. Smash that binary.

3) New Dakhma! Apparently it comes out September 11th (classy). I'm stoked. You should be stoked too.

One of the frequent topics in this magazine in the '80s and '90s was the conflict and collusion of punk bands and labels with major label distributors. Tim Yo was really into the idea of creating an alternative structure that was autonomous from the established music business. Ideas like 924 Gilman, Blacklist Mail Order and Epicenter Zone Records were plans to take punk away from the hands of club owners, distributors, and record store chains and put it into the hands of the punks themselves. A lot of people reasoned that keeping the money and the crucial decisions inside the scene was preferable to having the money leave the scene and those decisions made by outsiders. Tim took a hard line against major label involvement in the scene and frequently called out bands and labels that chose to leave the DIY scene and work with the majors.

I remember that when punk blew up really big in the early '90s with bands like Green Day and the Offspring, Tim was pushing the newly minted punk millionaires to seize the potential one time windfall and invest heavily in creating infrastructure that would carry punk through the future. In particular he was concerned with distribution. No one listened to Tim at that time. A huge amount of capital came into the underground scene in the early '80s and instead of creating an alternative infrastructure, that money wound up financing the wave of college rock and thrash metal that followed hardcore. That is to say, distributors and labels mostly moved on to the next thing. This was a shame, because it was a missed opportunity, but positive in that it created a vacuum into which the DIY movement really took off. However, that whole network of distribution had to be built all over again when most of the first wave of distributors went bust or switched to CDs.Who now remembers Greenworld, Systematic, Rough Trade and the like? This second wave of interest in punk brought a lot of money into the scene again, but another opportunity was missed to create any kind of independent distribution network. Indeed, in the name of independence, much of the distribution infrastructure that had built up during the Warped Tour era wound up being absorbed by Warner Brothers.

Mordam Distribution was supposed to be the ethical alternative to major label affiliation, but in the most bizarre twist of fate, when Ruth Schwartz retired, she sold it to Dirk Hemsath of Doghouse Records. Supposedly he was going to continue with Mordam's mission, but in the end it turned out that his buyout was really a trojan horse for Warner Brothers owned ADA to take over the Mordam Roster. Luckily, there was an escape clause in the contract, and most labels with integrity bailed out before Warner took over. However, many would say they lost a huge amount of access and clout in moving to smaller more independent distributors.

One of the strategies with distribution is to consolidate as many labels as possible into a "one stop" with a steady stream of new releases so that record stores have to order from you often. It's my opinion that being carried by the "must-order-from" distributor gives labels a huge leg up over distributors who stores only order from every once in a while. In the past few years Warner has consolidated its hold on "indie" distribution by buying out other distributors and doing "fulfillment" for many other labels and distributors. Interestingly, Warner Entertainment (WEA) was recently purchased by Access Industries, a holding company owned by Russian Oligarch Len Blavatnik, one of the world's richest men. A quick internet search shows that Access Industries is a major contributor to Republican candidates such as Wisconsin's Paul Ryan, a conservative douchebag of some renown. While few real punk labels remain distributed by this conglomerate, a large number of indie and mall punk labels like Fat and Epitaph still are. And money continues to flow from the underground to one of the world's richest men.

In a way, it's refreshing that this piece of news has been absent from the pages of this magazine. That is to say, the world of mall punk and indie rock is now pretty far removed from the world of DIY hardcore. We must remind ourselves that for many people "punk" is still dominated by a trajectory of a handful of '77 bands / mall punk. That is to say, our scene of house shows and 300 pressing cult 7"s is but a tiny slice of a larger movement, the fight for whose soul we have sadly lost, not once but several times since 1977.

The term "hardcore" was coined by the DC punks to distance themselves from poseurs and new wavers who were pursuing a more commercial approach and drifting away from punk. We now see that this commercial approach may have triumphed on the larger level, but the hardcore thankfully has survived and thrived in the underground. I guess my question here is, have we insulated ourselves enough from the pressure of major labels and created enough distance? Or has this perception of distance just created a complacency that means no one is even on guard anymore. Is major label control even an issue we are discussing anymore? If so, is this because no major label gives a shit about a band like Blood Pressure or Exit Order? Or because no one really cares about major labels any more now that corporate entities (PayPal, YouTube, Google, Apple etc.) are so intertwined in the DNA of underground music?

Heresy had a song called "Everyday Madness Every Day" and I know that's how a lot of people feel when they hear the news each day. Terror, atrocity, violence and man's inhumanity to man seem to be in the headlines every day. Walter Laqueur wrote a landmark book on terrorism in the '70s in the age of the PLO and IRA where he posited that terrorism was shocking and horrific, but strategically, little more than a nuisance. He updated his thesis in the '90s to infer that terror was an existential threat to the nation state in the age of mass media and weapons of mass destruction. Shaken as the world has been by terror attacks big and small, life goes on.

Wartime, terror, and political violence have become part of the everyday landscape. Laqueur pointed out back in the '70s that the real weapon of the terrorist was not the bomb or the gun, but the mass media and public opinion. Unlike warfare, terrorism is not about the act of the terrorist against the victims, but a relationship between the terror group and the mass media and public opinion.

This is a two way street. Because the threat of terror and constant back drop of atrocity also allows politicians and regimes to pursue other agendas such as restriction of civil liberties and a drift towards authoritarianism in the name of preserving order. Opportunistic politicians have risen to power by portraying themselves as the "strong man" who will restore order. Putin has definitely succeeded in playing this role and I think we can see the right wing in this country drifting that direction as well. Nixon came to power after the riots and social unrest of 1968 on a law and order platform. He claimed he was elected by the "silent majority". That is to say, people who feared change, more than repression. Put into perspective the violence and terror today are small change compared to the wholesale violence of the early 20th century. That wholesale violence is great example of what happens when people decide to take the option of following tough

decide to take the option of following tough talking authoritarian leaders who promise to restore order.

At the risk of making sweeping generalizations, you'd be hard-pressed to find anyone in this hemisphere who is a bigger enthusiast of the Flying Nun catalog from about 1981-88 or so than your girl right here. While Captured Tracks continues to cling to some shred of current relevancy thanks to their efforts to reissue records by bands like the BATS and TALL DWARFS and make them available stateside at relatively budget-minded prices, there's been much less attention paid to preserving the works of the early-to-mid '80s Flying Nun faction that eschewed jangly, kaleidoscopic CLEAN / CHILLS-style Kiwi-pop in favor of bleakly monochromatic and jagged post-punk. Yeah, Siltbreeze rescued SHOES THIS HIGH from collector scum obscurity a few years back, but until THIS SPORTING LIFE and GORDONS records are abundantly available once again, there's still plenty of work to be done. So all praise be unto Dark Entries for recently reissuing the *EEPP* 12" from Auckland coldwavers PHANTOM FORTH, which was originally released in 1984 and has now been newly remastered and rereleased with the addition of a handful of the band's early, previously unreleased demos. The spectral female vocals and icy drum machine pulse clearly betray the group's avowed love of YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS, spiking that group's brittle-yet-airy minimalism with the darkly desperate edge and claustrophobic, chorus-saturated shimmer that bridged 4AD's post-punk and dream pop outposts. On "I Don't Know You" and "Fragments," sparse stabs of guitar cut through an ominous bass-driven drone that echoes prime Factory Records more than Flying Nun, but PHANTOM FORTH draw just as much inspiration from the ecstatic, rhythmic clatter associated with the classic UK Rough Trade sound on songs like "Caroline," while "March" subverts the much of the sterility of minimal wave with some chillingly beautiful, ethereal overlapping harmonies. Absolutely one of the best (and most necessary) reissues of 2016 so far. (Dark Entries, darkentriesrecords.com)

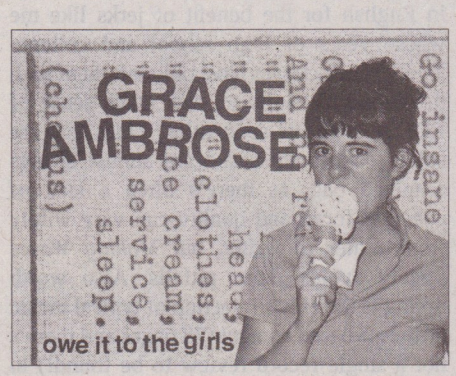
The debut five-song cassette from Oakland's MARBLED EYE lays out with a neatly-plotted, grid-like precision the sort of mannered and tightly wound rhythms, spindly guitar chime and disaffected monotone vocals that all have origins in that very specific post-punk big bang that occurred in the brief flicker of time between WIRE's *Pink Flag* and *Chairs Missing* albums. The economical, insistent drumming, and intersecting push / pull of the guitar and bass lines on "Coated" and "Primrose" certainly sound like the product of some brainy, UK art-schooled provocateurs dressed in neutral-colored button-up shirts circa 1981. For all of the tension inherent in their basic post-punk foundation of straight lines and sharp angles, MARBLED EYE still have knotted pop sensibility as evidenced by "Numb," which features lyrics recited in a detached deadpan that's nearly obscured at times by the sinister and shadowy jangle slowly building up in the background. San Francisco-based label and distro Melters are going to be doing a 100-copy second run of the tape very soon, so if you snoozed on it the first time around, you've been given another chance—don't fuck it up. (marbledeye.bandcamp.com / melters.storenvy.com)

Take a teenaged, self-described "loner kid in his basement" from some mid-sized, Midwestern burg who has a single-minded obsession for the warped sounds of late '70s / early '80s outsider post-punk, give him a four-track machine, and if you're lucky, the result will be something as brilliant as ERIK NERVOUS' *Shipshewana Swimming* single. Originally put into the world as a cassette on Lumpy Records / Records Inc. last year, it's just made the transition to vinyl courtesy of Warm Ratio, although the tape's cover of "Black Hole" by the URINALS unfortunately got scrapped in the process. Even beyond the immediate signifier of some Mark Winter design work on the sleeve, Erik's aesthetic alliance with the contemporary NWI scene (despite actually hailing from Kalamazoo) is pretty apparent, with *Shipshewana Swimming* cribbing notes from some shared source material dug up from dozens of weirdo-punk wonders largely relegated to deep cut status on regional compilations in the *Red Snerts* vein. To that end, it's no surprise that the cover song from the cassette version of the single that does reappear here is an ERIK NERVOUS-ized take on the 2X4s "Bridgeport Lathe," a 1980 Boston DIY classic that's essentially the gold standard for the strain of subterranean American post-punk / art-wave collected on Hyped to Death's *Homework* comp series. The three originals are just as twitchy and frantically off-kilter, from the early SWELL MAPS-ish vibe of the dryly chanted vocals and urgently danceable drums on "Misfit Right In," to the rapid-fire minimalist punk slash of "Nothing Is Happening," which throws a couple of stuttering false endings into a song that doesn't even crack the two-minute mark. Can't stand the Midwest! (Warm Ratio, warmratio.com / eriknervous.bandcamp.com)

Public service announcement for all of my fellow femme-punk freaks out there: The fourth issue of the wonderful French fanzine *Making Waves* made it to my mailbox this week, and it's thankfully written entirely in English for the benefit of jerks like me whose years of high school and college-level French classes have only left them with the necessary skills to, say, make sense of EDITH NYLON song titles. Zines that are solely contributor-based are almost always a mixed bag, as there's often a lack of coherent focus and quality can vary wildly from writer to writer, but *Making Waves* largely avoids those pitfalls. Also worth noting is the zine's rejection of typical music criticism-based content (78 pages and there's not a single record review to be found!) in favor of an emphasis on interviews and the sort of narrative-driven pieces that are more generally associated with personal zines, with the latter being some of the strongest material in this issue. PRIESTS' Katie Alice Greer explores the problematic archetype of the "mystery woman" in relation to Su Tissue, who has chosen to exist outside of the public eye since the mid '80s, but still continues to serve as a radically inspirational figure for contemporary punk women not just because of her recorded legacy as the genius frontwoman of SUBURBAN LAWNS, but also in her refusal to conform to any sort of accepted "punk" image standard in a scene where rejection of orthodoxy still resulted in certain unofficial codes and uniforms when it came to presentation. Zine editor Constance writes about discovering the 1983 short documentary *Jungle New Wave*, which initiates some successful online sleuthing to track down a woman named Natalie from the Belgian DIY punk bands SOFTWARE and ISOLATION WARD for a Skype conversation about her struggles as a woman in a male-dominated music scene (the more things change, etc.). There's interviews with Lilith from '80s Italian punks NOT MOVING, pioneering rock journalist and dub-punk heroine VIVIEN GOLDMAN, and the Bay Area's wonderful the WORLD on a more modern tip, plus a playlist from French Canadian minimal post-punkers

MOSS LIME, a tribute to Vi Subversa of POISON GIRLS, a power pop primer written from a female perspective that's particularly welcomed when considering that the genre in question so often reduces women to cliché lyrical subject matter, and lots more… International girl gang members, grab a copy for a few well-earned euros, or read the entire issue as a free PDF on their Tumblr site! (rosavertov.bigcartel.com / mwzine.tumblr.com)

Say hey! Analog: Erika Elizabeth / 2545 E. Burnside Street #203 / Portland, OR 97214 / USA, digital: ripitupstartagain@gmail.com, more sights and sounds: futuresandpasts.org



"Today your love, tomorrow the world."

Where's the most amazing place you've seen a gig? I've seen bands play in caves and on the beach, in tiny art galleries and kitchens, giant squats, countless basements. The skate park under the highway, on a boat, on a moving bus. Taquerias, ice cream shops, museums, roof decks, even the courtyard of MRR. They all have their particular charm but it's hard to imagine a show setting ever topping the Casa Club Ramones.

Casa Club Ramones is a DIY Ramones museum just outside of Mexico City and it is one of the most incredible places on earth.

I spent a week in DF in early August with former coordinator Golnar Nikpour and her partner Yumi. We did all the requisite tourist stuff—the pyramids, the anthropology museum, Frida Kahlo and Trotsky's neighboring houses, Diego Rivera's incredible and must-see murals at the National Palace—before it was time for punk weekend. Three shows in as many days, each at incredible places: a dank and dark carpeted goth bar serving ladlefuls of pulque and a queer social center run by self-described Lesbo Terrorists, but neither topped the sheer joy that came with the Casa Club Ramones.

Patsy was in town from New Orleans (is there anything better than seeing your friends in far-flung places?), so the punks decided to do something special. After staving off our hangovers with fish tacos we met up outside a metro station to wait for the bus that would take us to the gig. Us Americans showed up embarrassingly promptly (afraid of getting left behind?), but slowly punks from all over trickled in across the square. When we boarded the huge tour bus that Rafa, Yecatl, and Stephanie had hired there were exactly as many of us as there were seats. Good omen number one.

The bus lurched out of the city, some bizarre punk adult version of a school field trip. The further and further we got from the city center the smaller and smaller the roads got. We were barreling by houses that felt like half the height of the bus, making sixty point turns to get around every corner. Eventually we just stopped. A lot of excitement before we realized, no, we weren't there; it was just the bus driver refusing to go any further. "The streets are too small." He was probably right, but after a little convincing he continued to drive before stopping again. Some slightly more forceful convincing later, we were on our way. What were we supposed to do? Eighty punks and a full backline, miles from the venue. We repeated the charade several times before we realized that we'd pushed our luck far enough—it was time to get out and walk.

Everyone on the bus grabbed a piece of gear and we set off on a half-mile or so walk up a mountain, attracting the stares of almost everyone in town. We arrived at a place that defies comprehension, a fifteen-foot high leather jacket painted on the wall, a handmade CBGB awning, and a silver "Casa Club Ramones" plaque mounted by the door. Inside there were dozens of records, hundreds of pieces of Ramones memorabilia, psychedelic murals, a room that opened up to the roof. The bands would play there, as the sun set over the valley, in front of wall that said "Viva la revolución, arriva los Ramones." A room upstairs was covered with t-shirts, the centerpiece of which was one with the Ramones logo scrawled onto it by Arturo Vega himself, one drunken night at the house.

Alex, who built and ran the place (and was dressed like a Ramone), told me that he would never charge money for it, that the Ramones belong to all of us. In her interview with Perry Hohlstein about his movie *King of Punk*, Osa Atoe reminds us that the Ramones were original freaks. It's hard to remember that in a time when you can buy a Ramones t-shirt at the mall, but impossible to ignore when standing in a place like the Casa Club. Who else could inspire such fanaticism?

Most of the Mexican punks had never been to the museum—it's hard to get to, far out of the city and not well advertised. We dropped the gear off as fast as we could and scattered around the place before quickly realizing a problem: where was the PA? We all thought there would be a PA and mics there. Never assume. Thankfully, a ranchero band was practicing next door. A few pesos later we had borrowed their mic for the night. We plugged it into an extra amp, rigged up a makeshift nightstand, and started the gig.

While the bands played we bought tacos and forties and elote from the kitchen of the house next-door, pogoing with La Victoria in hand. Every group was amazing. Sin Reacción played their first show and they were a highlight for me. Rafa from Pura Manía returns to music! Not to be missed. Nadie from Riña and Anti-Sex proved herself to be the best-kept punk secret in the world as a perfect pogo noize drummer in Avichines. We bounced around the roof all evening to the instrumental set by the teenage band whose singer couldn't make it, on through to Patsy's tender and impromptu "I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend" that ended the night. We packed up the equipment, shook out our bags (had to make sure no scorpions had crawled in!), and drunkenly tumbled down the hill—the gear seemed a lot lighter going back and the bus driver was mad at us for being late, but we were all too happy to care. I've never felt luckier to be a punk than I did that night. I'm still not sure what I did to deserve being included in this experience but I'm so grateful to my friends for their generosity and kindness. The best part of being a punk is being welcomed whole-heartedly into sacred and intimate spaces all over the world. As punks, despite living drastically different lives, there's still a shared bond with people you meet, instant connections that run deep despite seeing each other just a handful of times. What must it be like to live life as a normal person, where you don't have a place to stay in almost any country you can think of, where you might not feel like you're part of something bigger than yourself? I don't wanna find out.

ENDNOTES:

1) Rafa promises me he will interview Alex about the museum soon. Meanwhile, there are a few videos on YouTube that you can check out, including one that features me in the midst of a slow-motion pogo.

2) Pictures from the gig when you turn the page!

3) I'm doing my best to bring Riña to the US next year. If you wanna help with a show in your city, let me know.

4) I saw Mystic Inane last night in Brooklyn. Still the best band going. See them in Europe if you're able. They'll be confusing people left and right. Buy Candice some matcha in your city. Tour dates at lavidaesunmus.com.

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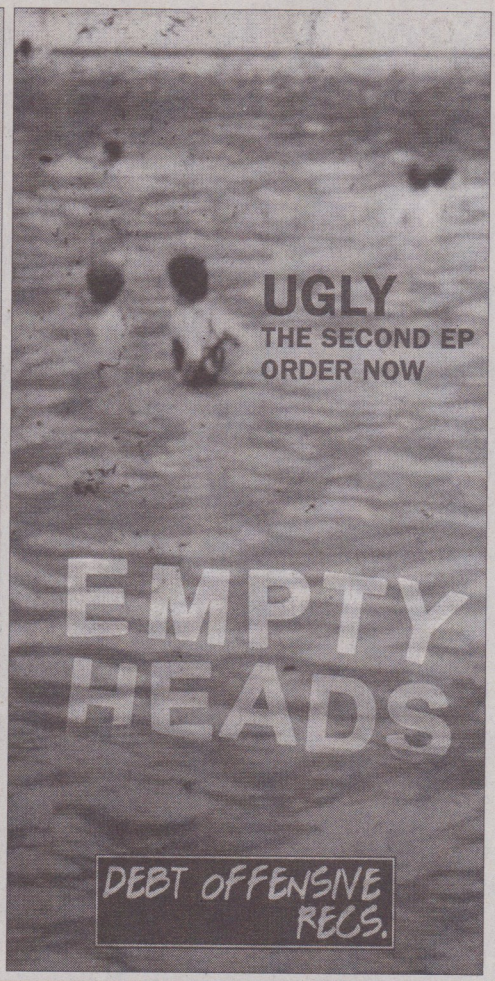

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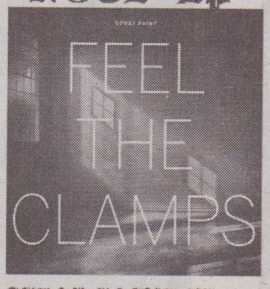

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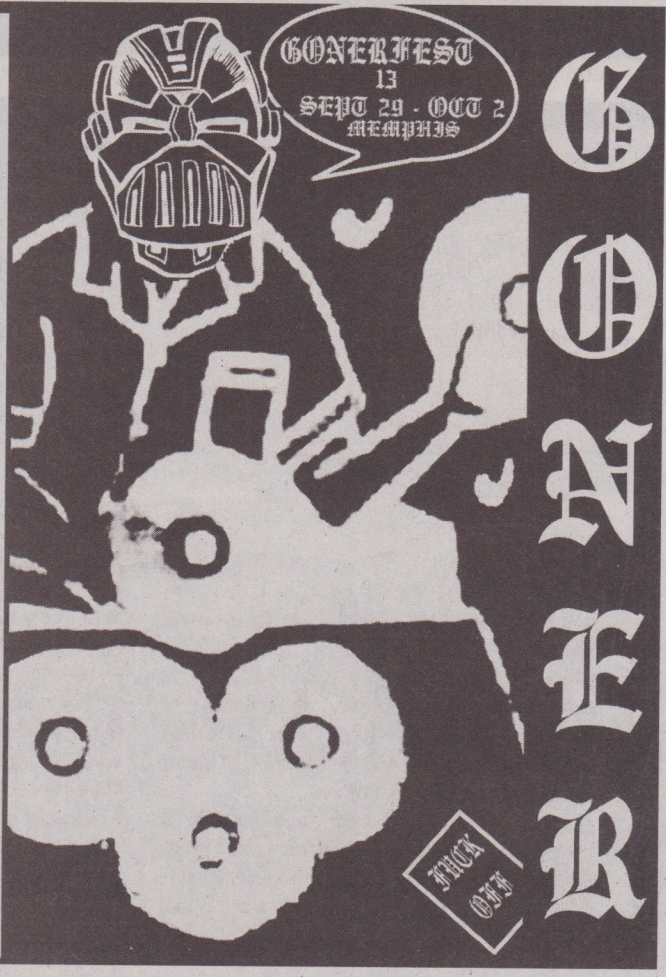

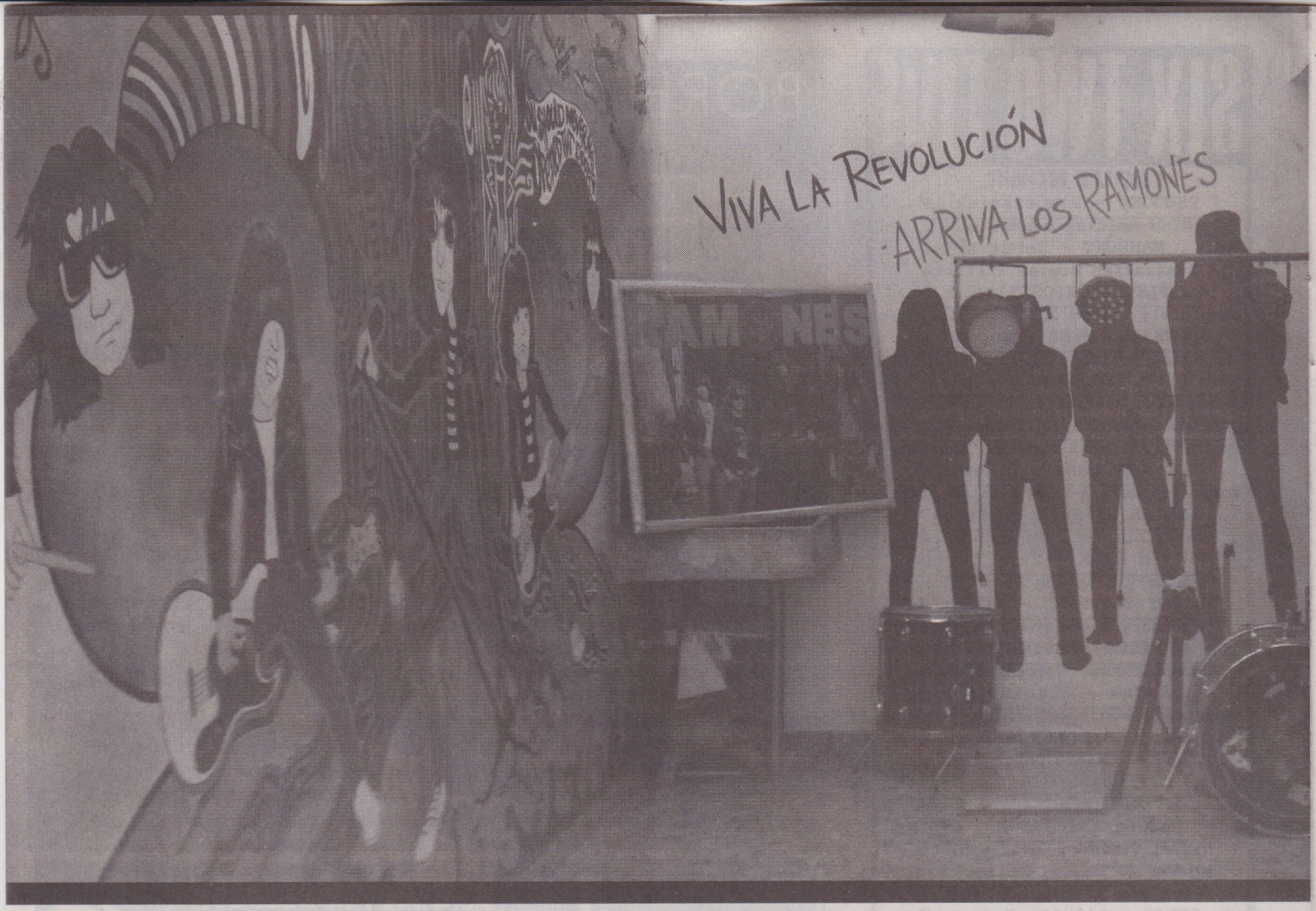
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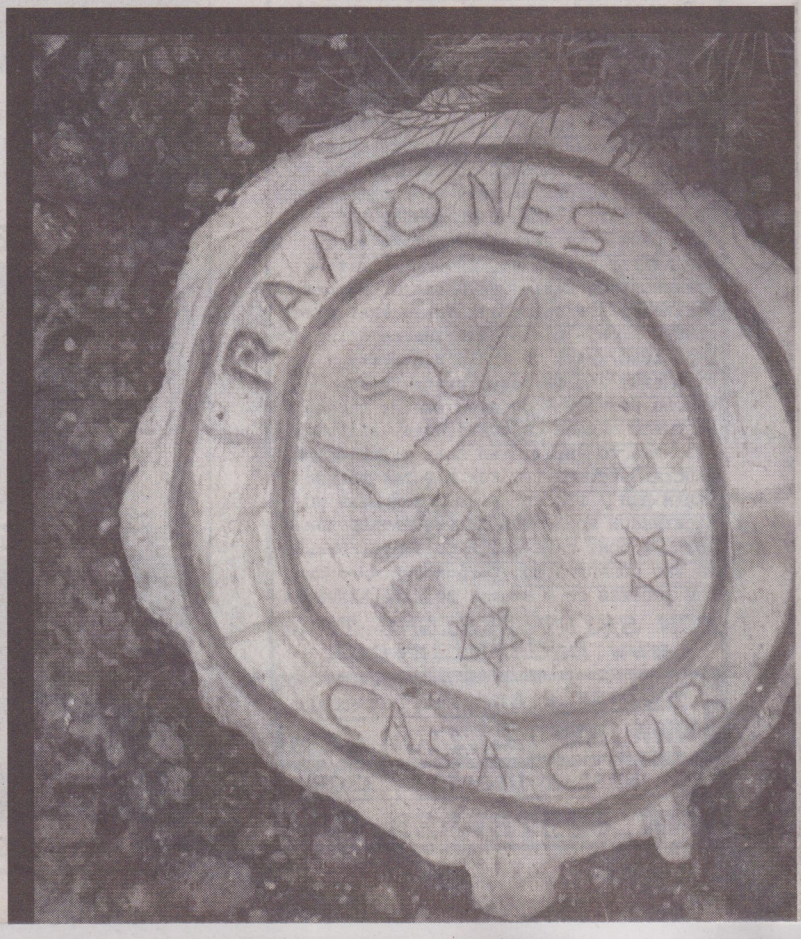
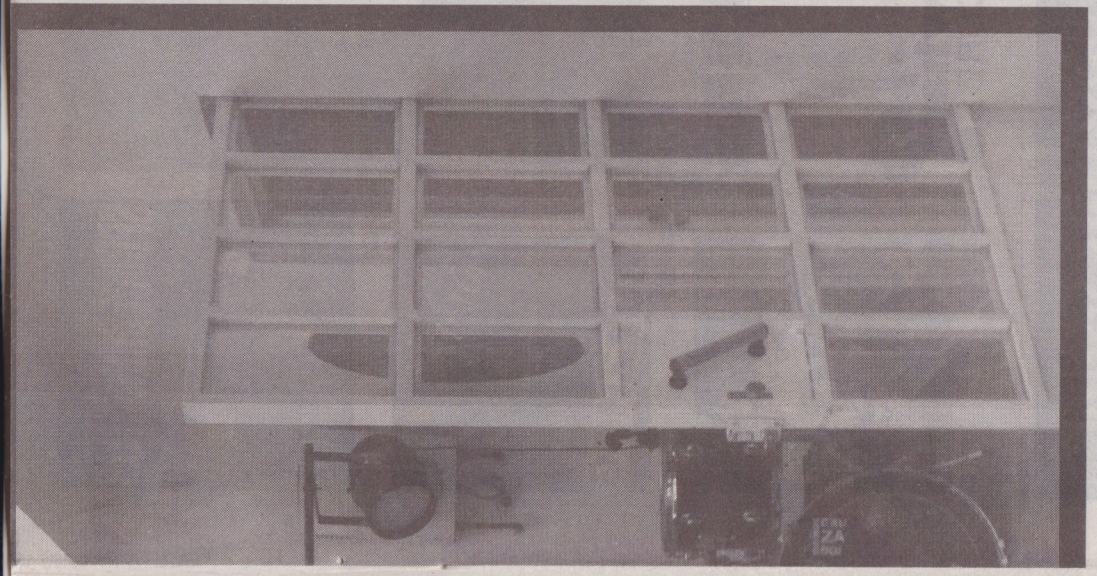

RAMONES
CASA CLUB

Patsy, Avichines, Prision Oculta, Natural Rebel Kids, and Sin Reaccion at the Casa Club Ramones, Mexico

Photos by Grace Ambrose and Neri Ramone.



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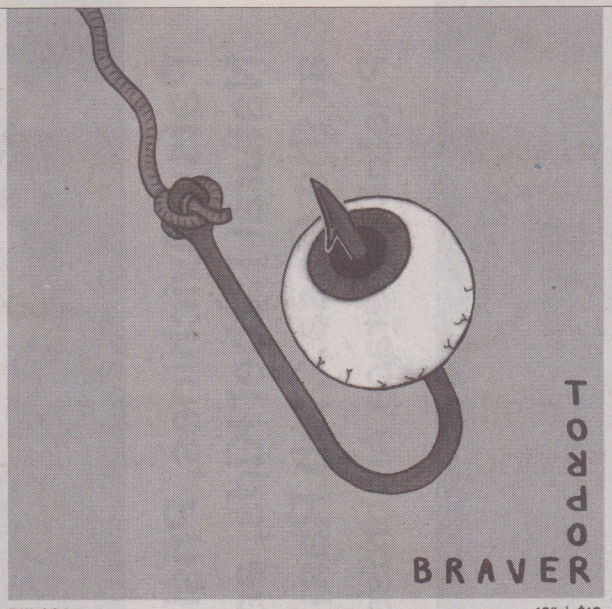

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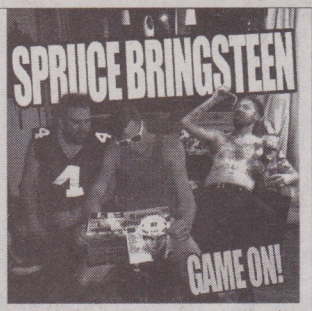

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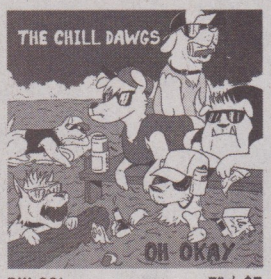

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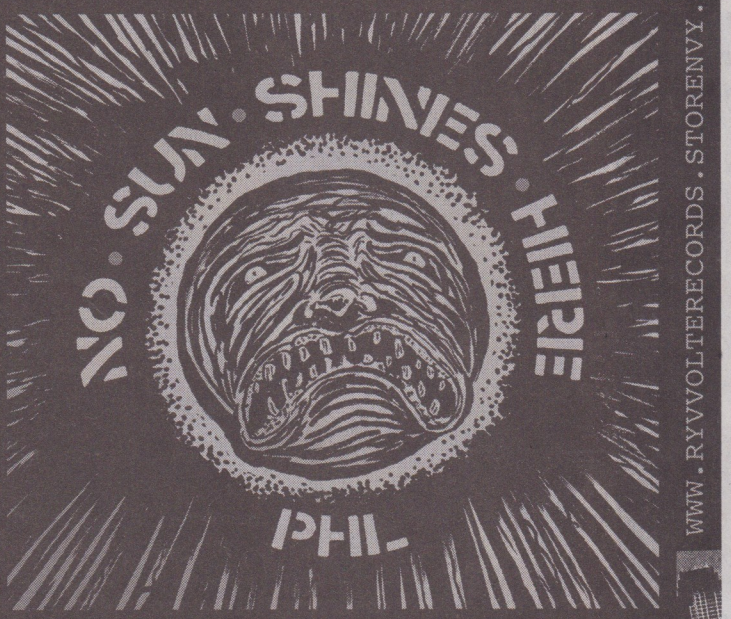

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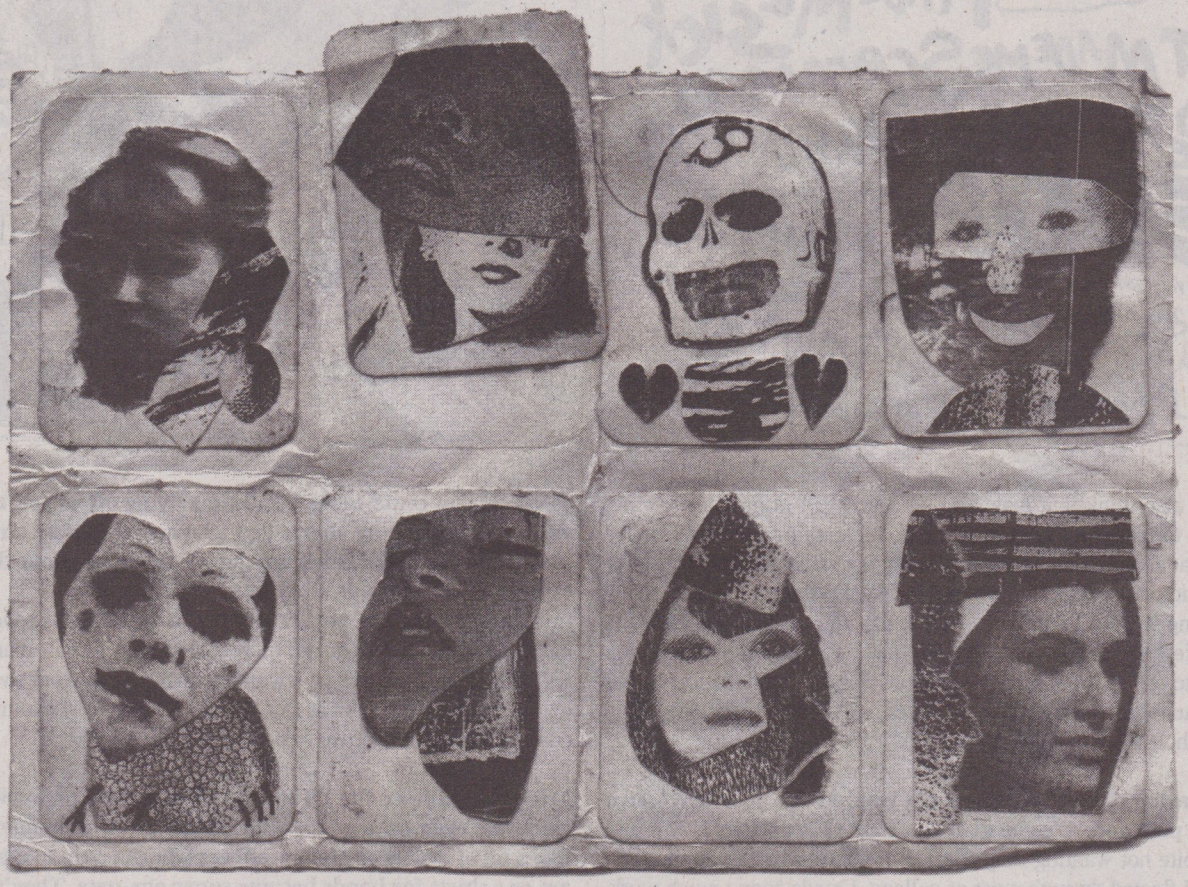
*Olivia Gibb

Olivia Gibb lives in Kansas City, MO where she makes art and sings in the band Warm Bodies. Interview by Grace Ambrose

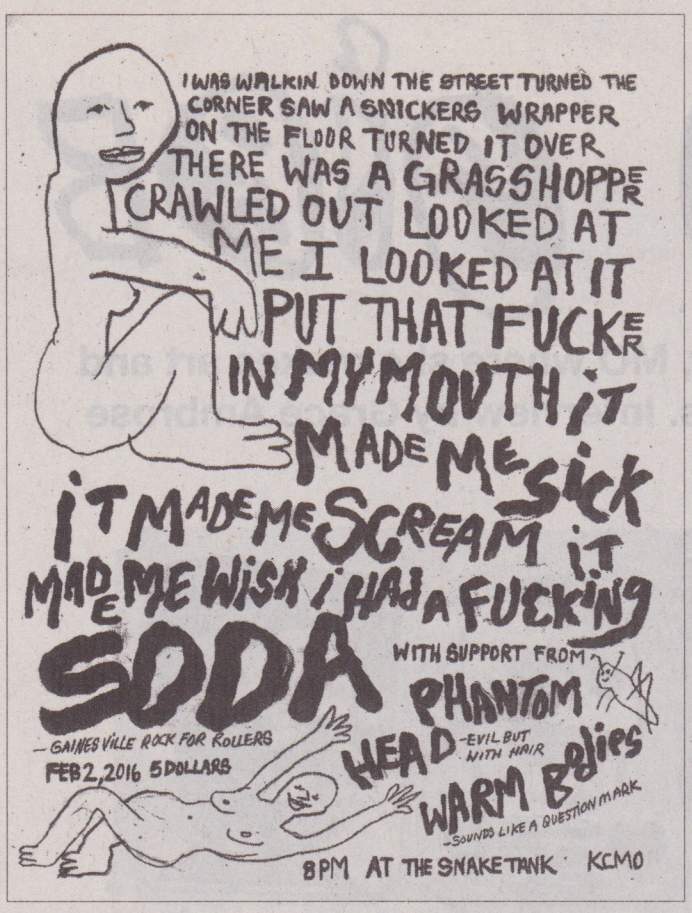


MRR: We keep throwing around the term "punk artist" when we're talking about this issue. I'm not really sure what it means or if it's a useful idea at all. Is it punks who make art? Artists who make functional objects in the context of punk? Visual people who happen to enjoy a certain style of music? Do you consider yourself a "punk artist"?

I am very wary of that term. I don't really consider my work to be punk. I don't know, I *guess* I identify as punk. I mean even if I wasn't into punk I would still be making the same kind of work. Punk is just one of the many facets of what makes up my character, but by no means does it define my work.

MRR: Bands have a lot of infrastructure put in place for them—we're used to paying $5 for a show or $10 for a record and punks have been booking shows with the hope that the favor will be returned when their band goes on tour since time immemorial. The art world proper has a lot of infrastructure but it often feels pretty inaccessible. You occupy this in-between space. What kind of support systems do you have here?

I think that had I not gone to art school, I would have a much harder time existing between these two institutions. I basically have two different communities that I can bounce between. And it's an exposure thing too. Because I went to art school I was almost required to go to art openings and be around people in that community and have had lots of opportunities to show work in a gallery setting. And because I go to punk shows I've had opportunities to make flyers and get to know people in bands that want artists to make designs for them. And I think that both of these institutions are inaccessible to a certain



degree. I also think that maybe to be successful in one or the other you have to really put forth an effort to make things happen. Maybe that's what a punk artist is. A punk artist just wants to make flyers for shitty bands more than they want to make a postcard for their shitty art opening. I want to do both. I think that things like Everything Is Not OK fest and Collective Delusion // Mass Hysteria do a good job at trying to bridge the gap between the two worlds, and it allows other artists who might not have the resources or exposure to the Art World to show their work in a gallery setting.

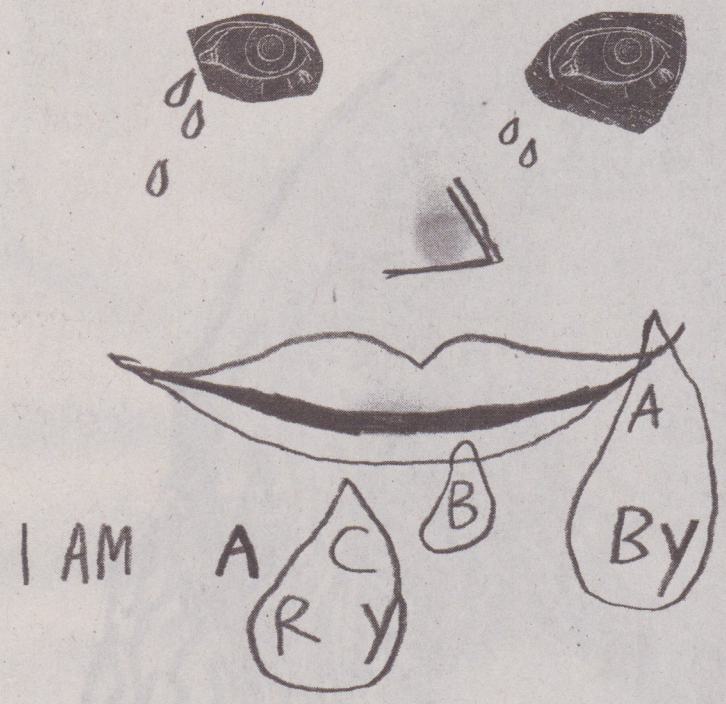
MRR: Earlier today you told me you wouldn't go back to school if someone paid you. Are you glad you went to art school?
Yes, despite not wanting to go back I'm glad I went. Even though I feel like I floated through most of college, I made *soooo* much work. And being in school exposed me to a lot of weird process and ways of making art. So I'm glad that I have that experience under my belt.

After I graduated college I got a shitty job at a pizza place and just read Stephen King books for like three months straight. I didn't make art or hangout with almost anyone. I love to read and when I was in school I felt too guilty to read for leisure because I was so concerned with always making work. So when I got out I was like fuck this, I'm gonna read all summer! And I did and it was great. Then when fall rolled around I set up a desk in a shared space with my roommate, got my hands on a copy machine, and have been working in the space for around three years. I like having a studio in my apartment because I don't have to leave my house to make work, and I don't have to pay rent on a shitty studio that I have to share with other people. I also like it 'cause I can cook food and work on stuff simultaneously. It's good!

MRR: If you could make a full-time living off of you art, would you? I love booking shows and playing in bands, but I would never want to make either my job. Something about that would take some of the magic away.
In a fantasy situation, yes. I think that if I could make work on my own terms and make enough money to sustain myself that would be wild. But that also makes me wonder what type of work I would need to create to be successful at that, and if I would enjoy making it in that context. Unless it happens, who knows?

MRR: Yeah. I see the difficulties of that kind of work-without-comprise even on a small scale in the punk economy. It seems like a lot of artists or photographers who get paid to make record art or t-shirts for bands become super one-note. They're making (a small) part of their living off of their art but only by making what people want. You told me you were going to stop doing commissions.
Commission work just started to bog me down. I don't really do enough commission work to warrant my wariness but it just stopped being fun, and I felt a lot of pressure to make work that I didn't want to make. I am also really bad at saying no to people and I've been trying to put my foot down and make a point to put myself first when it comes to how I spend my time creatively. I just want to make pinch pots and rugs and go for a walk.

MRR: What is your favorite context to see your work in?
Oh! I like the scraps! I got a lot of drawings and weird photocopies and collage clippings at my house that are all torn up or drawn on printer paper or just random crap. Just doodles and weird dingalings. Smudgy things. Throwaway stuff. I tape a lot of it to my wall above my



desk; they are like little treasures. If someone asks me to be in a show soon I might just show my scraps. I also enjoy seeing people wearing shirts I've designed, it's trippy.

I got a button maker a few months ago and have been going *crazy* making all of these one-of-a-kind buttons and giving them away to people any chance I get. The button maker is such a fun machine and making and giving away buttons has been one of the happiest and more creative things I've done in the past year, regarding art making.

MRR: Those buttons! They are amazing. It was joyful to watch you hand them out to people while you were here visiting us in the Bay. I have two on my jacket right now. So many of the buttons are faces. You painted this t-shirt while you were here, covered in little red squares and white squiggles. From far away they felt like patterns but when you got up close they were all little faces. Everything I look at of yours has someone (or something) staring back at me.

I've always been interested in drawing people and portraits. If it wasn't considered rude I would just stare at people for so long, and I probably do. I like looking at faces and seeing how all the elements (eyes, nose, mouth, etc) work together to make a unique bag that holds the brains. It's just always so shocking and pleasing for me to just examine the way bodies are formed. For a long time I almost strictly did portraiture, until I realized that although I loved it I was just really making up for the fact that I'm really bad at drawing bodies. So for the past few years I have been forcing myself to draw the human form, and I still don't think I'm very good at it but it's really great and challenging for me to try to draw someone dancing or bending over to pick up a flower or something.

MRR: Part of what is awesome to punk about me is style, the idea that it's okay to dress crazy. You made me this huge and amazing shirt that when you were here and it feels very special to me.

Earlier this year I made an outfit for my friend Emmy that I really love. It's white jeans and a white t-shirt, hand stamped with red and black stamps that I made, then splattered with black paint all over and a smile and frowning face on the butt pockets. Emmy was wearing the outfit I made the first time I met them and I *freaked* out. It looked so groovy.

I went on tour this summer and a few times I just decorated my clothes in the van. One time I just had this lime green shirt and I put those cheap multicolored star stickers all over it. And another day I bought this dress and cut it in half and just colored it with this thick black crayon. I was really proud of both of those outfits even though the stars curled up and fell off and the crayon washed out. I'll keep making shirts to make a quick buck and doing some more freaky stuff for my own wardrobe.

MRR: Do you ever miss your work when it leaves your space?

Yes! And no. I have so much art piled up in my house that I will practically give it away to people if they ask. It's really stressful living in a small space and housing lots of art. I store my work in some portfolios and a lot of it goes under my couch and is slowly getting destroyed and some pieces are under my rugs. Some important work of mine I have to hang up because I can't store it properly. I have some friends that foster some really special framed drawings because I can't keep them at my apartment and I do feeling longing for those pieces from time to time. It's always exciting to see them again when I visit these places. There are some pieces that I'm really emotionally attached to and I cannot part with them. I've given a lot of work away that I've later wished I'd kept for myself, but you can't take back a gift so I just gotta live with it!!

MRR: You recently started working in clay back home, a pretty new medium for you and one that already seems very fruitful. What's next?

I like the idea of expanding my visual language across different disciplines. I also love the challenge of taking on a new medium and pushing myself to do good at it. Sometimes I get really bored of drawing or making collage work over and over again. I've never done any video work or animation. Both are things that I would like to be involved in, but both seem very daunting. Making a set for a movie is very sexy to me. I'd like to create a dumb instrument and learn how to play it freaky. I want to buy a can of wasabi peas and eat half and tape the can shut and have that be a cool shaker. Just for fun. "Look I made this instrument and all I had to do was eat half!"

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SHITBOY FACE

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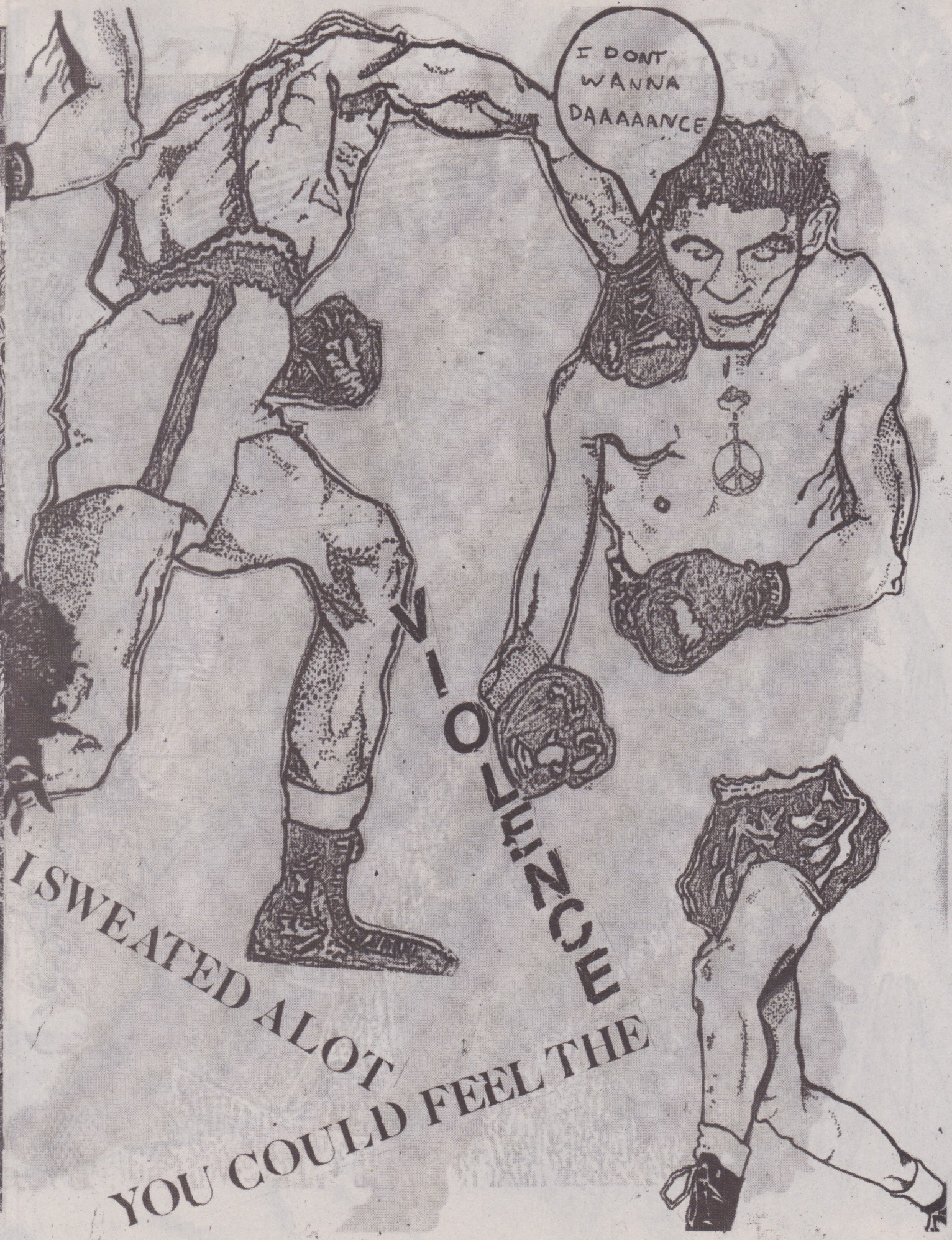
CUZ IM BETTER THAN THEM
AND H TH INK IM THE BEST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KANSAS CITY
WE DONT WANNA PLAY YO GAME

TREVOR87

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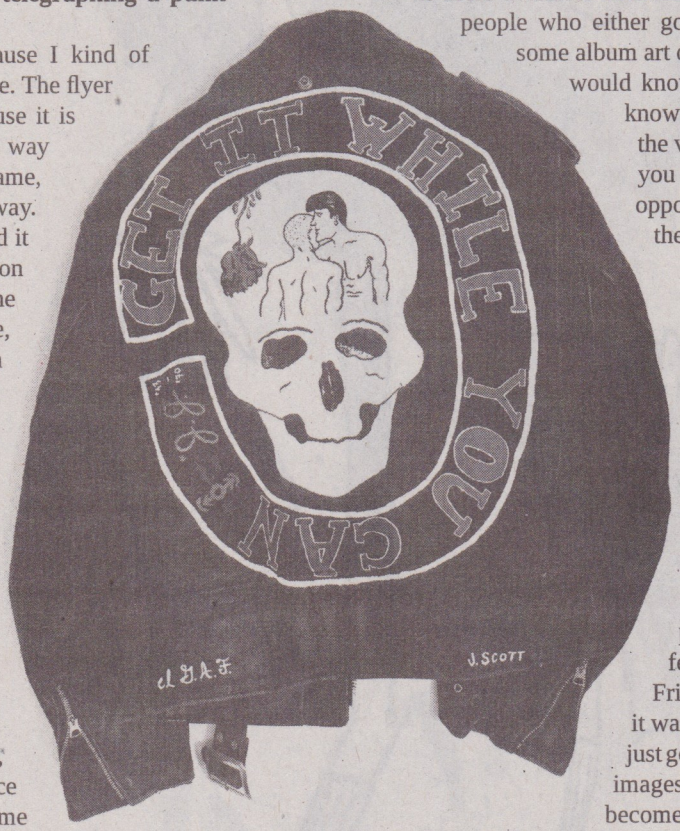
"BETA BOYS IS MY BLOOD AND FLESH."

Jess Scott

Jess: I am just casually sitting by the pool in Palm Springs drinking a Bee Sting watching some poolside boys.

MRR: As you know I have a tribute to your early years in my bathroom. You were making this work that all had a specific purpose within punk, like a poster to advertise a show or a tape cover or sticker art for Make a Mess, and your aesthetic was light years away from what was happening at the time. When did you decide to start making work that existed on its own, things that weren't designed for telegraphing a punk event or album art or whatever?

Well, I started making flyers because I kind of needed to do something with purpose. The flyer is the ultimate format for me because it is sort of like Kleenex in a way, the way they used to talk about their band name, as something meant to be thrown away. I liked that it had a specific date, and it had built in challenges of information that you had to get out. Sometimes the venue name would be really horrible, and I would change it to be at a Salon or a Taqueria…I loved all the little challenges, and also that it had a point.



I literally don't have a single artist on either side of my family, and I just couldn't really wrap my head around doing art for no reason. Why would I just sit around drawing in my room? I liked the challenges, and the *point* and the definiteness of flyers. I think eventually I just started getting more confident, and the real transformative piece that linked the two worlds for me was this jacket I did representing Johnny Marr. It kind of took the music, and the fandom and the worship and the idea of wanting to look like I was part of some kind of music scene, but it got me painting in this really kind of crude way. Then I needed to make some money and I wasn't gonna sell a flyer so I needed to make stuff.

MRR: It seems like in the last five years or so there's been a push in underground punk to make art and sellable art more prominent in a way that doesn't feel like it has been since the early '80s. There have always been flyers and record cover art and so on, but now there are artists who are associated with DIY punk who you have exhibited with even, and it seems like this thing happened where people want to support artists, not just by buying a band t-shirt someone designed, but by purchasing editions and artwork

It's probably a few different things. There's definitely worlds more appreciation for art in punk and for art that isn't "punk" in the last two years. Not to say that people weren't artistic or that those worlds didn't blend together but as far as the personality attached to the artist attached to the band or the work, I don't know if that authorship is more available because of the internet? Before you had people who either got ripped off or legitimately did some album art or t-shirt art but then who the hell would know? Unless the person was well-known or something it was just lost in the void of information, whereas now you can just dial it up. There's more opportunity to find out who's making the stuff that you like

MRR: I read this thing about how this punk kid would write letters to people in LA because they knew the person would write back on the back of a cool Pettibon flyer. Access was just difficult. Then now it's like this automated endless pleasure reel with the internet.

I'm excited because I feel like people are making stuff again. It feels like there was this period post-Friendster / Limewire internet where it was just hyper osmosis, people were just gorging themselves on information, images, art, music. Now it's sort of become this beauty of over saturation, you know where personally I just shut down. I never go on the internet. I check my email every three days. I think people are getting sick of it and want to start contributing to the archive again.

MRR: I had this realization a couple years ago that all the Make a Mess records stickers that are dotted around my house were actually designed by you.

I feel so much more satisfied with the stuff that I make now, all of that stuff the flyers, the art, it was all done in a psychotic hurry, emergency stations, and the stuff I am working on now, painting just takes more time, and it's just more satisfying, more therapeutic.

Jess Scott has been making art in the context of punk for over ten years, making flyers for shows in the Bay Area, playing guitar in Brilliant Colors and Flesh World, and crafting the aesthetic of those groups and that of Make a Mess Records, which she helped run. Since then she has had a bunch of solo and group exhibitions with other punk parallel artists like Kate Hall, Emma Kohlmann, and Jesse Spears. She currently lives and works in Los Angeles.

Interview and introduction by Layla Gibbon

When you mention those stickers all that pops into my mind is how fast I had to do all that stuff.

MRR: But it looks really cool! And I think it sort of resonates with your work still. Like the postcards you made of all that different album art and the drawings you did for Wacky Wacko—they have this kinetic energy that feels distinctly "Jess." Your work reminds me a bit of a DIY Hockney but it also makes me think of being a kid and reading comic books in the back seat of a car. The drawings are kind of *moving* or vibrating, sort of capturing the ephemerality of culture like Pop Art but not really Pop Art, not really comic book art.

Yeah, I would never bring up comic books to talk about my art, but I completely agree with you, I am as influenced by comic books as I am Hockney. I am just obsessed with line drawing, and it's funny you said the back of the car thing because that's my first memory, drawing in the back of a car. Because I'm self-taught, I'm not deliberating, it's all energy, I've never drawn something and thought "I could do better, I'll try it again." It just doesn't work like that. I either do something and it works or it doesn't and I move on. Going back to the Kleenex way of doing things, it's just a totally different way of going about it. I don't know if it's this disposable time that I've grown up in…

MRR: Your first exhibition had a very camp theme, the skinheads, then after that you had those sort of army images.

Just tonight [my partner] Roxanne told me that those first line drawings and pastels are her very favorite stuff I've ever done. There's an energy there that I haven't quite gotten with these newer paintings. There's a lot of physical material problems that I'm trying to get through.

MRR: But that's one of the things of being self-taught though. If you're in school you have hours and hours of workshopping

Someone will just tell you something that would take you six months to figure out alone. My lifeline is people who work in art shops. The best people were at Flax [in San Francisco], they would just solve all these problems for me.

MRR: I read this interview with that guy Chris Johanson and he said someone told him that he was using shitty brushes, and he had no idea how much easier his life was going to be.

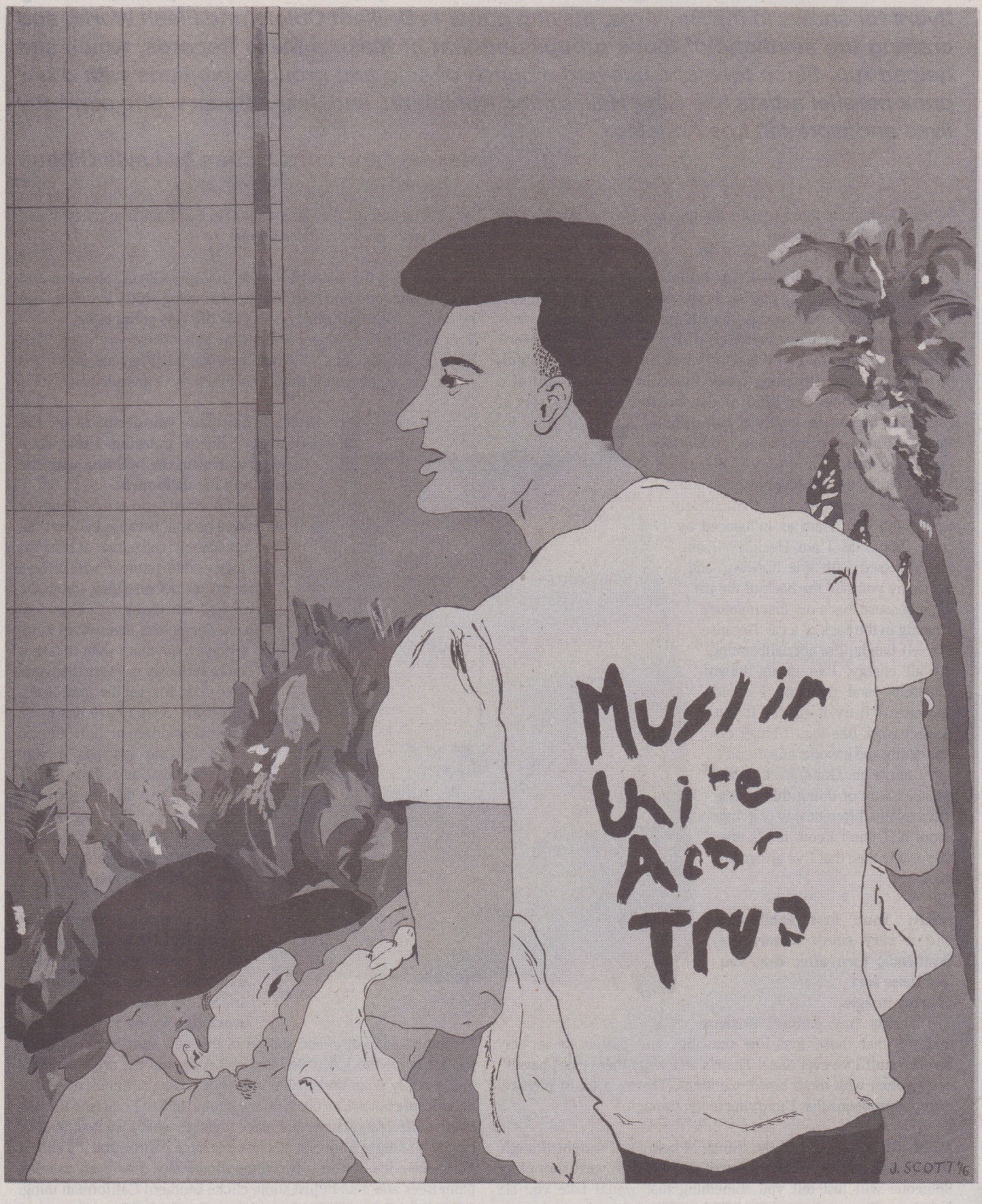
That feeling is like when I realized my guitar was shitty when Chris joined Brilliant Colors. I thought there was no difference, then Chris would turn on his guitar and it was just sixty degrees louder.

MRR: What made you decide to try the new style? Like the paintings I saw when I stayed with you, the building with the sunset and the delinquent.

That one I decided to do as a challenge to not have a person, because I always do, but it made me realize that at least for the foreseeable future I will always have people because they add to the feeling I am trying for. I want to have things take themselves more seriously, not that I want to take it more seriously or I care if anyone else does, it's just the work itself. Over the years I have just made so many different little things, and for me it's just a way to organize my thoughts. A painting will take me a couple months, and I'm just not the kind of person who's gonna deliberate over a button for a few months, you know?

MRR: I guess I more meant going from the stuff you were doing when you had that exhibition at the art apartment in SF, to the stuff you are working on now

Maybe it's kind of cliché, but all of this new stuff has been made since I moved to LA. I've lived in LA on and off my entire life, and it really is an undeniable influence. I take so much of what I paint from photos I've taken on my phone. In San Francisco I'd take twenty different pictures and piece together what I wanted. In LA I can do it straight from one, it's just one huge portrait and it's almost made flat—it's almost a two-dimensional city, I've been painting palm trees and it's not just some cliché southern Californian thing. It's like…Palm trees are the one thing that look three-dimensional


Muslin
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J. SCOTT '16

in LA. Everything else is so flat. The sky is one color, buildings are one color, there's no shadows, it's like being on a film set. The light is so bright, and so high, so head on all the time that it doesn't create any sort of perspective unless you're dealing with people or palm trees.

MRR: San Francisco was more claustrophobic for you? Did your work reflect that feeling?
Yeah, it took me moving here to figure out how to make a painting not on my hands and knees, literally. I was working in my tiny room, or I was working on a dining room table, that whole aspect of it, just being able to make bigger stuff and to physically be able to work in a different way. San Francisco was more bedroom, I think you can see that, my stuff only makes sense from about two feet away. Now I feel like you can stand back a lot further with the stuff I've made in LA.

MRR: The San Francisco stuff is kind of more furtive.
It's too soon to say because I've only been here for six months. But everything I ever do is stuff I make happen. That's just how it is everywhere.

MRR: When you lived here in SF, before you moved away the first time, you put on all those shows in really cool all ages spots, like Hysterics at a Taqueria and that Sex Vid / Grass Widow / Brilliant Colors show at the weird yuppie art school warehouse, and that hair salon, was that Weird TV? Just trying to make something happen in the insane bourgeois doom town that is San Francisco. Then your art had a similar pattern, where you were kind of fitting in the cracks: "OK, I'm gonna have an art show at this record store, I'm gonna have this exhibition at this guy's apartment." Since you've moved to LA you've had exhibitions in kind of more legitimate spaces. Like that Phil Gallery thing or the Chateau Marmont.
I don't really have my head around it right now. It's like anywhere else where everything rests on a few key individuals, not that they deserve all the glory, but you just sort of need those translators. So we did that group show at Phil Gallery, I mean it is a gallery, but it's just run by two people kind of more as a *space* you know? The other thing was a one night only party as exhibition inside Chateau Marmont, and it was supposed to be from 11:00 p.m. to 5:00 a.m., but it went to 11:00 a.m. It was inside Howard Hughes' apartment suite, Brian Ferry was staying underneath us actually, it was insane. I haven't really processed it yet, but all I know is that I wanted to make a hotel within a hotel. It's a really notorious legendary Hollywood place, since the silent era, and as I was reading all these stories that were so wild. James Dean went to a hotel room where Nicholas Ray was shacking up with Natalie Wood and he did his screen test then famously jumped out the window. There was a story where John Belushi OD'd and the cops showed up, but Billy Idol was on a patio exposing himself, and they didn't know what call they were there for.

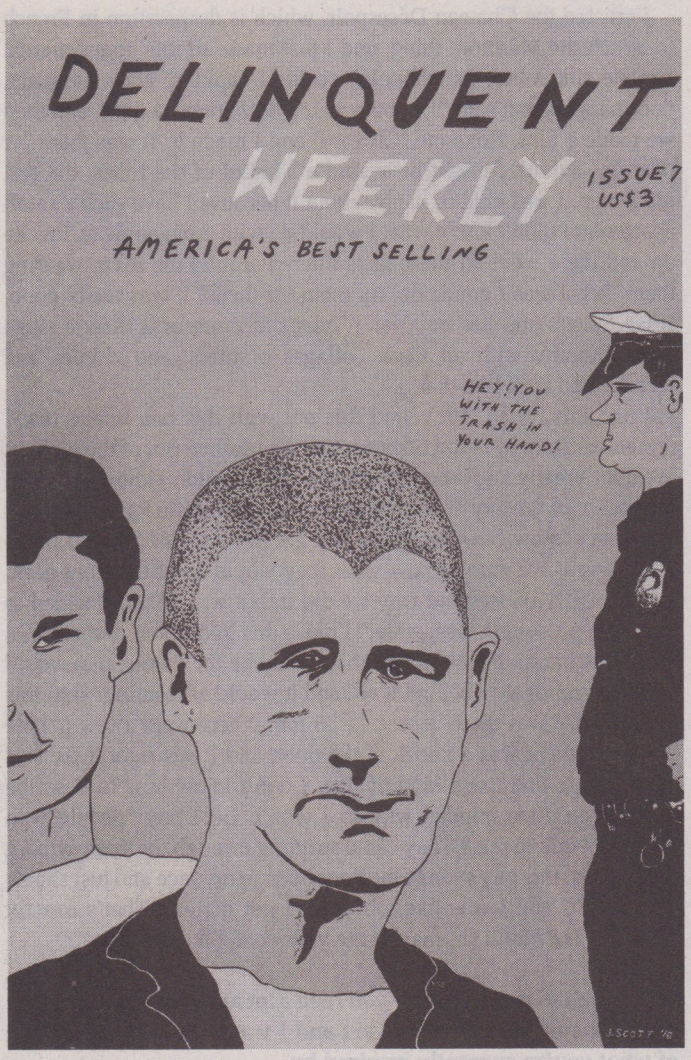
There were all these stories that were pretty entertaining, then as you get more modern it's like, this actress blew this actor in an elevator, Lindsay Lohan spent $140,000. It gets really unimaginative, It goes from literally jumping out a window to get a role, these Greek idol-like heroics, a heathen symbol, to just having boring sex and spending money. But the whole thing, the commonality from the '50s to now is that it was all kind of desperate. But people used to be a bit more creative about being desperate.

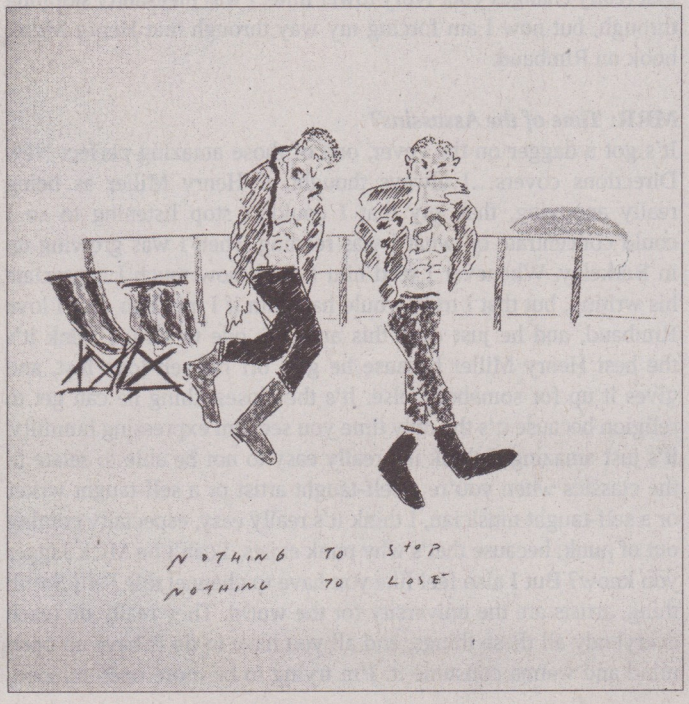
I created the Chateau Désespoir, which is desperation in French to match the Marmont thing, and I just made all this bogus merch. I made silk robes, matchbooks, cocktail napkins, glass tumblers, door hangers that said "I'm busy being desperate," a quilt, and then we made a film. Roxanne [Clifford] and I made it. It was there for one day. I think I might have sold a handful of the robes, the rest got stolen. I was kind of happy about it because I have such a small apartment I didn't know what I would do with them anyway. I woke up and there were all these girls littered around the room wearing them. What was I gonna do, rip them off them? It was really good. Jesse Spears and her boyfriend Tyler did more of a theatre stage style gluttony with all these collages of mess, and chimes and incense and stuff like that.

I had this…well, I'll round this out with this one image that I remember from it. I kind of partook in the heathen riot of the night… We didn't really know how it would work, we didn't know the room number until the day of, maybe to discourage certain kind of things? We didn't know how people would get in so we decided to make a password. We didn't know what they would do at the front desk, I don't really understand why we did it, but we did it. I decided to make the password "desperate." I made this joke about desperation, I had this intuitive feeling that that would be the theme, that would be the commonality behind it all, and it would all continue into this exhibition. I was there, it was 11:30 p.m., there were a few people there and there was a knock at the door, and I was right there so I answered it, and these kind of like, I don't know how to describe them in an open minded way so I won't. Let's say "people who might not talk to me." They came strutting through the door, wiping their noses, this guy swings the door open in my face and just sneers "desperate" and I was like, oh yeah, I got it right. That's exactly what this is. "Hello sir, may I take your coat, oh thank you!"

MRR: Brutal times. I know you read a lot and you're engaged by certain books and films and art and I wanted to get a snapshot of what you're currently inspired by.
I think I've been on kind of a treadmill here and I'm not doing as much as I normally do. I'm living with my girlfriend now and that really changes your ivory tower time. I was pleasantly skipping through, but now I am forcing my way through that Henry Miller book on Rimbaud.

MRR: *Time of the Assassins*?
It's got a dagger on the cover, one of those amazing perfect New Directions covers…I always thought of Henry Miller as being really annoying, that guy that I couldn't stop listening to so I could concentrate on what I was reading when I was growing up in Berkeley. Whenever I read him I think how much I appreciate his writing, but that I truly would hate him if I met him. But I love Rimbaud, and he just does this amazing ode to him, I think it's the best Henry Miller because he gets off his self-love fest, and gives it up for somebody else. It's the closest thing he can get to religion because it's the only time you see him expressing humility, it's just amazing. I think it's really easy to not be able to relate to the classics when you're a self-taught artist or a self-taught writer or a self-taught musician, I think it's really easy, especially coming out of punk, because that's why punk exists. I can't be Mick Jagger you know? But I also feel like you have to channel this Patti Smith thing, artists are the university for the world. They really do teach everybody all these things, and all you have to do is have an open mind and wanna consume it. I'm trying to be more open minded,





and not only like the grumpiest most obscure lo-tech version of a masterpiece or something…

MRR: You did that series for Pyramid Records where you did paintings of record covers, and you've been doing the different jackets and t-shirts of allusions to different bands and artists. I have my amazing Electric Eels denim you made me. The paintings were literal interpretations of the cover art, but then the clothing was more impressionistic, a love letter to the essence or something.

The clothing was meant to be more cryptic, and on most of the band jackets I've done there isn't actually the band name anywhere. That was a response, not in a snooty way, but a response. "But have you really listened to the lyrics?" I really like that, not as a way of alienating people but as a way of rewarding people who were listening. I also really like the hieroglyphics of it, these symbols that were created by listening to these bands that use this language in a really specific way. The LPs were a different thing where I kind of wanted something for myself. I was rewarding myself with the fact that every single one of those was somebody else's art, somebody else's cover, but it looks like my art. I was really pleased with that. They're all wrong, and I get really anxious about it. Like the Arthur Russell one, you know I can't fucking draw Arthur Russell. The best I can do is a Jess Scott drawing of Arthur Russell, but that's harder than it sounds I guess. It's not natural to be yourself necessarily! I like the idea of literally putting it through my eye. This is how I saw those records and I see them.

MRR: One of the things I like about your art is that it's really pleasurable. That sounds really weird but that there's this strange joy there, and I hope that doesn't sound patronizing. Not that you aren't in pain, because darling aren't we all, but I love that your art expresses a different teenage feeling.

The fantastical teenager! The classic line that people say about how they got into punk is that they wanted to make something that they didn't hear, that they wanted to hear, and for me I really want to paint things that I want to see, that I'm never going to see. Things that just don't exist, but they're all made up of things that do exist, they just don't quite present themselves in the ideal way to me. Painting or drawing is a place that I can just make everything exactly the way I wish it was looking you know? Like I wish things were this harsh. Like you said it's not all about joy, but there's a certain perception to it in my mind, like a perfect teenager, a perfect guy by a pool, whatever it is, it's how I wish I could actually see it.

LA is really like that, a playground where all these people who have no reason to be together are together, the only other city like that is New York for art and music. I think of LA as a vision and New York as more of a feeling. There is no *there* there in LA, you can't like listen to someone talk and have a sense of what it's like to be here. Whatever you want to see you can see. I'll drive certain ways so I can pretend that this neighborhood looks like that and not like this, you can really take yourself around on your own ritual tour.

MRR: It seems like every city is experiencing this wretched endless gentrification where the suburbs want the city back, and they want it to resemble this imaginary suburb, and LA is victim to this reality, but whereas here in SF it feels like a lot of

the radical art and music is of the past. There isn't going to be a modern Terry Riley in these conditions, but you can go see Terry Riley play once a year or so because there is all this weird old institutional support that enables it. LA seems like you can somehow wormhole your way in and do something still because of the vast scale.

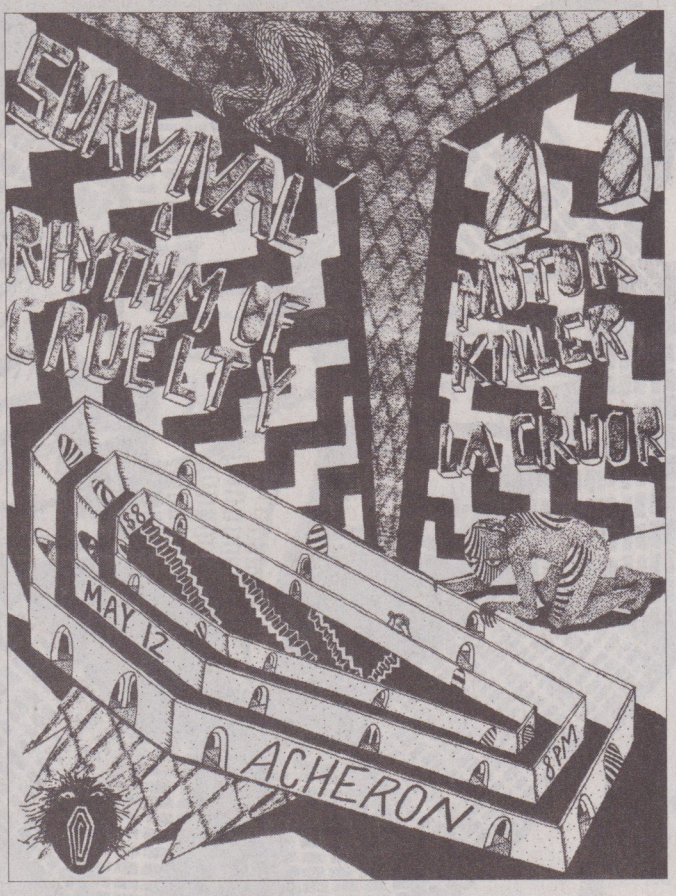
I don't know how to say this without putting myself down, but I don't really try that hard. I don't have that ambitious early potty-trained psychosis you need to survive in NYC. I think if you are generally OK with how you are and don't want to be alpha superstar, you can live in LA.

tellyboys.com

Cecilia Calderón

Brooklyn, NY // spinyskins.tumblr.com

EPKILLER
NO LE VEO EL FINAL/VACIO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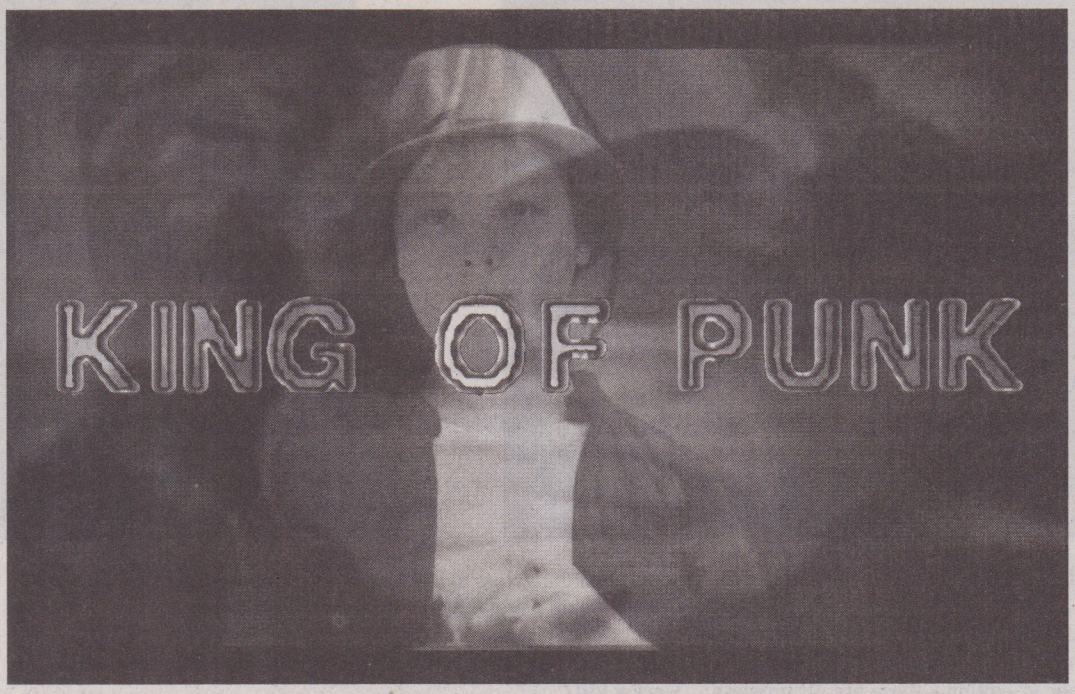


VIDEO PRICK: Making Punk Videos with Perry Hohlstein

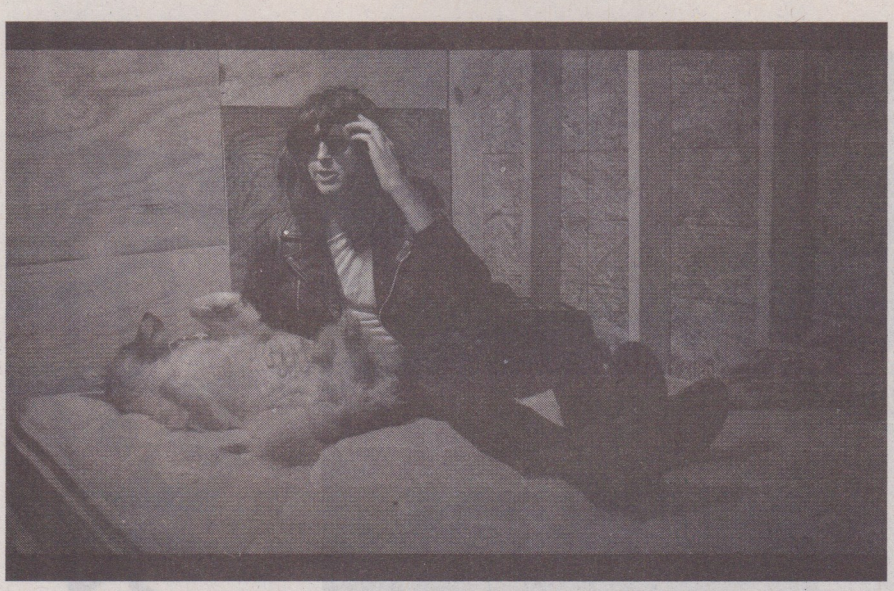
I think I've known Perry ever since I first moved to New Orleans in 2009. He used to live in a squat called Sycamore in Mid-City. I always noticed him because he wore sports sandals. He was always listening to metal or gangsta rap in the kitchen at his house but he wasn't super bro-y or anything. We never had too much to say to each other until he was in this band called Bitchface that I really liked. I could tell he had a lot to do with the songwriting, even though he was the drummer. It was something about the way the parts transitioned.

I think it was after that when I saw a short video by him called "Meditation Hall" at a DIY art show and it started to feel like Perry was kind of offering his perspective to our scene in bigger and bigger ways. He became the drummer for Mystic Inane and then started cranking out punk music videos for his own band as well as for the band Patsy. He's made videos to help out Parisite, New Orleans' first public skate park, which he was involved with building from the very beginning. Now, he's working on a movie called* King of Punk *about Dee Dee Ramone inspired by a good friend of his. It's a mixture of fan interviews and campy / deranged dramatizations of real events in Dee Dee's life. Look for it soon on YouTube or maybe even at a DIY venue near you.

Introduction and interview by Osa Atoe.

MRR: Why a movie about Dee Dee Ramone?
The idea came from a few different places. The first was listening to [my friend] Graziela talk about the Ramones and Dee Dee in particular. She learned English by listening to the Ramones. [She's from Brazil] and she has a Dee Dee King tattoo. She's got a really cool perspective. Around the same time, I was watching movies and shorts by John Waters, Bruce La Bruce, and Charles Atlas and there was a really fun trashy vein that ran through all of it and it seemed like it would be a blast to make something like that. Also, the thought of making a movie where everybody just yelled their lines at each other and acted gross and broke all the furniture didn't feel so intimidating. Like, it wouldn't have to look "pro" or even "good," it could just be what it was.

MRR: Sounds so rad. I can't wait to see it when it's done. I've read that making movies and making music videos are completely different processes, so talk about how working on this is different from making Mystic Inane's "Eggs Onna Plate" video or the Patsy video, or even different still from the more documentary-style stuff you've done for Parisite.
Well, the Dee Dee thing is definitely a video, not a movie. We're gonna shoot it on video and it's gonna have a definite video-arty vibe. So, it's like my other videos, but longer and more ambitious. The punk videos I did were mostly about meditating and doing psychedelics to dredge up heavy imagery from the depths, and then manifesting them as video without spending any money. None of that stuff took much planning or discipline.



It's mostly a day of shooting and then I'll take the footage and noodle around with it in my room for a really long time. Writing a script, working with your friends to create characters out of thin air, shooting a scene and trying to keep in mind all the camera angles and how it's all supposed to come together in editing—these are all timeless skills that are way more deep and gnarly than green screening your band into outer space. So, this video will probably suck in some ways because I don't know how to do it, but it will be fun! I love my friends and how stoked they are to get involved. I think it will be very punk.

MRR: You've been making videos for a while, but you also play in bands. Which came first and how are they different for you?
When I was younger all my creative output was into bands and show flyers. I'm not shitting on it, but a lot of that was because I was afraid to do anything by myself creatively. I didn't have the self-esteem to be like, "OK, now I'm gonna do my own art." I'm at that place where I can actually do that now. I mean, I love being in a punk band but it's one part of my life and then I have this other part of my life.

MRR: I see how video making is maybe more of a solo expression for you, but I still think of it as requiring a team, even if it's just a group of friends—just like being in a band but maybe more temporary.
For me doing videos now, I definitely still rely on the punk infrastructure in New Orleans. I've got a friend group and everybody has different pieces of equipment and we all borrow from each other. So, when I go shoot something, I go to like four people's houses beforehand. So, I'm definitely still using the DIY infrastructure.

MRR: Did you think you were going to be an artist type when you were a kid?
I like had no expectations of what I could do with my life. I never thought I could do anything, really. But I always had a really strong, creative drive. So, I felt like I could do things when I was working with other people, which is why punk made so much sense for me, and still does. It definitely gave me the confidence to step out on my own.

MRR: Sounds like you come from a really unconventional family, too. For me, my family was immigrants and really like straight-laced people who had really conventional expectations for me. Do you feel like it was easier to be like punk or subcultural for you because of your people?
Well, my parents were both very subcultural and kind of just fuck-ups, really. I mean, they're great [now], but when I was a kid they were fuck-ups. I was an only child.

MRR: Me, too!
Awesome! So, you know what that's like. I was pretty subcultural from the get-go. Like, I was reading *Love and Rockets* and listening to Iggy Pop when I was eight years old. They definitely nurtured a lot of creativity in me but they were also so embroiled in their own problems

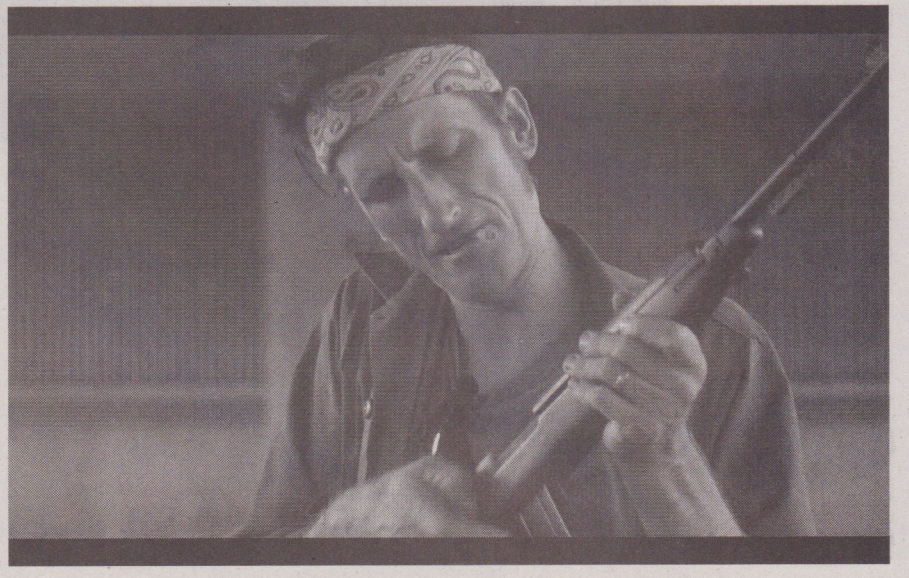
and fighting so much that my main job as a kid was to mediate conflict, and I never really nurtured my own drive to do anything. It's only now in the past few years that I wanna do stuff for myself and not just exist to support other people.

MRR: So, with pottery, I get to practice a lot. I get to make dozens of bad mugs until I start making good ones. It seems like a way slower progression with video just because it takes longer to make even a short video than it does to make a cup. Do you feel like you've put stuff out there that's sort of wonky but you felt like you had to get it out so you could move on to this other shit?
Yeah, [video]'s a really craft-heavy art form. I look back and I think, "Wow, I wish I took an extra five seconds to make sure the tripod was straight or did the awkward thing with that person I was interviewing where I ask them to speak in complete sentences so that the interview makes sense after I edit my own voice out." Just little things that you learn…

MRR: Alright, I'm gonna interrupt right now and tell everybody that you're flossing. That we just ate dinner and you're fucking flossing in this interview all casually.
What's wrong with casual flossing?

MRR: Since we've known each other for a little while now, I always think of you as someone who always listened to a bunch of metal and a bunch of rap and not so much punk. I felt like you were never too concerned with fitting into a punk aesthetic which I relate to a lot. I've always felt that punks should be more of weird free-thinker types than like a type of person that fits into something. I really feel like all of the early punkers like Dee Dee Ramone embody that. It's kind of hard for me to remember that with the Ramones because they have this style that everyone's bitten for so long to the point where it starts to feel generic. But in their time, before they were cool, they were total freaks. After working on *King of Punk* do you think of Dee Dee as this kind of pioneer?
Dee Dee is a really interesting guy because first of all, he's the best songwriter in punk ever. He's a mythical figure and a lot of punks still look up to him. So, on one hand he's like this unknowable legendary dude but on the other hand we all know people who are drug addicts, whose dogs shit in their room and they don't clean it up, who treat their friends badly. There's this dude who lives near me and he knew Dee Dee around the time he was doing Dee Dee King. He was wearing gold ropes and pursuing a rap career but that whole time he was holding down a dishwashing job! Pretty neat.

Perry launched an Indiegogo to raise the funds needsd to make this future punk classic a reality. Donate at indiegogo.com/projects/king-of-punk. Find out more at perryhohlstein.com and subscribe to his YouTube channel. Long live Dee Dee Ramone.



ASHLEY HOHMAN

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@ashley.hohman

SARAH SEQUOIA

Sarah is currently building a screen printing shop in the basement of House Of Lard, which used to have the best shows in Minneapolis 'til the cops showed up one too many times. She has been learning how to tattoo for the last two years and is still working on flyers and shirts for local bands but is concentrating on building the shop into a functional space both to work in and for friends and their bands to be able to print in when they come through town. A solo show with a 3-D screenprinted installation that you can walk through and interact with is in the works.

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from Ben Passmore
DAYGLONYHOLE
big fuggin deal
ITS ALL OVER

BEN PASSMORE

If Mœbius were an anarcho nihilist, focusing his surreal lens towards race and regret, sex and society, anxiety and Aquaman references, you'd get Ben Passmore. A Black comics artist from New Orleans, Passmore's work is rooted in his experiences and observations from punk rock and direct-action activism. The apocalyptic wasteland of post-Katrina New Orleans comes to life in fantastic sci-fi wrapping complex ideas in sex jokes and exploding uncomfortable truths through sophisticated analogy. We caught up with Passmore over email to try shining some light into the dark crystal void.

Interview by Natalye Childress. Introduction by Avi Ehrlich.

MRR: What's the story of how you first got into comics?
When I was little, this weapons-grade nerd guy that lived up the block from my house who used to babysit me gave me an issue of *Spawn*. We were both these fat Black nerds and it felt like he was passing a torch to me. I liked *Spawn* 'cause the main character was Black and liked to wear spikes and chains like I did. I started making my own comics after that. I'm not saying *Spawn* is an ideal comic for Black kids, but we didn't have a lot to work with back then.

MRR: Silver Sprocket reissued your *Goodbye, Or the State Of Nature* mini comic. This comic is rad and weird—how would you describe it?
Conceptually, it's a goodbye letter to the anarchism of my twenties, as well as an answer to the insurrectionist text *Call*, which I had recently reread. I wrote it while I was hitching around the northeast with a sweetheart and it was going super terribly; we were totally alienated from each other. On top of that, I was dealing with the disappointment of both the commune I had started failing and every part of my radical life feeling totally small and ineffective. So generally, I was super down on my lifestyle. Despite being totally bummed out, I still believed in an anarchist politic; I just needed to rethink my approach in a major way.

The comic was really cathartic to make. I wanted it to look and feel like a radical text. I wanted it to be slower and starker than my comics normally are, so I wanted it to only be black and white and have one image a page. I broke it up into three interlocking themes; the first is a creation story for polyamory and alienation, the second a refutation of the punk aesthetic in anarchism, and the last ended up being a talk about change and maybe killing the grumpy old man in your head. I wrapped it all up in a joke about orgies because I can't help but be a crude child, but also because my twenties were way too much about sex.

MRR: You have a gift for turning relatable real-life topics into epic sci-fi adventure.
It's possible that I might only be capable of processing feels through sci-fi adventure, both in my comics and just in life, I've never been able to make a comic that stayed in this reality the whole time. Monsters are way more fun to draw than people, so that's probably part of the reason.

MRR: Your full color work is especially mesmerizing. Is your coloring inspired by any artists in particular, or do you have a process or aesthetic you can put to words?
When I started *DAYGLOAYHOLE*, I had been reading a bunch of Jean Giraud and *Hellboy* comics, which inspired a lot of that comic's look in

certain ways. I hang out at doughnut shops near the oil refineries along the river at night a lot. The refineries look like big evil castles covered in orange light backed by a violet sky. It's really crazy looking and I keep on trying to recreate those colors.

MRR: Are you telling these stories as straight literature, or do you have goals of shifting conversations or getting people to recognize or acknowledge new perspectives?
I've got an agenda. I'd like people to get excited about breaking things and talking about their feelings more. I don't know how my comics will help that. To answer this question, I feel like I'd have to pretend that I know what I'm doing and that all this wacky self-reflection and cop killing is leading to something intentional. It might be, but I can't be entirely sure.

I think a lot about plot, character development, etc., but mostly I think to myself, "Is this funny enough to forgive how upsetting it is?" Or "Will this make the kids hate everything bad and wanna look for the good things in themselves, look for the secret things they're embarrassed about and make them strengths?" I'm a propagandist; that's why all the talk about the police state, yuppies, and antitheism, but I'm a propagandist for feelings too.

Our society has a way of professing a value for debate while simultaneously embodying a love for irrationality, and I think that's totally fine. We're crazy and complicated and I'm increasingly less interested in debate and ideas for that reason. There's not linear conversation to be had about living a free and good life; it's a whole lot of banal trial and error. There are specific things worth mulling over and I like writing about those. Evicting your landlord, respecting people's self-identification, and beating on Nazis are all things totally worth articulating through comics. But I'm barreling toward something else.

MRR: A few years ago in another interview, you said you were thinking of self-publishing something because "the industry is being sucked up by a black hole or something." What is your opinion on the state of indie book / comics publishing? Do you think it has gotten better in recent years? What publishers (or other figures, be it conventions, people, artists, etc.) do you think are doing a good job in getting stuff out there and helping build up the comic / art community?
I'm not really sure what I meant by that. I don't really know how black holes work. I was watching this Errol Morris documentary the other night and totally passed out after two huge bowls of apple pie ice cream. I don't understand comics publishing either, and it's not ice cream's fault. I just think I haven't seen enough of it to form an opinion I feel entitled to.

I've read a bunch of what Ron Wimberly has said about comics, and I think his answers will be way more interesting than mine. I like what Brandon Graham is writing. I like Sophie Goldstein and Liz Suburbia's comics; they shake me up a bunch. Jon Jennings is trying to make Black comic festivals all over the place, and he'll be holding them in every crack and crevasse soon. I think we (The Black Folks) need more spaces to make our brand of unapologetically Black comics. There's too much emphasis on us acting "good" and "proper" so we don't scare anybody. I think we should be scary. We've defined the "other." I don't know why folks think acting like Sidney Poitier (oof that reference dated me!) will keep anyone from being shot by the cops while walking home. I haven't worked with many of them but it seems like there are not a lot of publishers (mainstream or independent) that want to print challenging things, but it's been that way. I've got a rare opportunity with Silver Sprocket; they let me be crazy which is cool. I don't know if I care if it gets better; the melting ice caps have me scraping for a raft more than worrying about the comics industry.

MRR: Though it is super abstract science fiction, your work in *DAYGLOAYHOLE* seems to provide a lot of insight into New Orleans and what it's like to live there. How fucked is New Orleans right now? What's wonderful about it?
New Orleans is fucked in the same way everywhere is fucked: I think it's been a site for physical and metaphysical disaster tourism, and so everyone comes down to look at the chaos parade, but it's not unique in most ways. The government has no interest in most of its citizens, there is sickness and scarcity for anyone who doesn't know who Arcade Fire is, and the whole city is going to sink into the sea sooner or later. There are still a lot of sad buildings and you can find a moldy boat in the wrong place, but it's sad when you realize that the real story of New Orleans is how so many poor people pulled their lives back together despite the efforts of their government and developers. That's not what people really think of though. Now the mayor is working hard

to make money off New Orleans culture without having to involve New Orleanians. There are Prius-loads of transplants arriving every day to help him by starting pop-ups in moldy boats.

DAYGLOAYHOLE was supposed to be an ironic take on the disaster fetishism of New Orleans, but I don't think it's extreme enough for anyone to really get the joke. I started to worry I was adding to this narrative that New Orleans was just a beautiful mess, so I started taking the comic in a different direction and writing about myself a bit more. I thought maybe more actual humanity might bust up this caricature people have of New Orleans and the people living there. Starting from that premise, I dunno how I got to an ocean of porn or a knife-wielding punk…I guess I'm weird.

MRR: How long have you lived in New Orleans? What else inspires your creative output?

I moved to New Orleans seven years ago to live with an ex-girlfriend in a cute house near the river. There are these kids that race dirt bikes down the chopped-up streets near my old house from midnight to way early in the morning. The bikes don't have any lights either, and the kids only have shirts on half the time and wear sandals or slippers. If I didn't hate cowboys so much, I would say that they're the last cowboys in America, but I fucking hate cowboys.

MRR: You're one of the co-organizers of the New Orleans Comics and Zine Fest. How and when did it initially come about? What makes it unique or sets it apart? What are some of the challenges of putting together the event?

Independent comic fests have always been really inspiring to me, because you get to see all this great work and talk and trade with the artists that made them. As such, it always felt like the market aspect was mostly secondary to people meeting each other.

Erin Wilson, Alisha Rae, Osa Atoe, M. Chandler, and I had been going to comic and zine festivals together and on our own, and we'd always talk about what it would look like to have a comic and zine fest in New Orleans. At first we thought it was gonna look like any other festival (hip kids behind tables), but then we thought about how the arts contribute to the displacement of poor people in New Orleans and how there's always money for art lofts and sculpture gardens but never for public housing. We decided we wanted to make a fest that wasn't exclusive to gentrifiers and could benefit the people in New Orleans who aren't getting much access to arts and education.

We started deconstructing festivals we'd been to and only used the parts that we thought would work and weren't so culturally white as to alienate working-class Black folks. Some of the things we do are: make both attending and tabling free (it's ten bucks for out-of-towners); have it at the public library; provide free comic and zine programing during the year and at the fest; and serve a free lunch.

We're only two years in, but the fest has already doubled in size, and we're seeing more and more different kinds of people getting into it. My only big worry is that you can get addicted to a project even if it isn't really doing what you want. At some point I'm gonna walk away from it whether it can survive without me or not.

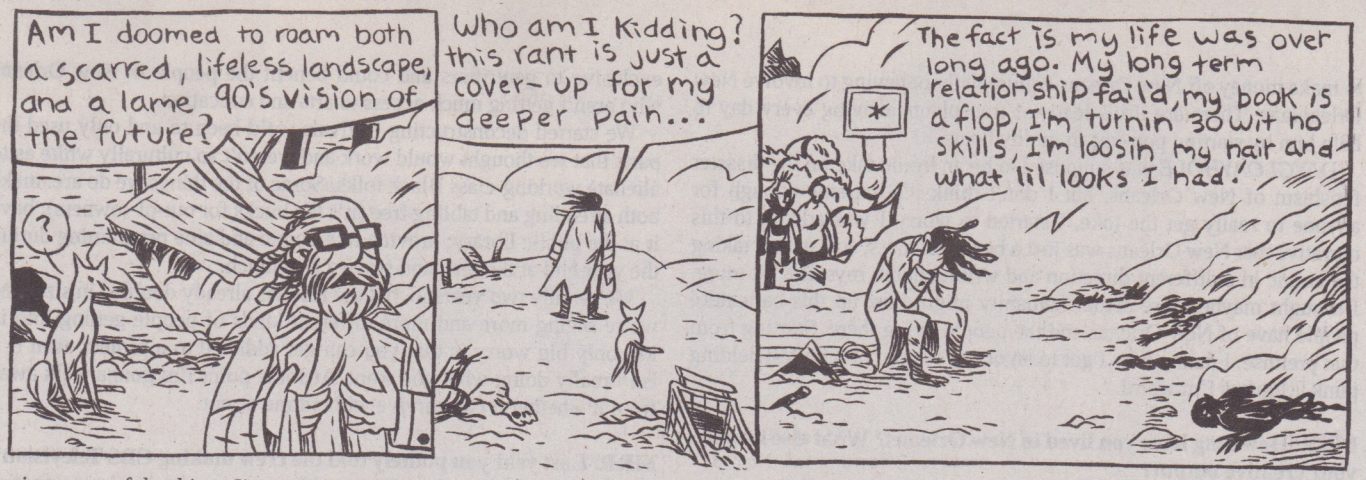
MRR: Last year you politely told the crew making CBS Television's *NCIS: New Orleans* that they could not use your comics as part of their set design because you did not want your art used in connection with media that glorifies the police. Has your art been featured in other "high-profile" places? Has being an anarchist opened doors for you elsewhere?

I'm not a fan of the police. The police are thugs. They kill, rob, and generally harass poor people for the benefit of the rich. Everyone around my neighborhood knows that if you call the cops they'll make whatever situation is going on worse. So yeah, not trying to contribute to some pro-pig stuff. They got me when I was weak, broke, and in need of a limo ride!

Um, my art hasn't been featured in anything I can think of; most of my comics are of a half-naked man walking around all sad, and who wants that anywhere? I was filmed and then cut from this movie called *The East*, which was supposed to be about some green anarchist cult. So that's embarrassing and maybe cancels out my politely lettered rebuke of *NCIS: New Orleans*.

MRR: Do you create art in other mediums?

I build small Mardi Gras floats that shoot fireworks out of their heads. I dunno if that's a medium or what. I've done a series of comic readings where I pace around in front of a projector reciting lines from my comics over strains of Nat King Cole. I did some tours of that in the South, starting from New Orleans to Asheville, NC. It's really horrible



saying some of the things I've written out loud to the three people that came to my show.

Other than that, I was in a folk-punk band called Not In My Backyard seven years ago. I spend way more time on comics than I should, so I don't end up having much time for other stuff. Also, I can't feel good about spending lots of time on comics unless I'm spending equal time working with my friends on radical projects. Maybe I'll find a new bottom string for my banjo and some free time, and I'll get the band back together for a reunion tour around the various street corners in Savannah that we used to play on.

MRR: What makes you excited about comics / making art in general? How do your life and your comics inform one another?
I don't know if the word is "excitement." I run almost exclusively on anxiety, shame, and a love of fluorescent colors. Post-Ferguson I've been thinking about the culture of revolt and Blackness, both mine and Blackness in the broader sense. More and more I wake up and think about how to make revolting Black comics. It's all part of my larger life goal to be irrational and free.

MRR: Your comic *It's Not About You* (from *Irene #6*) uses the story of someone grappling with the use of the they / their pronoun to communicate the idea that our individual "problems don't invalidate other people's needs." It's interesting in that it speaks to the idea that even the most progressive or educated radical among us still can be shortsighted and have room to learn and change and grow. Is the scenario in this comic something you personally experienced? Are there any other moments like this (where you had to check your privilege or examine why something made you feel uncomfortable) that you feel like sharing (or other parts of your work addressing this, such as in *Goodbye*, that you can point us to)?
I'm a straight cis guy in a community comprised mostly of variously queer people, which has been interesting and challenging because of the way I grew up. My mom was fairly liberal socially and had a couple gay friends, but because it was Massachusetts and we're an uptight and private people, she never talked to me about it.

The environment outside my home life was really homophobic though, and that's what defined my ideas about things because I wanted to be normal, and in my town homophobia was normal. Trying to get rid of all that has been a long, ongoing process, and one aspect has been learning how to not be a big man-baby when I'm confronted or confused about stuff I don't understand.

It's all about increasing empathy, which isn't something men are supposed to have in our society. The character's range of feelings, attraction followed by confusion and fear, happens to me on the daily, but I can't really think of a particular time.

MRR: You identify politically as an anarchist. Does this affect your notion of what success would look like, or the type of projects you'd like to work on?
Among other things, Anarchism critiques hierarchies in everyday life, so I find that I focus on what that means for my relationship to everything. I wanna negate hierarchies; some you can smash and others you can joke on until they go away all red-faced. I've read a lot of the "required" theory, but my politics are mostly emotion-based, so I feel like my life and comics look like a series of escalating and increasingly better-planned tantrums. There's no way to plot a decent career out of that, and that's probably for the best. I don't think a lot of financial success or fame would be good for my character. Irrelevance and poverty are keeping me honest. I try to only take on projects I can be proud of, which has gotten easier 'cause I've been getting cooler work lately.

MRR: Would you want to be a "big name" in comics, or develop work for larger audiences like animation or film?
Every year it seems like a couple more people read my comics and I have to spend less time on other hustles. That's not fame really, but it feels pretty big time for me. It's nice to be able to live off something I like doing. I don't know if there's any other kind of fame I care about too much; that wasn't ever the goal. Fame in alternative comics is a kind of petty fame anyway, so maybe that makes not desiring it easier.

I think I've tried to find a kind of happiness that isn't reliant on financial success. It's mostly garbage based, but it's happiness. If doing work for film and animation didn't mean shedding some of my main gripes, I'd be into it, but I like making comics and I would be content if that's all I did with myself for the rest of my life.

MRR: Have you done art for bands or concert fliers? What are some of your favorite bands right now?
I've done way more protest and radical event posters actually. I've done a couple flyers for friends' bands, but I started doing radical organizing pretty hard in '09 and haven't been going to as many shows. I'm really liking local New Orleans bands Gland and Mystic Inane though. There are some fanboy nods to Mystic Inane in a short comic I did for *Irene* called *It's Not About You*.

I also got back into hip-hop recently. I grew up on 2Pac, Nas, Wu Tang, Outkast, cough DMX cough, but switched to some other stuff when I got more conscious and couldn't stand a lot of the content. I've been banging that Vince Staple *Summertime 06* pretty hard, Isaiah Rashad, and Capital Steez (RIP) too. My thirties have been a time of combining my bummer grown-ass anarchist proclivities with my teenage hoodlum loves. Picture black hi-tops and Catharsis t-shirts.

MRR: When you decide to create a new comic, what is your typical process?
Usually I drink an intense amount of caffeine, then go to a show and get totally depressed about my social life, then go home and write about it. I'm not 100% sure if my process stems from a desire for my work to seem stream of conscious or from laziness. Maybe both?

The first comic I tried to write was a intricate historical fiction about an anarchist plot during the Great Depression. I had to do a lot research about the time period, and I wrote and rewrote the script tons and tons and tons of times, and at some point I was like, "Why do I care about all these sad dudes in suits again?"

I've got a terrible attention span so I work inside my limits now. I definitely try and stick

with writing about what I know or things I can inhabit emotionally. Within that, I try to think about how that limits my subject matter and what I need to do to expand my understanding of the world so that I can write about more things.

MRR: In October 2015 you were a guest at SOL-Con, a convention focused on comic artists of color. What was that like?
I think there are conversations that we can only have between ourselves when there are no white people around. It was exciting to see what other brown people are up to at SOL-Con and to talk about our approaches to comics. There were a lot of different perspectives about what Black and brown comics are and what they can do for Black and brown people in our journey to live life inside white supremacy. I'd like to see a lot more events like this. It would be cool to be at a Black anti-capitalist comics fest; I'm sure we wouldn't have to rent that much space out.

My comics are not influenced by my being Black; I'm a Black man who makes comics. Racism, police brutality, body dysphoria, and alienation are a big part of my Black experience, so that's what influences the comics I make.

In anarchist, punk, and comics circles, inevitably someone will ask me about why there aren't more POC. It's irritating because I always think, "Am I not enough?" White people tend to treat me like a gatekeeper for Black people without realizing that it's a continuation of the historical tendency to turn every Black person into the representative of their race. We don't get to be individuals in white society. I'm not leading any khaki-clad white people through the jungle of Black doodlers; that's not my job.

It's nice that people want to make their various publications and events more representative of the comics community and to try and highlight POC artists, because we really can't seem to get a lot of hype in alt comics. But the solution is not to conscript your Black friends into doing what you should be doing, which is getting out of your own cultural ghetto for the sake of meeting exciting people and not because you feel a lot of sloppy white guilt.

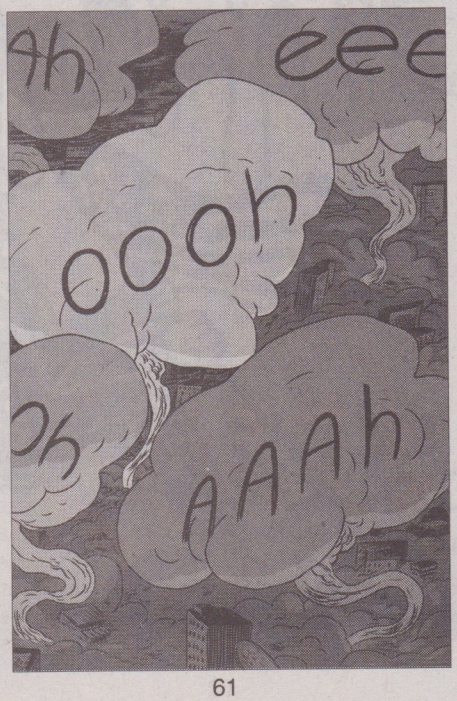
MRR: *Your Black Friend* has been making the rounds online and striking up important conversations. Can you tell me about the comic and the reaction it's been getting?
Before I mades the comic I'd been reading *Black Skin White Masks* by Frantz Fanon with my housemates and talking with one of them, my homie Greg, about concepts of Blackness and how they jived or contrasted with our lived experiences as Black kids in a real white punk / radical scene. Part of Fanon's book is about mapping the mental / emotional landscape of colonized African people and I wanted to do something like that but didn't feel like I could or wanted to try and name all the experiences of Black people all over the US. I wanted to push back against the tendency of white people to think of Black people as political bodies and to challenge the way Black people think of themselves as political agents. So I made this real personal comic about myself, Greg, and a couple other Black punk friends' experiences in the scene with our white and Black friends, and it mostly came out alright. I'd meant to just sell it at this one convention in Chicago (CAKE) and never print it again but the comic kinda blew-up on the internet. I posted six pages of the 22 page comic and I got all this feedback about it I never get usually. There were a lot of white people apologizing to me for being white, which was mad weird, but a lot of other Black folks messaged me about how they liked the comic. So mostly good news. I had one French bronie send me a bunch of hate mail, but the joke's on him, I love hate mail. There is a kind of fetishization that happens with Black creators that I don't like, a lot of white people I know seek out the "Black perspective" on things, when obviously there are as many perspectives on race and police, and Drake, and hoverboards as there are Black people in the world. So when I make stuff like this I know I'm making something that some people will honestly engage with, but there will also be people that don't really care about my politics and just wanna reblog a Black cartoonist next to the Beyoncé videos.

MRR: Silver Sprocket is excited about reissuing the sold-out first and second issues in 2016, along with printing the upcoming third issue. What (else) do you have in store for *DAYGLOAYHOLE*?
I'm really happy to be working with Silver Sprocket; it's the perfect home for this bizarre and messy comic. I'm working on the third issue now, which will be done sometime this year.

I started the comic with zero idea about where it was going, and it's been fun constructing a story out of personal anxiety, monsters, dead cops, and art theory.

I don't know what to say about the third issue yet. It will include all the violent oogles people have come to love, but I'm also trying to challenge myself with every issue by including new things. *DAYGLOAYHOLE* is as much about working through the pitfalls of socialization as it is about killing for junk food, so you can expect a lot of weird jokes about alienation and masculinity.

benpassmoreart.com



DOCTOR!!!!!
KETHCAMBS'16

THE ANSWER IS

IN HERE SOMEWHERE....

KEITH CAVES

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scumballco.com
@keithcaves
keithcaves@yahoo.com

TOTAL ERASURE OF
HUM
NO FU
NO PA
ONLY

JOSH FEJGART

Atlanta, GA // statelaughterzine.tumblr.com // statelaughter.storenvy.com
cranefortune // ornetteflesh@yahoo.com

Josh Feigert currently plays in Uniform, who are about to record their LP, *No Trending*. *State Laughter Zine* #5 is on the way, though he unfortunately hit surrealism on the timer, so it could come out tomorrow or after he's dead in a parallel dementia. His fifteen year old son raps under the name Kleptomane—keep an ear out! New "fan club" shirts, and unique records / tapes / artifacts appear in his store all the time.

"UNPLUG ME."

THIS RECORD CHANGED MY LIFE

An exhibition at Copenhagen's K-Town Hardcore Fest in June 2016, organized by Ángel Herrera and Olalla Urdanibia from Cheap Collective

We know that everybody is in love, sometimes irrationally, with a particular record. Somehow, that record can perfectly embody a particular moment in time or mark a milestone in one's life. There are a thousand memories and stories associated with it that are immediately brought back the instant it comes on.

Artists, graphic designers, illustrators and generally creative people from all over the world who are involved in the DIY community redesigned or recreated the covers of records that changed their lives. A selection from the exhibition is included here, alongside excerpts from the questionnaires that accompanied the artwork.

thisrecordchangedmylife.tumblr.com
whythisrecordchangedmylife.tumblr.com

"Cheap is a community of graphic designers, illustrators, and artists dealing with big topics solved in a cheap and simple way. We are convinced that the lack of economic resources can increase our ingenuity and creativity. We are united to make cheap art possible and transform the concept of 'cheap' into a positive and sustainable method. We want to make art accessible to everybody."

cheap-cheap.org // facebook.com/cheapcollective

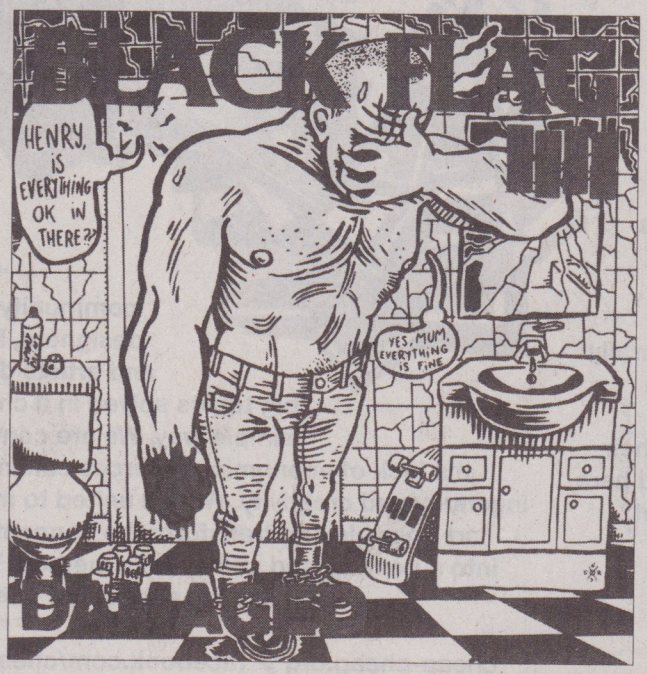
Laura Pallmall
Los Angeles, CA
Koro – *700 Club* EP
nothinglefttolearn.tumblr.com

I have a DIY zine series called "Nothing Left to Learn" which I use to put out all kinds of zines, including comics and DIY resource zines (e.g., books of fonts and textures) that I hope people will use to make their own artwork. The idea is to do all kinds of written and visual work you see in regular media (sports journalism, movie reviews, comics, poetry, etc.) within a DIY framework.

There are a few punk records that I like more and were more instrumental in my falling in love with punk (Bad Brains LP, the first Dicks EP) or are more meaningful to my experience of contemporary punk (Career Suicide – *Attempted Suicide*, Wiccans – *Skullduggery*, all Culo records) but *700 Club* holds a special place for me.

I think like most people the first records I heard were Black Flag and Minor Threat and Bad Brains and the Dicks and the Ramones. This record was one of the first records beyond that first influence that I got obsessed with and really pushed me deeper into it, to a point of no return.

This was one of those records that I sat down with and listened to on repeat holding the insert in my hand, trying to learn all the lyrics even though it's so fast that you can barely hear any of the words. There's a line in "Dear Sirs" that always stuck with me: *"TV, soldier, nothing left to learn."* It's sarcastic but in a really brutal and smart and cutting way and it's probably my favorite punk lyric ever. I named my zine series / label after that line. It means something different to me than it means in the song and has kind of taken on a life of its own and become a mantra for me. In my experience when I read I'm not being taught something, I'm being made aware of what I already know or believe; when I write or draw I'm not writing or drawing what I know, I'm writing or drawing in order to discover what I know...so to me, "Nothing Left to Learn" is the epitome of DIY. This idea that everyone is already complete and capable of anything and it's a matter of being hungry and open and taking the world in order to unlock all that you can do.



Guillermo Urdanibia
AKA "El Nerdo"
Valencia, Spain
guillermourdanibia.tumblr.com
Black Flag – *Damaged* LP

I already had *The First Four Years* and seeing this record cover in the record bin was love at first sight. It had that dark, menacing, tough atmosphere that my teenage self was a sucker for.

While it's true that I ended up digging the Pettibon drawings in other Black Flag records way more, the sound of this record sure was life-changing. It is the soundtrack of teenage angst, depression and nihilism. It sounds like a bunch of cromagnons making musical instruments suffer, and an over the top singer screaming against the whole fucking world. It sure messed up my musical taste, and left me eternally looking for other records that can top this bad vibes masterpiece.

Laura del Vecchio
Barcelona, Spain
deofora.tumblr.com
V/A – *Sub* LP

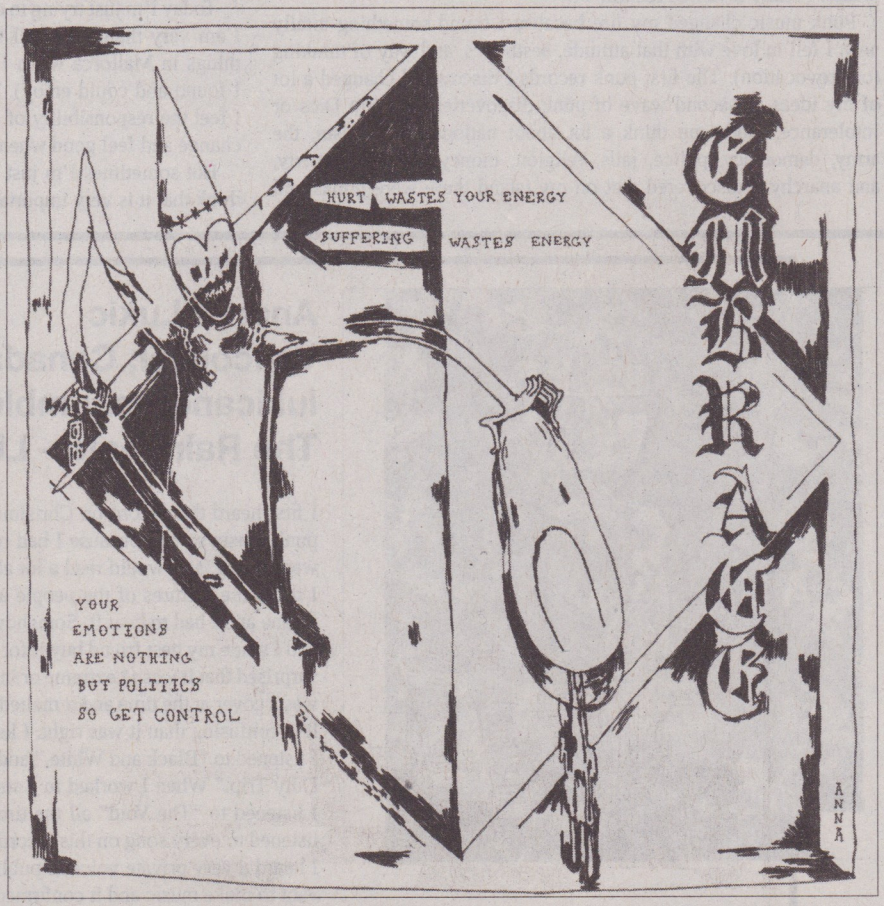
I don't know when the first time I heard this record was, probably when I was around eleven or twelve. This record is part of Brazilian culture. I have some friends that were working in a record store and they had me as their mascot. (I was a kid and I was always around their store because my dad was working close by and I didn't have much to do.) One day they made a tape of this record because I asked them to. I loved the cover and I wanted to know what was inside. When I got it I hated the record, it was a deception, but I placed a lot of value on the tape they recorded for me because it was some kind of friendship demonstration.

This is a compilation with the four most important punk bands in punk history (Cólera, Fogo Cruzado, Ratos de Porão and Psykóze). Every punk should have listened and loved this record.

Anna Sofie Mørch Bendixen
Copenhagen, Denmark
knivknep.dk
Embrace – LP

I'm the organizer of CPH Zine Fest, editor of Kniv Komix, run the distro Kniv and play drums in Orphans. I first heard this record as a teen but didn't get into it into it until last summer.

I was having a really, really rough summer. Lots of ugly stuff happened that left me feeling really disenchanted with the values I had been living my life by (loyalty, friendship, righteousness, self-control etc.). I felt like I had lost my rulebook for life, and in turn felt super lost. I put on this record on a whim one day because I remembered it having a song called "No More Pain," and felt like it was appropriate for my emo sensibilities at that point. The song opens with the lyrics *"No more lying down, we've got to speak and move"* and it just applied 1:1 to how I was feeling, and presented a way for me to take back my morals and my way of seeing the world. I decided that even though the people around me didn't always hold the same values as me that didn't make those values any less real or important to me. And this is the story of how I got my PMA back. I know a lot of people find this record to be *too* sincere, but for me there is no such thing!



Bernat Mundial
Palma de Mallorca, Spain
Cicatriz – *Inaptadados* LP

I've been involved with DIY communities in Barcelona, Granada, Rome, London and Guadalajara (Mexico). But the place where I've been most involved is Mallorca, my island...probably because I feel more responsibility and because it is the place where I feel that I can be more useful (not essential, obviously).

My passion for "rock music" started when I was twelve years old and I discovered Bon Jovi at summer camp. I got obsessed with that band and I started saving all the money I could just to buy all their records. After a year and a half or so and while I was experimenting the first changes of my adolescence (changes in my body and my mind, first joints and beers, first sexual experiences) Nirvana came to me. Yes, Nirvana was my thing, I changed in a extreme way. After buying all of Nirvana's records I needed more music and I started looking through the grunge bands (Pearl Jam, Soundgarden, Mudhoney, Dinosaur Jr...) but I could never find something like Nirvana. When I was fourteen or fifteen I discovered the Ramones, Sex Pistols, and Spanish punk bands as Eskorbuto, MCD, La Polla Records, RIP, Paralisis Permanente, and Cicatriz. Then I realized that what I had found in Nirvana and what I had been looking for in the rest of grunge bands was punk music. Punk, oh yes! *Inadaptados* from Cicatriz was just one of those records that I discovered and enjoyed when I discovered punk music! I really love this record!

Punk music changed my life because I found something totally new. I fell in love with that attitude, aesthetics, and way of thinking (or provocation). The first punk records I discovered changed a lot of my ideas. A second wave of punk discoveries, like Sin Dios or Intolerance, made me think a lot about nationalism, sexism, the army, democracy, police, jails, religion, money, private property, and anarchy. I discovered that on my island there were punks and interesting projects going on. Punk was the window that opened a new reality for me, an underground reality that made me feel better and funnier!

Today I'm just trying to create what I found when I was a teenager. I am very thankful to all the people who were creating and doing things in Mallorca when I was an adolescent (the underworld that I found and could enjoy). Today I am still enjoying this world and I feel the responsibility of continuing all those things that made me change and feel good when I was younger.

But sometimes I'm just questioning the value of punk in itself. I think that it is very important to be critical and think for yourself.

Andrea Lukic
Vancouver, Canada
lukicandrea.tumblr.com
The Raincoats – LP

I first heard this record on Christmas Day when I was thirteen years old. I wanted to hear punk music so bad because I had read about it. This was right before downloading music was a thing, so I would read a lot about bands before ever getting the chance to hear them. I'd see the pictures of the people and the descriptions and thought punk music had to be insane and I had to hear it. Somehow this was the CD I stumbled upon after the Sex Pistols, and I made my best friend buy it for me from a used record store for Christmas. I was totally surprised that it *wasn't* extreme or insane. Then I got to their cover of "Lola." I didn't know it was a cover at the time and it melted my mind. Girl loves boy who is girl, girl is a boy. It was less confusing than it was right. I kept listening to the album. As I grew up and fell in love, I listened to "Black and White," and as I got scared at night walking alone I listened to "Off Duty Trip." When I worked in a supermarket I listened to "Fairytale In the Supermarket," I listened to "The Void" all the time, and every single time I've been heartbroken I have listened to every song on this record, especially "No Lookin." This record was the first time I heard a very private voice in public, more specifically an unraveling woman. It made me want to make music and it confirmed to me that spikes and chains are just fashion.

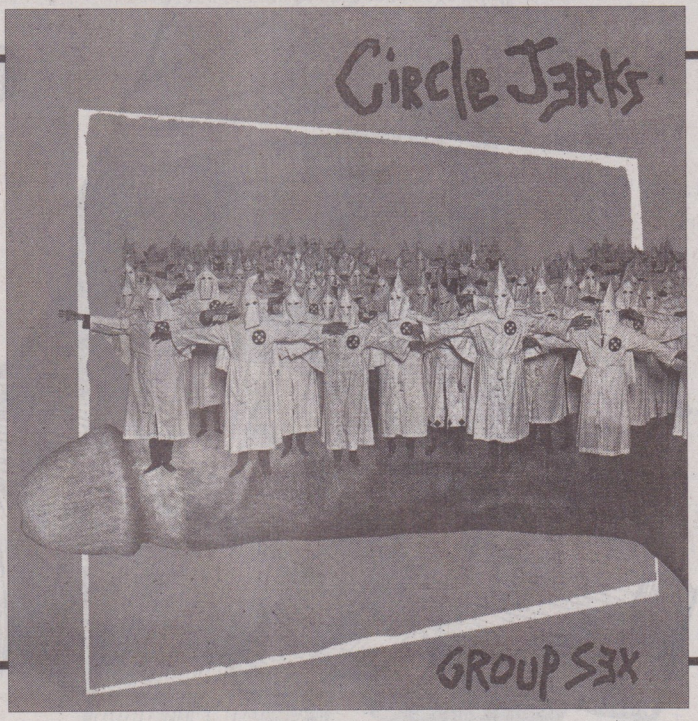
Ángel Herrera
Copenhagen, Denmark
behance.net/angelfherrera
Eskorbuto – *Los demenciales chicos acelerados* LP

I knew Eskorbuto before knowing this album. Their "Ya nos quedan más cojones" is something like a popular song to sing when you were drunk. In our gang there was this Basque friend and once he went to Euskadi. I gave him blank tapes so his cousin could fill them with music. He came back with three cassettes full of Parbaellum Kortatu, La Polla Records, Zeri Bizio?, Distorsion, MCD. On one of the tapes there were four or five songs from *Los demenciales chicos acelerados*. It was something different from what I was used to listening to, it was different.

I was fifteen, a kid living in the suburbs, the newly built outskirts of Madrid, spending the whole day in the streets. Eskorbuto blew our minds. They were putting words to our feelings. It was not pretty, it was pretty sad and fucked up but it was how we felt, completely isolated and mostly full of hate. At one point, Eskorbuto divided the gang, something like "either you are on the Eskorbuto side or with the others." We were with Eskorbuto 'til its logical conclusion, tragic endings included. Musically and in my opinion, *Los demenciales chicos acelerados* is the most original Spanish punk album ever. Twenty songs on a double LP where the mix of music and lyrics becomes almost like a conceptual proposal. I was completely blown away with Juarma's bass lines, something that later would mark my life forever. My true passion for *honest* music is because of them. After Eskorbuto I learned to appreciate the "real," from Johnny Cash to Devo.

This Is Maurix
Madrid, Spain
thisismaurix.com
Circle Jerks – *Group Sex* LP

Something changes suddenly. I was leaving my hometown forever, leaving my childhood friends behind. In that moment you think you know everything about the world. And life moves fast. I changed cities from Galicia, to Pamplona, to finally settle in Madrid. And after college and meeting new people, you realize you didn't know nothing. All those changes made me listen to music all day long. Music helped me cope with all those changes in my life, especially this record. I didn't have the money to buy records, so I would listen to the tapes until they broke. Now I have the LP and when I listened to it all those memories come back. But of course, everything has changed. And it is not the same feeling.

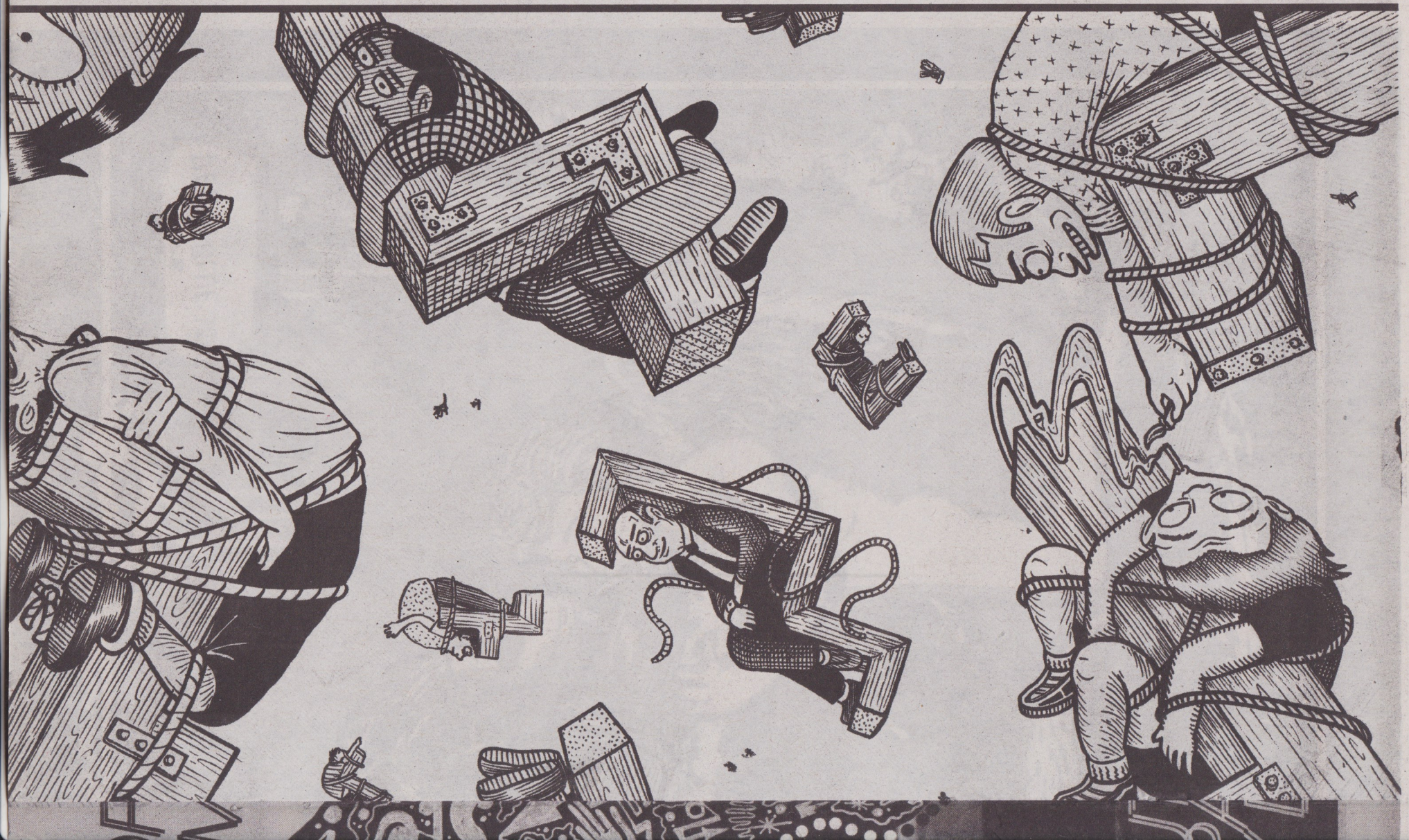


THE
WALLMAN

SAM WALLMAN

Sam just published a collection of comics and cartoons about class, called *If We All Spat At Once They'd Drown*. 200 pages by 50 artists from around the world, available from his website.

Melbourne, Australia
penerasespaper.com
@ppplonst



ADEMUTH

Providence, RI
noraahtumed.com
ademuth@gmail.com
@noraahtumed

Aaron Demuth plays in Cottaging and Albert Demuth and lives upstairs in a red house in Providence. The backyard borders a cemetery. There's a couple that always makes out behind a bush that is on the other side of the fence from the backyard. It's a pretty nice spot.

If you would like to receive a personalized postcard, send a mailing address to ademuth@gmail.com.

CHIHIRO YOSHIKAWA SONYA SOMBREUIL // COMETES

Chihiro and Sonya conducted this conversation over email in June 2016.

CHIHIRO YOSHIKAWA: It was a Full Moon last night in Tokyo. What time is it? What are you doing now? Now I put on make-up.

SONYA SOMBREUIL: It was a very special strawberry moon because it was full on the summer solstice. I heard the last time that happened was 1967, the summer of love. It's 1:00 p.m. and it's *hot* in LA. I got home from a run, I'm cooling down.

CHIHIRO: So nice to see you in different part of cities, every time. The first time I met you was in NYC. Right after New York's Alright at Tompkins Square? We watched the dog park and talked about Cactail with Emma. Remember? I was shy and didn't talk a lot.

SONYA: That was so special! I had just gotten back from Europe and was feeling very lost. It was such a treat to hang out with you. We watched two Pomeranian friends, and eventually a big fat guy came and put one of the Pomeranians on the back of his bike and peddled away.

CHIHIRO: Then LA, I was there for the LA Art Book Fair. Went to Venice. I gave you a cheerleader shirt. At that time you lived in your studio.

SONYA: We went to Venice and I had just gotten my Burrito King tattoo. Actually I lived in my studio here for about a year. I just got my own place, with running water and everything! I'm growing up...

CHIHIRO: Now you live LA. You like? Do you get power from the city? Like for art, lifestyle, something to do...etc.

SONYA: I get a lot of power from LA. LA is like a metaphor for life: It's so boundless, varied and deep, it really is what you make of it. It's wild for me to live somewhere like LA after living in a very small town for almost ten years. I lived in New England in a small town. I lived in a house with the artist Emma Kohlmann and Jesse Sanes, the frontman for Hoax. My experience of life was very small and very sacred. For a while, it felt like my only connection to a bigger world was hearsay from Hoax when they would go on tour. I did vintage poster restoration and life was magical but constantly hitting the bottom of the pool so to speak. Now in LA, I feel I can dive and dive and dive and there is no bottom.

CHIHIRO: Tell me about your trip and exhibition in Japan. I was out of Tokyo and busy for tour. We only hung out just a bit. What was the most interesting part for you? What was the weirdest?

SONYA: It broke my heart that we did not spend more time together in Japan. You were so busy preparing for the Hoax tour, which you booked and did so much work for. You hand screenprinted the 7" and t-shirts, etc. Your neighborhood, Horikiri, was one of my favorite parts of Tokyo. And you sent us to Sugamo which you described as Harajuku for old people, and we bought lucky red underwear. I loved Tokyo so much. It's my favorite city I've ever been to. One of the highlights was going to these Buddhist caves outside of Tokyo. They are hand carved into a hill, by the hands of monks over hundreds of years. In the innermost sanctum there is fountain and a giant turtle coming out of the wall.

CHIHIRO: Oh, I wanna know what music you listened to when you were here!

SONYA: You took us to see a cool punk band called Moonscape! Shows in Japan are very expensive!

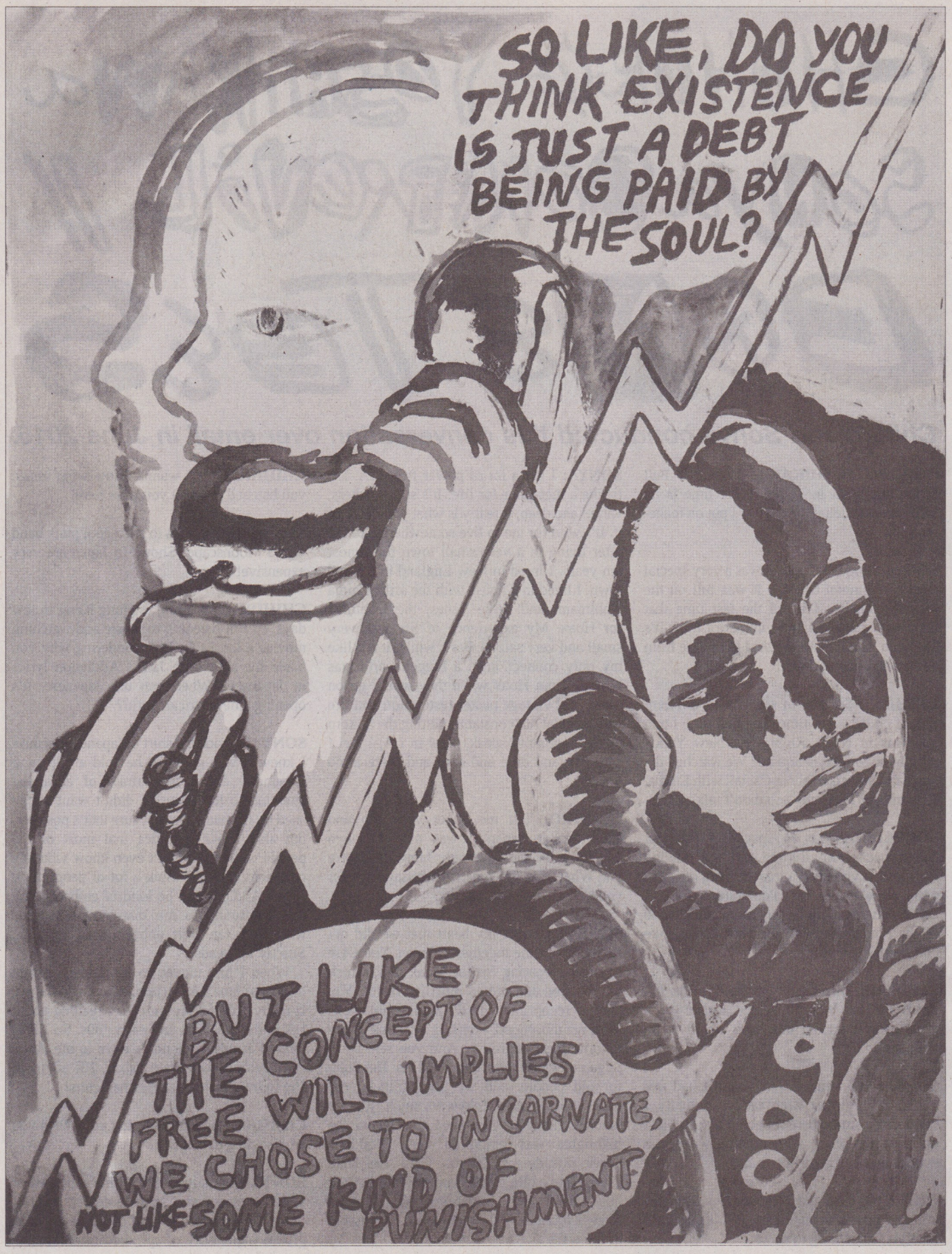
CHIHIRO: I'm going to Hong Kong in few days, so I'm listening to music and watching movies a lot. LOL. I'm wondering why you made the shirt with Jane's Addiction lyrics in Japanese? When you use Japanese, it's opening a new lyrical world?

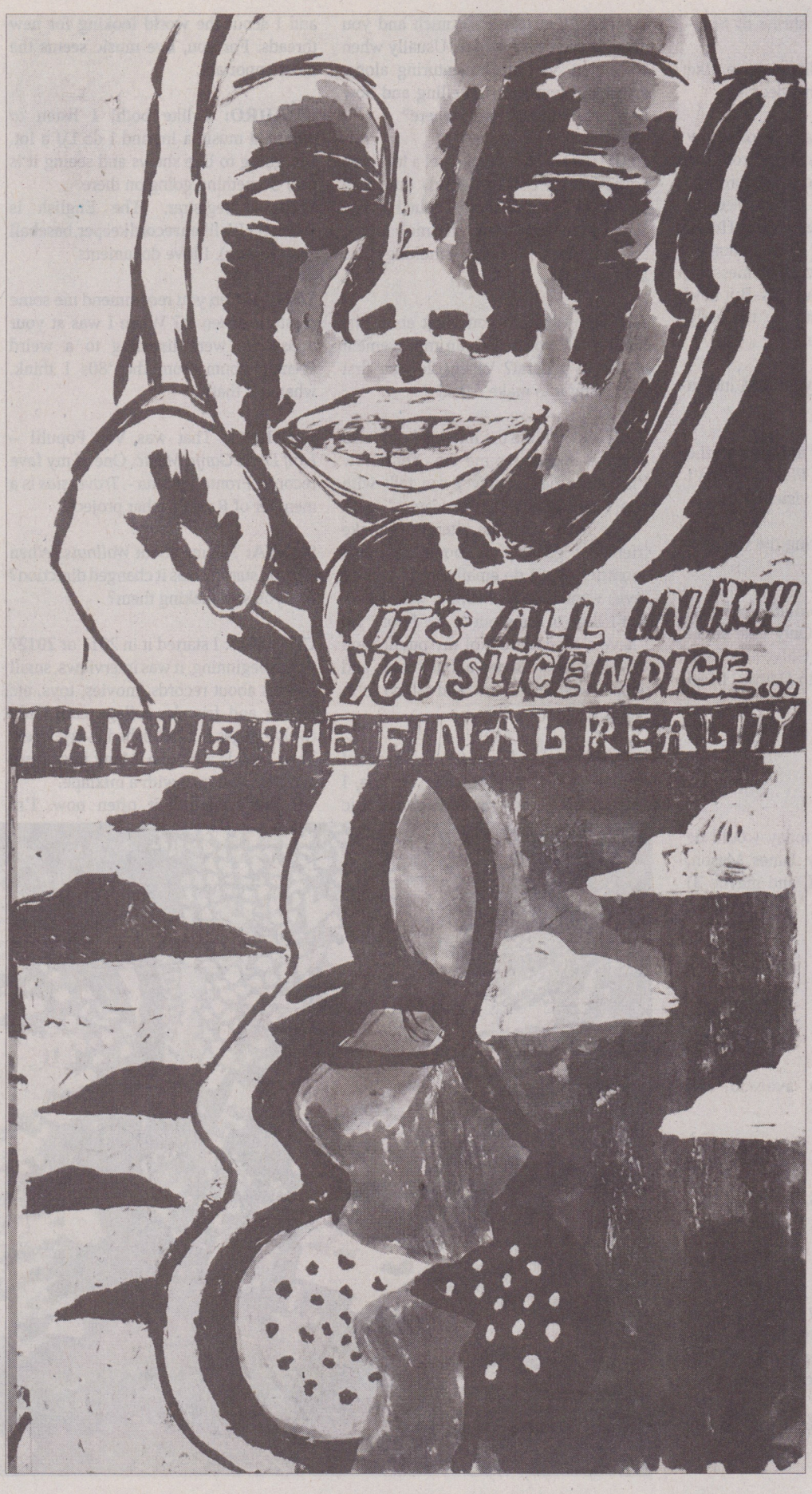
SONYA: I made the shirt in Japanese because I knew it was going to be sold at Opening Ceremony and I was afraid of attracting attention to it, because I didn't want to get sued by the band. I'm not sure that's possible, but also I like the idea that most of the people who buy it don't even know what it's commemorating. I think a lot of people find Jane's Addiction to be kind of embarrassing and it's funny to me that they would be wearing a fan shirt unbeknownst to them. Strictly for heads.

When I first moved to LA I read an oral history of Jane's Addiction, it's called *Whores*. It really colored my universe, reading about LA in the late '80s and early '90s. So LA is kind of Jane's Addiction's town to me. Also, after getting back from Japan, I'll admit it: I'm in love with Japanese characters!

CHIHIRO: How do you start art? When you are listening to music?

SONYA: Actually, usually I have an idea of a kind of narrative I want to depict. A lot of times the narrative is kind of about my own private experience of spiritual unfoldment—


SO LIKE, DO YOU THINK EXISTENCE IS JUST A DEBT BEING PAID BY THE SOUL?
BUT LIKE THE CONCEPT OF FREE WILL IMPLIES WE CHOSE TO INCARNATE, NOT LIKE SOME KIND OF PUNISHMENT



although it's a universal experience. Usually, I will be thinking about something and the perfect lyrics will come to my mind or I will just hear them on the radio or something. There is really quite a bit of synergy involved. But hey that's the whole point... "There is no chance, coincidence or accident / In a world ruled by law and divine order"—Eddie Hazel.

CHIHIRO: What are the newest T-shirts or pants?

SONYA: I have a lot going on right now. I just decided to retire all the jeans. Now I am working on a cut-and-sew line but it's top secret so don't tell anyone. I am currently making a jacket that is an interpretation of a Vito Acconci piece.

CHIHIRO: Back to the start… When did you start to make? Come Tees started at the same time?

SONYA: I started Come Tees in 2009. I graduated from college where I studied painting in 2008. I'm self-taught as a screen printer. I was living in Western Mass. I drove home to Santa Cruz, bought a screenprinting rig, taught my self how to print and then drove back to the East Coast. Probably didn't actually start calling it Come Tees until the next year. It was kind of a joke. A bad one.

CHIHIRO: Woooooo, bleak time…Do you need *tea*? What is the best tea for you?

SONYA: I am a total tea head. I don't drink coffee. I drink it British style with milk. I drink cheap black tea from Ireland. It's called Barry's and it's *the best*.

CHIHIRO: Did you go to temples and shrines in Japan?

SONYA: Yes, so many shrines and temples everywhere. That's part of what I like about Japan. We spent time in a part of town called Nippori. There were tons of cemeteries and shrines.

CHIHIRO: I like to go to nature, temples, and shrines. I feel like next time, I want to bring you to Inunaki Yama in Osaka. I went

there a couple of months ago. It's a shrine of Sino-Japanese esoteric Buddhism.

A lot your art style came from Indian culture, like Krishna, Ravi Shankar, Moondog, Funkadelic.

SONYA: I go through phases. I love to expand my understanding of consciousness and culture from the past and I feel like that is the true essence of my project. I love folk art and religious art of all kinds. Recently I've been really into Hindu art, and read a lot of Hindu texts. I like how a lot of Funkadelic or Moondog or Youth of Today songs contain the exact same message as in a Hindu text. It's cosmic consciousness. But now I'm into something else. I'm interested in the early internet, web aesthetics. I can't explain!

CHIHIRO: Woooo, snack time. Do you need Indian sweets from West Pico?

SONYA: There is an Indian restaurant in LA that is the best food I've ever had. It is on West Pico but I can't say any more! I'll take you when you visit...

CHIHIRO: Where are you gonna bring me the next time I'm in the States?

SONYA: Well, my dream is that we would do a road-trip from LA along the Gulf Coast. Only take small highways. Go to Corpus Christi, Galveston, and through Louisiana. Then drive north to Detroit. I feel you need a true American road trip.

CHIHIRO: Mixtape: three songs.

SONYA: *Hmmm*...OK. My mixtape today would be 1) "Sweet Power Your Embrace" by James Mason. 2) "Eastern Market" by Yusef Lateef, and maybe 3) Kinks – "Sleepwalker."

CHIHIRO: Book.

SONYA: *A Life Full of Holes*

CHIHIRO: Food.

SONYA: Ak Mak crackers with avocado and nutritional yeast.

CHIHIRO: Anything.

SONYA: Go listen to "Good Thoughts, Bad Thoughts" by Funkadelic!

SONYA: OK, Chiro, your turn…I saw many photos of you from when you were young. Early teenage years. Can you tell me about the different styles you have gone through, starting as long as you can remember?

CHIHIRO: I was Harajuku girl when I was young. Then into skating, graffiti…and now.

SONYA: You travel so much and you make friends everywhere. Usually when I see you, you are adventuring alone. When did you start travelling and how do you find friends everywhere?

CHIHIRO: I started to travel a lot when I was 22. Of course, friends introduce friends a lot. I'm so happy about that. But also photos made friends for me a lot too and also zines. Sometime smoking spots at live shows.

SONYA: What do you think about the Internet? Do you feel it is an improvement to life in general? When did you first start using it to make friends?

CHIHIRO: I like the internet but it also destroys and scares me too. You know I'm soooo happy now I can talk with you. I love internet in this way.

I've never used the internet to make friends. I go to live shows and visit countries. But I do email too. If I really love, wanna do something with them. But I'll go to hang out in the future. So I have a shadow rule of my publication *Wallnuts* that I write about bands and people who only I met and talked to in real life.

SONYA: I think music is essential to both of our art processes. For me, I listen very closely to recorded music and I scour the world looking for new threads. For you, live music seems the most important.

CHIHIRO: I like both! I listen to recorded music a lot and I do DJ a lot. But going to live shows and seeing it is fun! Something going on there.

I'm a registrar. (The English is correct?? It's like a record keeper, baseball scorekeeper). I love documents.

SONYA: Can you recommend me some music to listen to? When I was at your house we were listening to a weird French album from the '80s I think, what was that?

CHIHIRO: That was Vox Populi! – *Half Dead Ganja Music*. One of my fave records. Fronte Violetta – *Travessias* is a member of Rakta's other project.

SONYA: Tell me about *Wallnuts*. When did you start it? Has it changed direction? Are you still making them?

CHIHIRO: I started it in 2011 or 2012? At the beginning, it was interviews, small articles about records, movies, toys, etc by me and friends, collage arts. Only twelve pages but published every week. Then I made a fat one. Many interviews and many photos, with a mixtape.

I don't publish it often now. I'm

KIRIN
Pearl

REST IN PEACE
GG
ALLIN
LIFE SUCKS
SCUM FUK
SOS
SOS

interested in making video. Two of my fave bands are gonna come to Japan for tour. I'd love to make the next *Wallnuts* zine with document DVD or something.

SONYA: Have your feelings about punk music changed as you've gotten older?

CHIHIRO: Always like women in bands. Never change! Get power!

SONYA: Do you have old family photos? Is there a photographic image that is especially mysterious or important to you?

CHIHIRO: Yes, I have a lot. Also I work at photo lab, so I can see many photos and their life now and oldies everyday. It's tripping, another world.

SONYA: I just checked the time. It's 6:00 a.m. in Tokyo so you are probably sleeping, which is so sweet to imagine. I love that I have been to your house. You have a dream pad. But have you ever thought of living in a different city or country?

CHIHIRO: Yeah, I just back from Hong Kong yesterday. Sleep so deep. When I was nineteen, lived around Prospect Park in Brooklyn for a year. Small basement room. Then I lived in Yoyogi side with my friend almost for four years. Small fourth floor room. Now I have a big room!! In Horikiri. It used to be a leather factory of my grandfather's.

SONYA: Also, I remember you telling me about Horikiri, your neighborhood, that it is a very old part of Tokyo. Tell me about your neighborhood. <3

CHIHIRO: I live in Tokyo, but kinda my neighborhood is far away. Only old people live here, like '70s Japanese movies. But there is a skate park, big river, many old snack bars. We can go to a venue called Bush Bash, if we take a bike. We saw Moonscape there!

SONYA: Next time I come to Japan, I really want to go to Osaka. I also dream of going to Tottori, the sand dunes. Have you ever been?

CHIHIRO: Yes I've been there before when I was a kid. My mother was born in the next prefecture. I did camel riding. Osaka is my fave city!

SONYA: Midnight snack.

CHIHIRO: Cheese The Ripper.

SONYA: Poem.

CHIHIRO: "Agitation" by Algebra Suicide.

SONYA: Fave movie.

CHIHIRO: *Female Prisoner #701: Scorpion* series. I picked up from Japanese movies. I love Meiko Kaji. She is my hero.

SONYA: Youtube search.

CHIHIRO: Tokumei Research 200X.

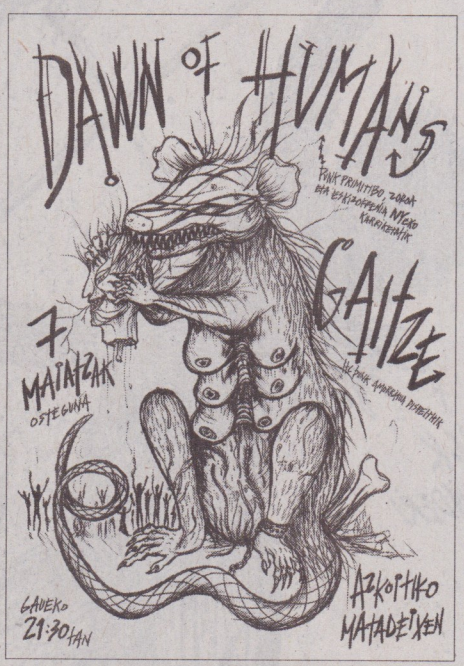
SONYA: Mixtape, three songs.

CHIHIRO: Just got new records! Typhus. Generacion Suicidas. Nandas.

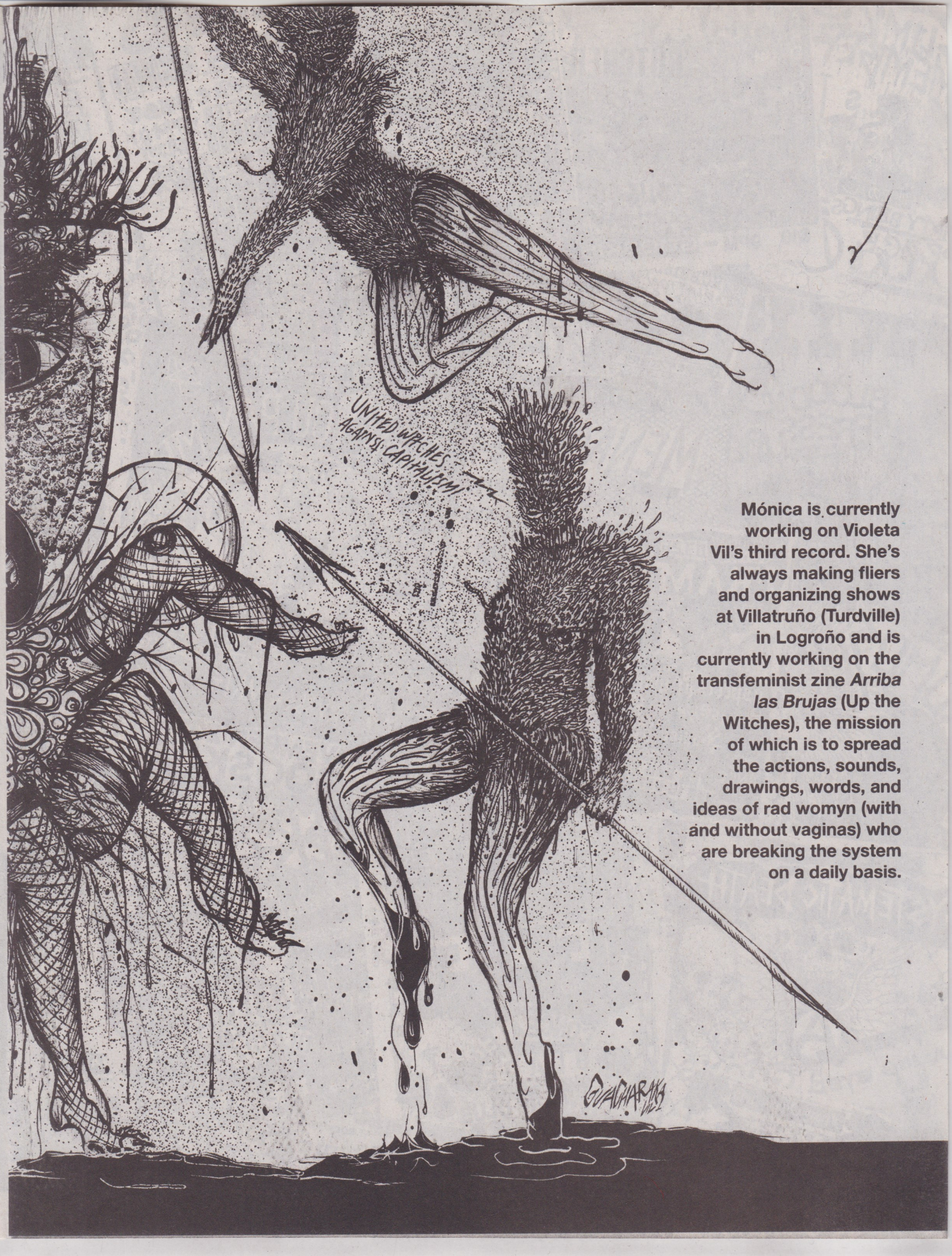
chihiroyoshikawa.blogspot.com
cometees.storenvy.com

MONICA DI FRANCESCO

Logroño, Spain // tragediamediatica.tumblr.com // @guacharaka_vil // momonut@gmail.com



FUCK
GENDER!
AMOR Y RESPETO HACIA TODOS LOS PUEBLOS ORIGINARIOS DEL LAS AMERICAS



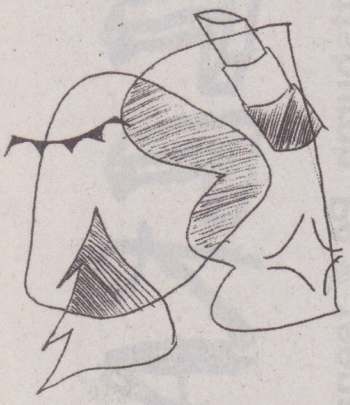
Mónica is currently working on Violeta Vil's third record. She's always making fliers and organizing shows at Villatruño (Turdville) in Logroño and is currently working on the transfeminist zine *Arriba las Brujas* (Up the Witches), the mission of which is to spread the actions, sounds, drawings, words, and ideas of rad womyn (with and without vaginas) who are breaking the system on a daily basis.

BUTCHER
SUBMACHINE
APRIL 21ST
$10 9PM
GOOSKIS
BLOOD PRESSURE
Dune
APRIL 8TH 2016
LA U.R.S.S.
TØRSÖ
COLE BUST
CIAC
PROTESTER
THE PESSIMISTS
firing squad
COLLUSION
HOLDERS
SCAR
MONDAY AUGUST 3RD
TOTAL CONTROL
WEDNESDAY APRIL 22ND 2015
Rule of Thirds
NO POSE DOGGS
RUBBISH RADIATION RISKS
BLOOD PRESSURE
SATURDAY OCTOBER 17TH
MENACE
CORE HELLRAISERS PITTSBURGH
FUCK YOU PAY ME
死一致
SATURDAY 03.26
FRAMTID
aspects of war
GREEN BERET
SUNSHINE WARD
BY ANY REASON WAR IS UNNECESSARY
SUBMACHINE
CLEVELAND MANIACS
RUBBER MATE
NOVEMBER 20TH
PM GOOSKI'S
EEL
FUCK OFF HUMAN
CALI TOUR 2015
SEPTEMBER
SUNDAY MAIN SHOW (NIGHT)
SYSTEMATIC DEATH
APRIL 10TH 2015
AZING EYE
PARTISANS
CRASH THE POSE
8PM $10
830PM
PRESENTED BY THRASH
TUESDAY NOVEMBER 3
GAG
CONCEALED BLADE
SWINGERS CLUB
CHILLER
DO YOU FEEL ALRIGHT
ROCK ROOM
SOMEONES GONNA DIE TONIGHT
Friday October 16th
RIVE
APRIL 9TH 2015
7PM AT ROCK ROOM
FREAKVIBE
VIOLENT REACTION
ARMS RACE
SCALPED
PARASYTES

HELLRAISER KISLAK

Pittsburgh, PA // teenagemutilator@gmail.com // @pimpfuneral

LIA LEBBE //



LIA: As a musician and visual artist, how do you approach music and visual art similarly / differently?

SEBBE: In terms of music, I've practiced guitar enough that my hands will go where I want them to. I don't think about it nearly as musically as some people do, I still think visually when I'm making music. Like, "Oh, my hand looks cool when I play this riff." I love whatever that quality is you get from heavy drums, bass and high gain guitar—something about that and the way it makes me feel—the idea of speed, power and anger. But also the weird underlying nurturing quality about hardcore punk often gets overlooked. It's easy to get the hardcore vibe from making a hardcore band, but I think it's a quality that's not necessarily accessible to everyone. I'm striving to find some way to convey the way punk makes me feel with my visual art.

How do you find your different practices intersect? Would you even say you have separate practices?

LIA: The hardest thing to figure out is painting in relation to punk art. Putting paintings and punk art in the same place is always hard thing to do. Even when they're posted on the same website they often feel very disparate. I feel the need to categorize painting and punk art separately, and I'm not sure if that impulse is right or wrong. Recently I've been spending a lot more time on illustration and my illustrative work is really similar to the flyers I make. My flyers are leading my artistic growth, in a way, because I have to keep thinking of ways to make them different. Every time I make one it pushes me to experiment with new techniques and formal devices. There's a lot more of a relationship in terms of punk art and illustration but I still feel like having a painting practice sits outside of punk art. I feel like you feel the same way too.

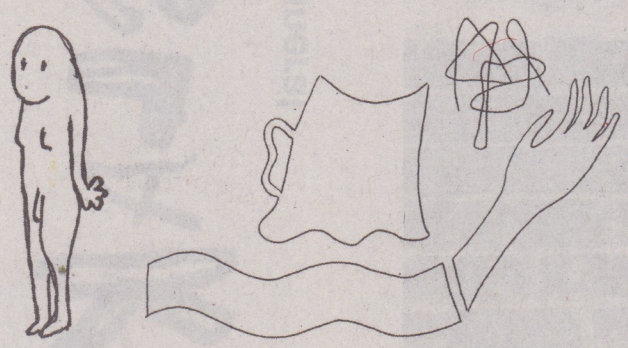
SEBBE: Yeah oil painting doesn't really fit into punk rock so well for a number of reasons.

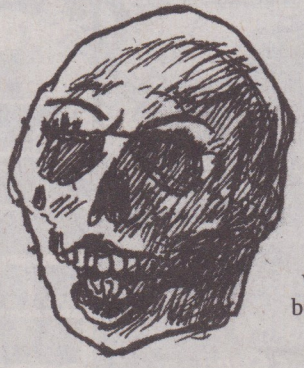
LIA: I think they can look alike though. It's really fun to try and integrate illustrative qualities into oil paintings. I feel like I can actually show them together in certain spaces, like the Not Dead Yet 2015 art show for instance. I had a painting up among some of my show flyers. The intersection of my various practices is something I haven't worked out yet, and maybe it's something that's not supposed to be worked out.

As an artist who works and exists within different worlds of art making, what are some qualities of a good artist that are universal to every kind of artist?

SEBBE: A good quality is definitely knowing how to navigate both positive and negative space. When I crosshatch, for example, I feel like I need to learn to render less and still give it the same impact and depth. It's more about building up muscle memory to the point where you just know how to describe forms as efficiently as possible. And I think the best punk artists also know how to convey maximum impact with minimal information. But it also needs to be tasteful and start with a good structure and good idea. No matter how much time you spend on it, a bad idea is a bad idea. Like, if you do a photorealistic painting of Hunter S. Thompson, it's just gonna suck. Something I do like is having not a bad idea, but a bad drawing and salvaging it through brute force. It's the same quality as cereal boxes where there's a shitty cartoon, but someone's obviously gone in on illustrator and given this Rice Krispie character a lot of depth somehow. I like that shit a lot.

LIA: What are some traps that you see other punk artists falling into? What are some things you see people keep doing that are overdone or ineffective? Are there certain qualities you find in your peers or other contemporary artists that are problematic?





SEBBE: People doing stuff for the sake of doing it. Like people wanting to say they're in a band, but not really caring what it sounds like and just wanting to be on stage and have your friends pat you on the back. I see people who are my peers and older than me falling into the trap of doing a lot of shading, or falling flat on the basics, like line weight and depth, which can be excruciating. Things like a foot being in front of a head when it shouldn't be.

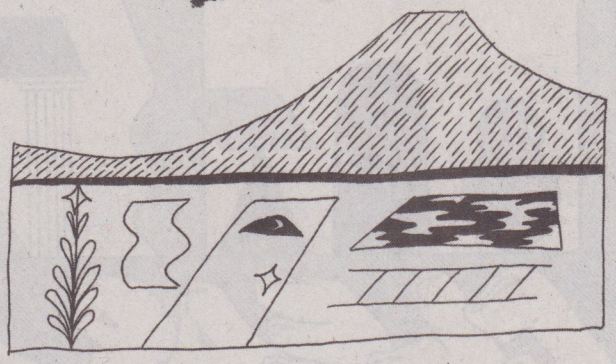
LIA: There are definitely artists whose work I am totally oversaturated with and so used to seeing to the point where I can't even pay attention to their work when it's put in front of me. Something I was thinking about when I came up with that question is how I'm personally really tired of people overusing certain imagery, and in general as an artist you have to be aware of the history certain images have and you have to know what's already been done.

SEBBE: Yeah, no matter what, you do have to interact with the canon on some level.

LIA: Because, if you think you're doing something that's really revolutionary but it's actually quite cliché, it's not going to function the way you want it to. Like people overusing punk imagery, I'm so tired of that.

SEBBE: I still use skulls a lot, I just really love drawing them, but I try to give the skull a new context. You can reuse imagery by taking it out of context, without leaning into cultural appropriation. I have a lot of belief that there isn't so much of a separation between things, like queer culture and straight culture because there's so much exchange. Like Rob Halford introducing bondage into heavy metal culture, and conversely gay people introducing military dress from straight culture. So there's this constant exchange and it's the same thing between punk and metal. I think all these sub genres like crossover and thrash, it's always been the same thing but they give and take a bit from each other. At the same time there's been a lot of whitewashing and straightwashing of hardcore and punk, and that's a big problem.

LIA: Right, not acknowledging where it came from.



SEBBE: Yeah, unfortunately hardcore and punk is definitely thought of as white, straight music. Race and gender are two totally different lanes that need to be dealt with in their own way and I can't really speak about race because I'm white, but what I can speak for is gender, where essentially people come into the hardcore community, maybe from the queer community. People try to "queer" hardcore. I personally feel pretty gay when I two-step, like that's when I want to dance. All the power to people who wanna have top 40 dance parties and stuff, but punk and hardcore is just as effective at expressing these things, because there is definitely a "queer" undercurrent to it. We can say that the Cro-Mags are probably one of the most influential bands behind macho metal core, but Harley Flanagan, before he did Cro-Mags, he was in a band with a bunch of faggots. In the Stimulators, the singer was a gay man, and the guitar player was a lesbian. She was called Denise and she was a super tech, amazing guitar player. This band also took a lot of inspiration and existed alongside Bad Brains, an all Black hardcore band who are definitely the best hardcore band of all time to this day. And you look at this influence and you see the foundation of NYHC, it's not white and it's not straight. It's simply been co-opted by a bunch of macho dicks. But bottom line, the vibe is still there. Same thing with heavy metal, all these things got co-opted but the gay vibe is still there and comes out in weird ways. People don't even realize it. I don't think androgyny in metal is a coincidence. What I'm trying to do is express this in my art, because I always hated when people would tell me I made a "boy painting."

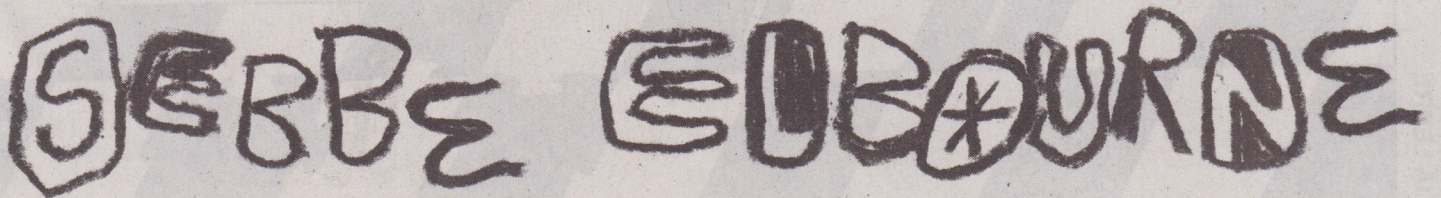
Where do you see punk aesthetic going? At this point it seems people are making clichés of clichés.

LIA: I'm really into the idea of punk art that doesn't look punk. It's always exciting and refreshing for me to see. It's fun for me to make work that complements the music but is also surprising.

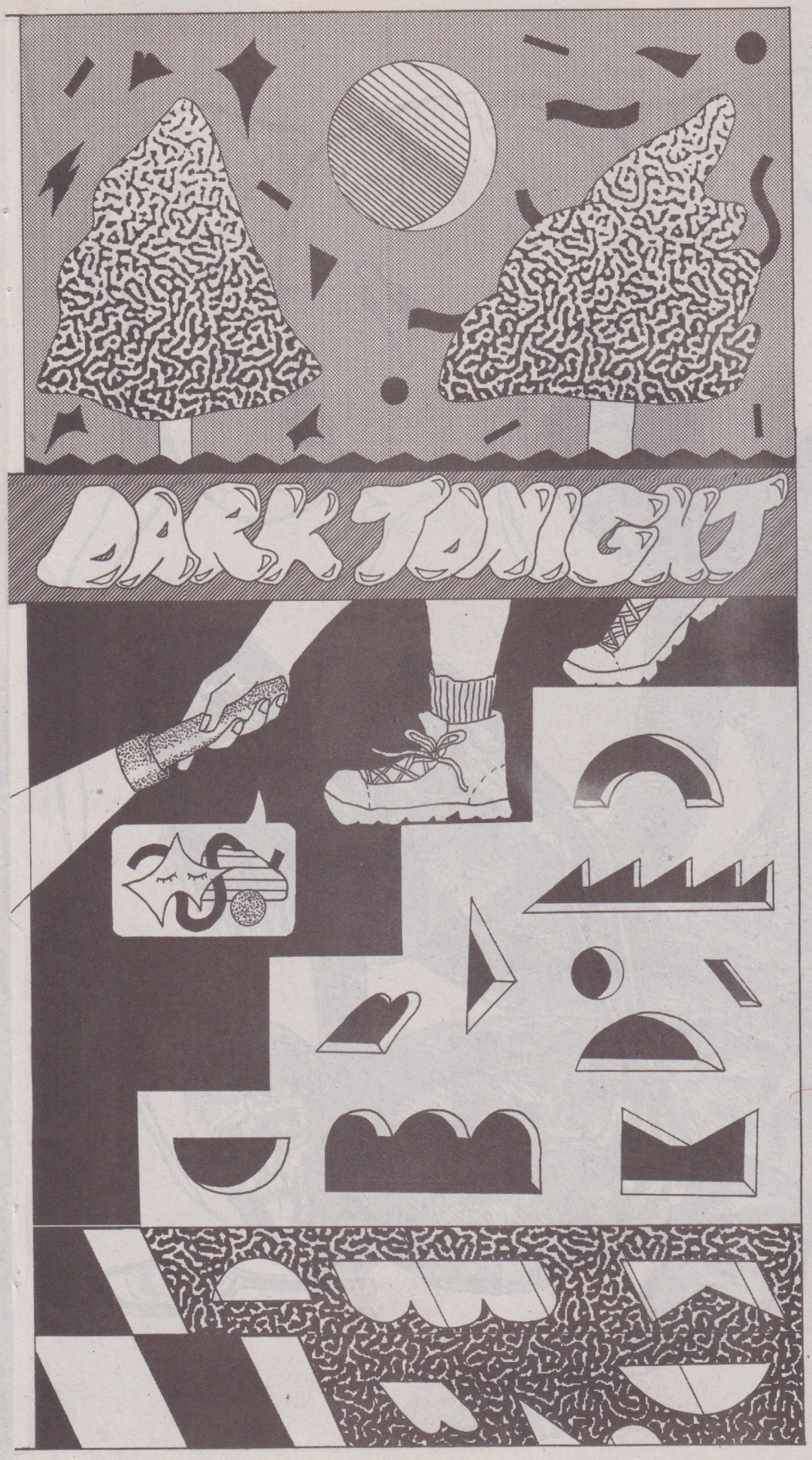
SEBBE: So people actually listening to what the music needs opposed to relying on what's expected for the sub genre?

LIA: Yeah. I enjoy a concise aesthetic to accompany a band's music. Mark Winter is a good example—he's done art for his bands Coneheads and Big Zit, among countless others. You could talk about how derivative it is of Keith Haring, but that's more interesting to me than ripping off Raymond Pettibon. I like seeing punk artwork that looks like the other kinds of art I like. I like seeing attention to craft and proficiency in the chosen medium.

SEBBE: That seems to be where we're going with punk in general. We're at a point where



LIA LEPRE



punk isn't the most accessible form of music to make anymore. Now that you can make music with just a laptop it actually seems like quite an undertaking to actually get together with two or three other people. At that point you might as well put more effort into being a band. As much as we talk about proficiency and skill we also know about the importance of simplicity. But what is the difference between simplicity and laziness?

LIA: A mistake I often see being made is people making simple stuff because they think it's easy. There's a trend in my sphere of awareness of illustration of people doing simple, "naïve" work. You can really tell when people are just copying what they've seen has become popular and aren't putting any of themselves into what they're doing. It's really easy to read and consume and I think it's lazy when you're not trying to do anything new. Simplicity isn't the problem, it's people basically relying on readymade aesthetics. If you rely on anything too much it feels lazy, like if your whole thing is just stippling. It's also way better to make something ugly if it's provoking. Not in terms of using nasty imagery but in terms of defying conventions.

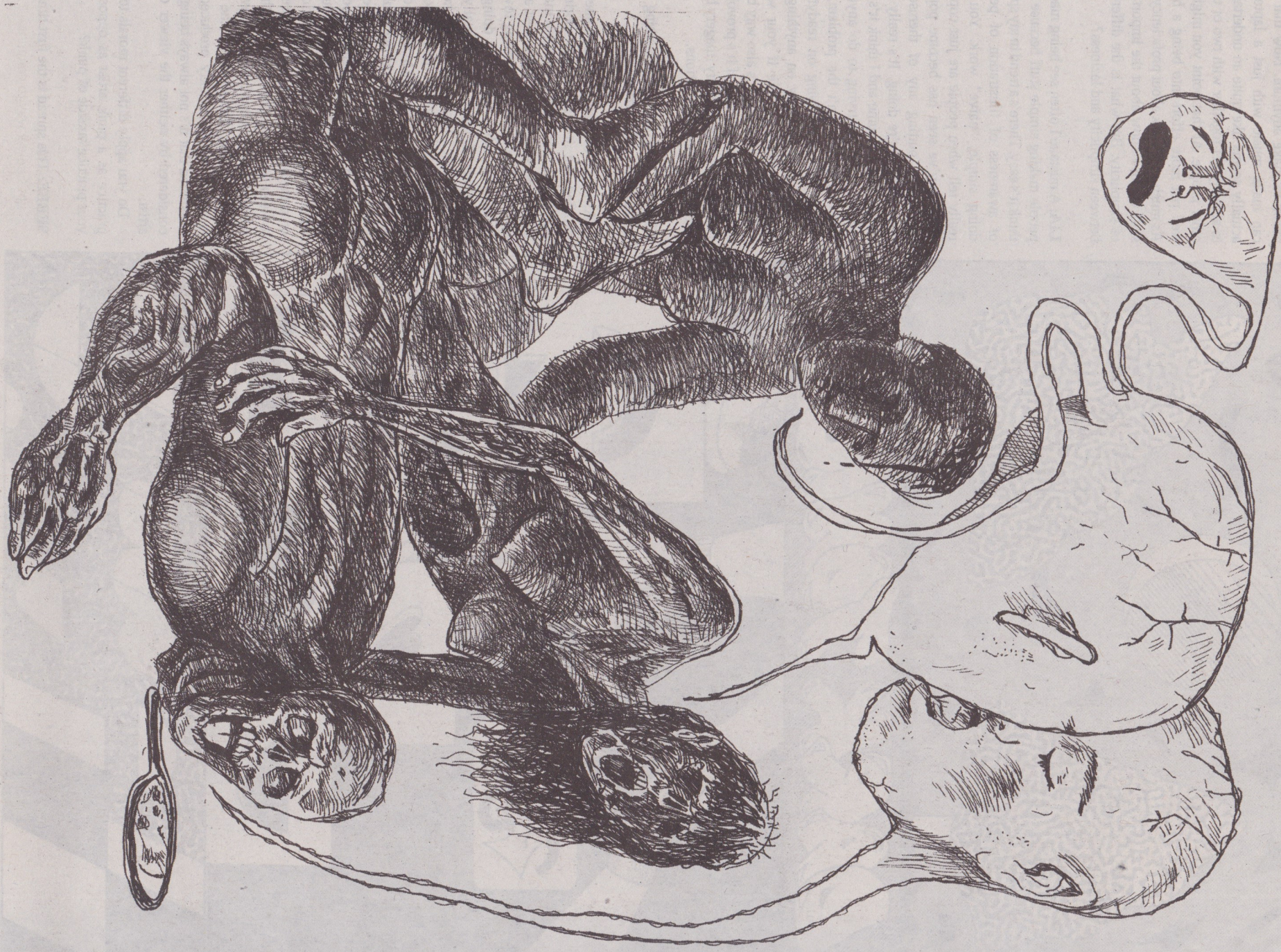
SEBBE: Yeah I guess something time consuming can be lazy too.

LIA: If you're going to make something detailed but it's still really boring, I don't think that's any better than making something simple. I think the best artists are the ones you can see moving towards something rather than just doing the same thing 50 times. I'll get really into an artist, but I'll stop following them if I get oversaturated with their work. The internet plays a large role in our tendency as artists to overproduce and over-publish. I mean, I get a lot of validation posting something online and getting responses. It's the same satisfaction that you feel when you get a facebook notification or something. There's a lot of pressure to keep up a web presence and I think a lot of people are motivated by having a web following. Unfortunately the work is sometimes so quickly produced and consumed that it's not always being fully considered by neither the viewer or the artist.

Do you apply different morals to your practice as a punk artist as opposed to your practice outside of punk?

SEBBE: This spread is the first time I've

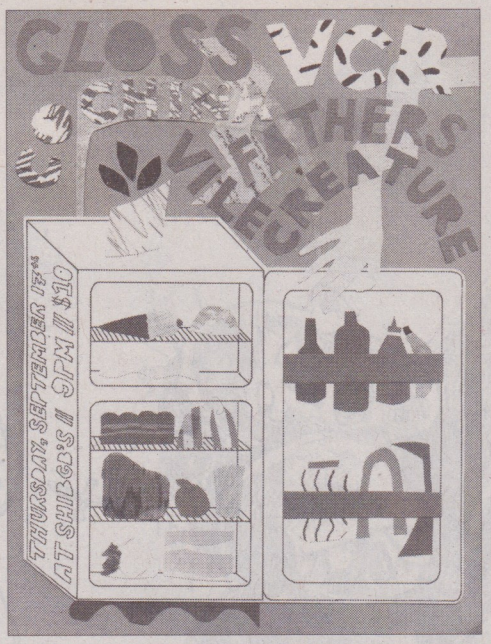
SEBBE ELBOURNE



melded what I've been working on at art school and what I've been working on punk poster-wise, and it's bringing it into the punk art print media world. For the most part I had been adhering to clichés as a punk illustrator, drawing what people would ask me to draw for them and that's the main difference. I don't actually have creative control when I'm doing punk art a lot of the time.

LIA: What I was thinking when I was asking this question had less to do with imagery and medium, but more to do with how you value the work. When I make a punk poster, I don't expect compensation for it because there is a different expectation. There is a different sort of commodified value placed on that. For one thing, the posters I usually make are for my own band's shows, so the payoff is that I get people to see my work, I get people to pay more attention to the show and to my band, and I'm working for myself in a way. Even when I'm not doing a poster for a show for my own band, I'm still benefiting from this sort of exchange of punk goods. It's still working in that economy. That's different from when a bigger punk band that's not my friend asks me to do something. There's money to be made, or when there's something totally unrelated to music or punk or whatever, there's a different set of morals and expectations to it. Do you feel like you're selling out to do something for a larger company or band? Where do you draw the line from promoting yourself and doing work for free?

SEBBE: There are varying degrees of experimentation I would use, if I'm doing a poster I'm not getting paid, so I'm not going to spend more than three hours doing this. I'm going to do this with ink and line drawings, I'm going to draw some cliché punk shit. I'm gonna try and make it kinda fresh, but at a certain point, how often do people really look at posters? Posters only lead to you doing more posters, and shirts lead to you doing more shirts, and I personally like doing shirts because you get paid, you get a shirt and it's more valuable. No one flyers anymore, it's just a cover photo on an event page no one looks at. I can't remember specifically what any posters look like even, but I remember shirts because people do put in more effort and it's not solely a way to communicate.



LIA: I would disagree with you on that. I feel like if you make a good poster, people want to share it, and people sharing it is the only way the draw will be better for the show. I also will say that doing posters has led me to doing a lot of other things, like album artwork, t-shirts, and something like this spread. I feel like now that I have this body of flyers, that's something that is really cool to look back on. I find a lot of value in it.

SEBBE: I'll just admit that my flyer game is actually just lazy, because I am actually super motivated by money.

LIA: That's totally fair! Your flyers though for the record are really sick and memorable. I also will admit that the last few flyers I've done, I've spent way too much time on for them to be really practical. When I was doing the collage ones, they wouldn't take me more than a couple hours but now that I'm drawing them, they take me a long time.

SEBBE: Now that I'm not in school anymore I'm thinking, there's no time to be lazy with posters because it is still exposure, and at a certain point if we keep going with it and keep doing these really tech posters then eventually a bigger promoter will probably pay you for it. You'll probably still get dicked, but at least it is exposure and it just looks good to have it around.

LIA: I also find a lot of pleasure in making them because I feel like every time I've done a flyer it's taken me another step further into building technique. Like, if I look at all the ones I've done they force me to do something, they also force me to do something where already the idea is there, the information that I have to display has been decided for me, so that's already one decision made. It has to conform to showing this text. So, I like doing them as an exercise though I think I am starting to spend too much time on them, but it's also helped me to build a presence as a punk artist. That's sort of been why people know about what I do. So that's sick.

SEBBE: You'll find ways to be more efficient though. And I think you're doing the right thing, I'm gonna try and follow your lead because I haven't felt like the last few posters I've done were a good representation of what I've been doing. People can probably sense that I don't like doing them.

LIA: Doing posters is also a really easy way of doing a series. Already it's a category, it's a way to put things in a timeline and put them together in a way that they can be seen.

SEBBE: I think the smartest thing you've done with the posters is you've realized it was an online medium, and the handbill doesn't matter, as long as it's high contrast enough so that it's legible when photocopied in black and white, who cares.

LIA: Are there some contemporary artists who you think are doing a good job right now? Artists in and outside of punk and ones who are bridging the gap? I think 2016 is quite a unique time to be working in and I think we've never been quite so involved with digital media. It's impossible to make work without referencing digital media, so, who are you looking to right now?

SEBBE: It's bad but pretty much no one other than my friends! *[laughs]*

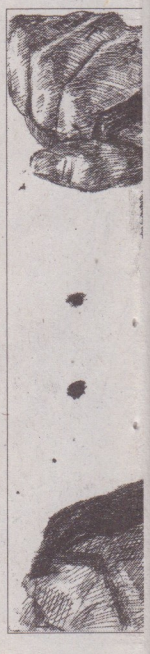
LIA: Oh shit!

SEBBE: I don't know, I need to get better at that and it's pretty bad, to this day. I mean I'm definitely drawing influence from stuff.

LIA: Are you drawing influence from people who are not contemporary?

SEBBE: Yeah, I'm thinking of Robert Crumb, Goya, Tom of Finland. I personally wouldn't devote my life to drawing sex but I like the devotional quality of erotic art. I'll admit I don't look at enough stuff. I think the punk illustration that Patrick Kyle has done has been pretty strange and good.

LIA: Have you seen Olivia Gibb's work? She is a great punk artist, in my opinion the best one. She's in this band called Warm Bodies. She combines collage and drawing in a way that feels very fine art, and I like the way she disregards punk art conventions. Lots of wet and dry media combos. If I had to say there's anyone whose work I'm inspired by, it's hers.



SEBBE: One artist I like is Heather Benjamin. Oh yeah, I love this shit. And Rubi Purga! She's super tech and also super simple, and all her colour palettes are ridiculous.

LIA: I would also say she's one of the most unique artists I've ever seen.

SEBBE: Simone Blain. Simone's work looks so simple but it's actually so tech. Like there'll just be some dots, but she'll be like "oh yeah those dots, I made a stencil and very carefully put like seven layers of paint there." I also want to give shout outs to Alexa Hawksworth and Jackson Mill! Alexa's work is similar to Rubi's in that she has amazing technical skill but

also integrates a lot of more simple graphic elements. Jackson is just wild and one of the most unique illustrators/animators I've ever met. All of the artists I mentioned make tough but sentimental work and those kinds of qualities really speak to me. This sink that is postmodernism has backed up and overflowed and you can see beautiful shit accidentally happening everywhere.

How is your understanding and use of media different now than it was when you started doing punk art?

LIA: I used to have a really limited idea of what punk art could be—in my mind it was always black and white and rough looking. I tried to apply what I learned in art school to my punk artwork but it always felt really disconnected from the rest of my practice. I find any media can work, but you just have to find the right application. It's definitely practical to have a poster in black and white if you're thinking about printing handbills. I find so much of the time though my posters just end up online so it's actually more important for it to grab people's attention and be unique in that context, so color becomes an important tool.

SEBBE: How are you personally moving forward then?

LIA: Have you heard that statistic about people on average only spending like 30 seconds looking at a painting in a gallery? It's frustrating and mostly true. That's why I like print media and books—because it's something you own and can look over again and again. It's easier to feel the influence of that work on your life. I also feel like it's harder to have an honest dialogue about fine art, like painting. A lot of the time, people don't want to talk about how a painting makes them feel, the conversation always veers towards historical art references. I don't have that much art history knowledge or much knowledge of history in general so I don't feel like I can I have that kind of fine art discourse.

SEBBE: Do you feel like punk art is different from illustration?

LIA: I stopped trying to separate my punk style and illustration style. Once you throw out your preconceived notions of what punk art is you remove that boundary. It lies more in the way the creator sees it. Asking an illustrator outside the scene to do a poster or a shirt feels really different from asking a punk. A lot of punks just make art for their own bands because it's free art work and you have more creative control over how your band is represented. It's the visual companion to the music.

SEBBE: My friend lovingly studs and adorns their clothing as well as reproducing band logos by hand on banners and clothes. Would you consider that art? Is that a punk art practice?

LIA: There's a lot of intersections between making. When you're talking about fine art you're talking about process. I think punk processes are valued in a different way, and a handmade item is more valuable most of the time. I was in an experimental art class at OCAD [Ontario College of Art and Design] and one of the projects was to make a replica of an object. I wanted to make a reproduction of a punk shirt, but people were like, "Why are you making a t-shirt"? I wasn't allowed to make the connection between fine art and punk process. It was seen as invalid to make the connection between conceptual art, fan art, and bootlegging. Apparently I was missing the point. I had a classmate who made a loaf of bread out of concrete, and that's great, but that's not something I'm interested in.

SEBBE: Tell me a bit about your relationship to band merch since that's primarily where our art ends up at this point in our careers.

LIA: Even before I was into punk I was into merch. I gravitate towards graphic work. I prefer owning shirts over records, and I'm sure people will have a problem with that. I buy records but not to own vinyl, y'know? I collect band merch because it nice to support people by buying their shit. I like making merch because I like making stuff I know I would want to own. I just like to live a life full of stuff. I like that everything in my home has a unique visual character.

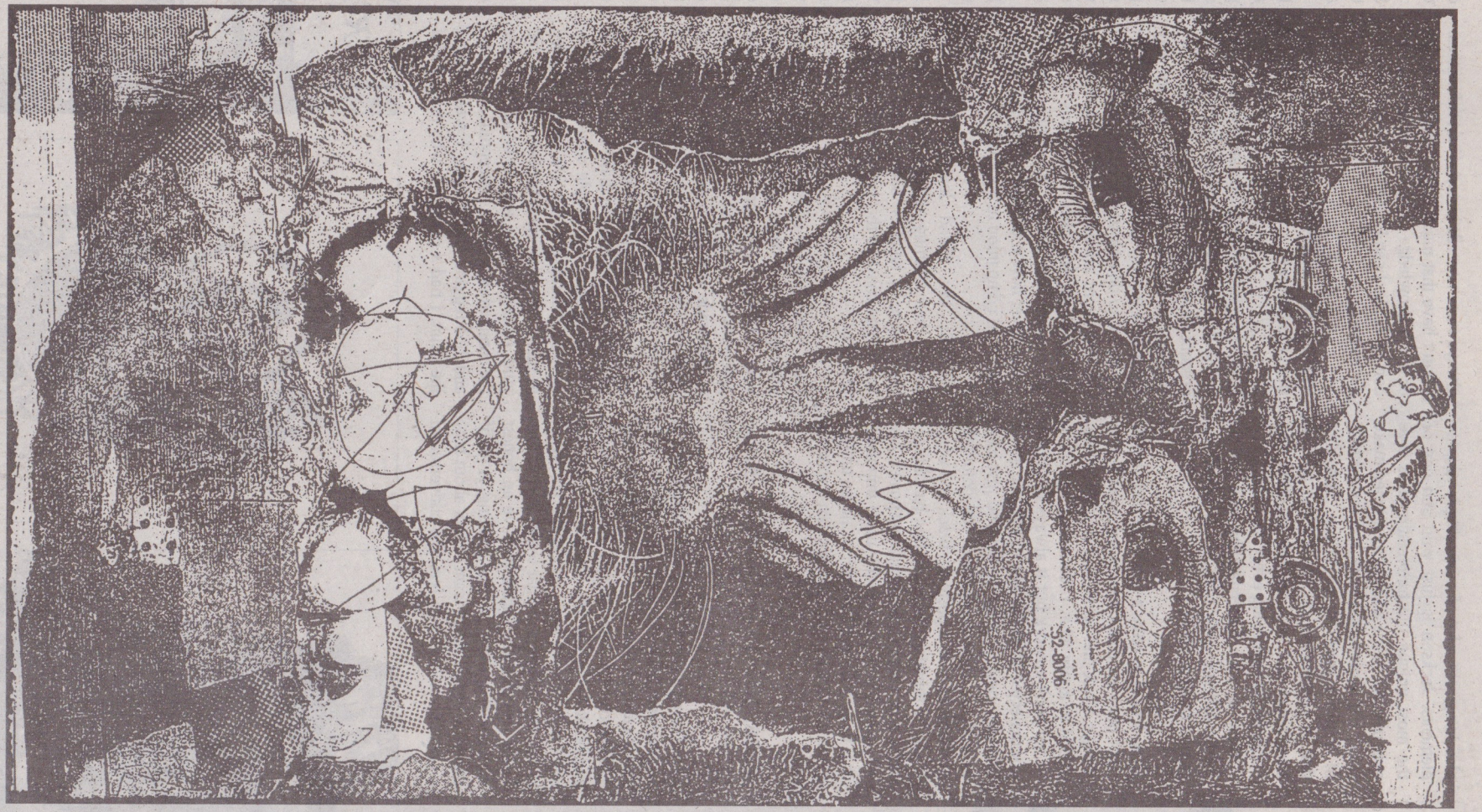
SEBBE: Merch not only looks good but it's evidence of an experience.

LIA: The reason I put work into shirts is because people wear them. It continues to build presence for your band. You're making a brand, but I do just love the objects themselves. I like seeing what people will do with what I make. Will they dye it, bleach it, cut it? The same shirt will look different on different people too. When I see my friend Sadie wearing a shirt I think about how punk and how good she looks. I like that wearing punk shirts means integrating that visual culture into your identity. Its also the lowest form of an artist's multiple and takes on a life of its own as you wear it.

SEBBE: It's also relatively durable. There's so much less stopping you from forming a relationship with the object. It's definitely one of my favorite ways to experience art.

RAEL BRIAN

Tapping into the legacy punk rock and skateboarding aesthetics, Rael makes collages formed from diverse materials found on the street and old bookstores. Focusing on the portrait, his works are a deconstruction / construction of faces that reveal a critical and sarcastic view of society.



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JOSEPH HOO

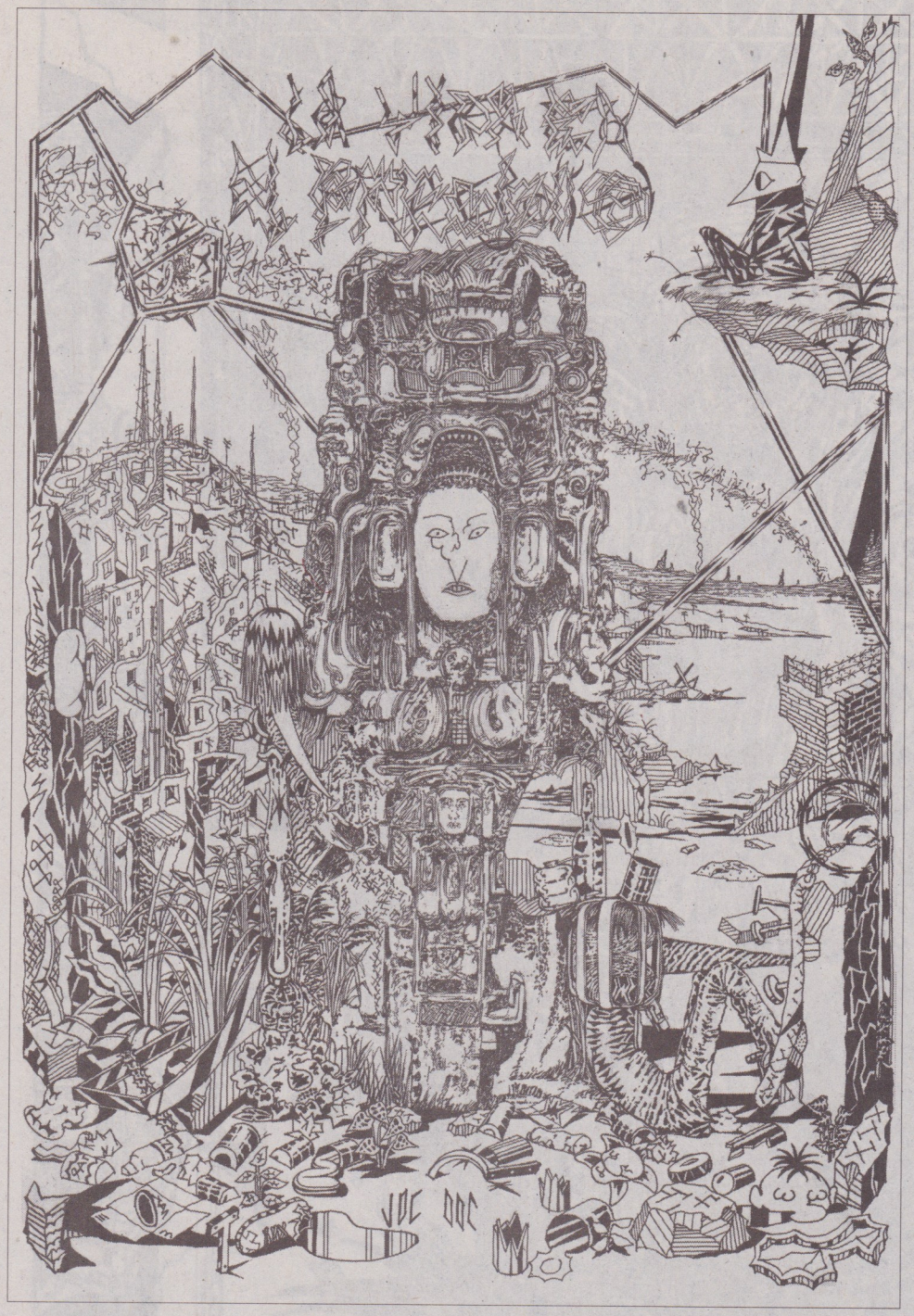
ERMANN

Iowa City, IA
nightmare.imagery@gmail.com
@nightmare_imagery

Joseph plays bass in Jokergas, who just finished recording their demo, out soon. He also plays in Pepper and is currently desiging art for Acoustic Guillotine and ZUUL. Along with Joe Milik, he documents the local flyer scene at flyersofiowascity.tumblr.com, treating posters and handbills as both advertisements and a form of free public art.

Apolo Cacho

Mexico City, Mexico
@apolocacho



Apolo is currently collaborating with Ediciones ¡Joc-Doc! and participating in international projects such as Decadence #11 edited by *Decadence Comics* in UK and the book *Mirror Mirror 2* edited by 2d Cloud. He also often makes art for Cremalleras and for the Tocada Hexagonal event, organized by Violeta Hinojosa.

ALEX MICALLEF

Evansville, IN, USA // secretcat.tumblr.com // @memorablesaxriff // alx.micallef@gmail.com

Alex is currently playing in a band called Moth Slasher and is about to start work on another band soon. Their work will be featured alongside other artists in an exhibition in Kansas City organized by Danni Pearlman called* Weird Women Who Draw, *which opened on September 2nd. They have a few t-shirt designs in progress, along with a collaborative t-shirt with their friend Izzy Jarvis from Bloomington, Indiana.

TREVOR 32: What's your sign?

ALEX: Please, no, you just opened a can of worms asking me that. God...I'm a Virgo and I'm a Cancer rising an my moon is in Libra...I don't really believe that stuff's very real but I've been researching shit on natal charts more than I should spend my limited tangible brain space on lately. I think it—occultism and mysticism, etc.—is interesting, regarding the coincidences on the personal connections one can make on it. Like, if your mind wants to make connections on anything about woo-woo shit it will. Horoscopes are 200% more bullshit than astrology already is though because they don't take one's whole chart into account. Like, damn, come on. I'm totally gonna turn into a crystal gripping, oversized bead curtain of a person one day.

TREVOR 32: When did you art?

ALEX: Ever since I can remember. My mom told me when I was little I'd sometimes make one line on a sheet of paper and then get frustrated and throw it away if it was wrong. I'm still a huge baby about it and a lot of things in life in general, let's be real, but I don't do that crap anymore. I basically started out drawing on doing Sonic the Hedgehog fan art...I drew a lot of animal people too. I was such a furry.

TREVOR 32: Did you got to school for art and do you feel that art school is worth it?

ALEX: I went to a community college for "fine art" for one year then transferred to a proper expensive art school in Detroit that I only attended for one semester since I'm poor. I kinda wish I didn't go because of the $7000 or so I owe for one dang semester, and the fact that in what I was majoring in, which was illustration, [in order] to get ahead you basically need to have a lot of good connections. It was only after I dropped out that I met people and bands who were interested in asking me to draw stuff for them. Do I think it's worth it? Whatever, I'm not an expert with experience in every facet and major one can pursue in art school, do what you want, if you can afford it. I can't speak on the behalf of somebody going for fashion design or jewelry making, you know. I would try to talk to other graduates and "professionals" who actually have a degree for a better answer if one is interested.

TREVOR 32: When did you punk?

ALEX: That's kind of a tough question. I found a lot of punk / post-punk / no wave etc. bands partially from sitting in my room in high school listening to Yahoo radio all the time and having older friends show me stuff. When I was in middle school I really liked a couple of pop punk bands and shitty industrial and reading *Spin* magazine led me to more stuff that goobers would say is "better" music. I have this memory of hearing about Big Black from reading about the Pixies when I was in ninth grade, downloading the song "Pigeon Kill" off of Kazaa, then listening to it and being totally terrified! Then I listened to it again a week later and before you knew it I was writing B-I-G B-L-A-C-K in big blocky letters on my sketchbook, no joke. I got really into the Pixies, Fugazi, Dead Kennedys, and Sonic Youth around the same time so I guess I found punk that way although I was, and still am, more into post-punk and noise rock stuff. I can't stand the Pixies or Fugazi anymore though, like, if I have to hear "Where Is My Mind?" again in my life I'm gonna strap dynamite to my chest, oh my god! There are instrumental parts I like about Fugazi but God that band took themselves way too seriously...my friend Joe says "they're like the Red Hot Chili Peppers but without the drugs or fun."

Growing up where I was, which is a small city surrounded by rural areas thirty minutes south of Detroit, I never really went to many local shows or anything at all. Terrible fire garbage pop-screamo bands were huge as was pop punk and I always hated that shit...unless it's Blink 182 of course...

TREVOR 32: Is there any particular phase of your life that set you into motion with your art?

ALEX: Well growing up I had more video games than friends and a lot of alone time so drawing has always been a constant. It was through being asked to draw flyers and do shirts and stuff for bands when I moved to Ann Arbor, Michigan and started going to shows there. There was barely a punk thing going on there and there was mostly noise stuff. Some of the first shows I attended were noise shows. I still love Wolf Eyes but I never want to have to watch some icy-ass sketchy Nazi-obsessed white edgelord dude in a black hoodie and leather gloves jag off on a table of delay pedals ever again as everybody stands around with their arms crossed again!

ALEX MICALLEF 6-16

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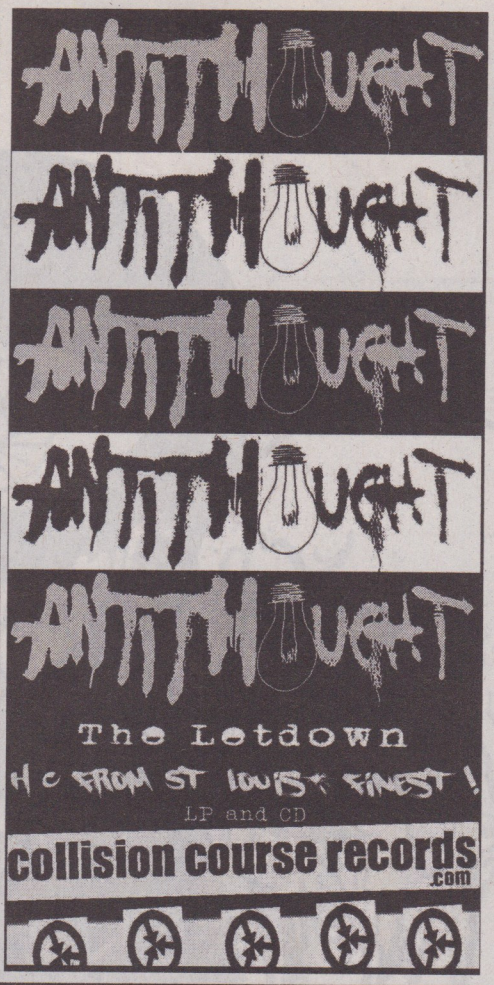

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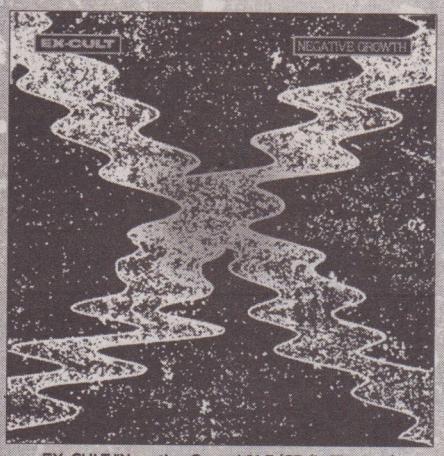

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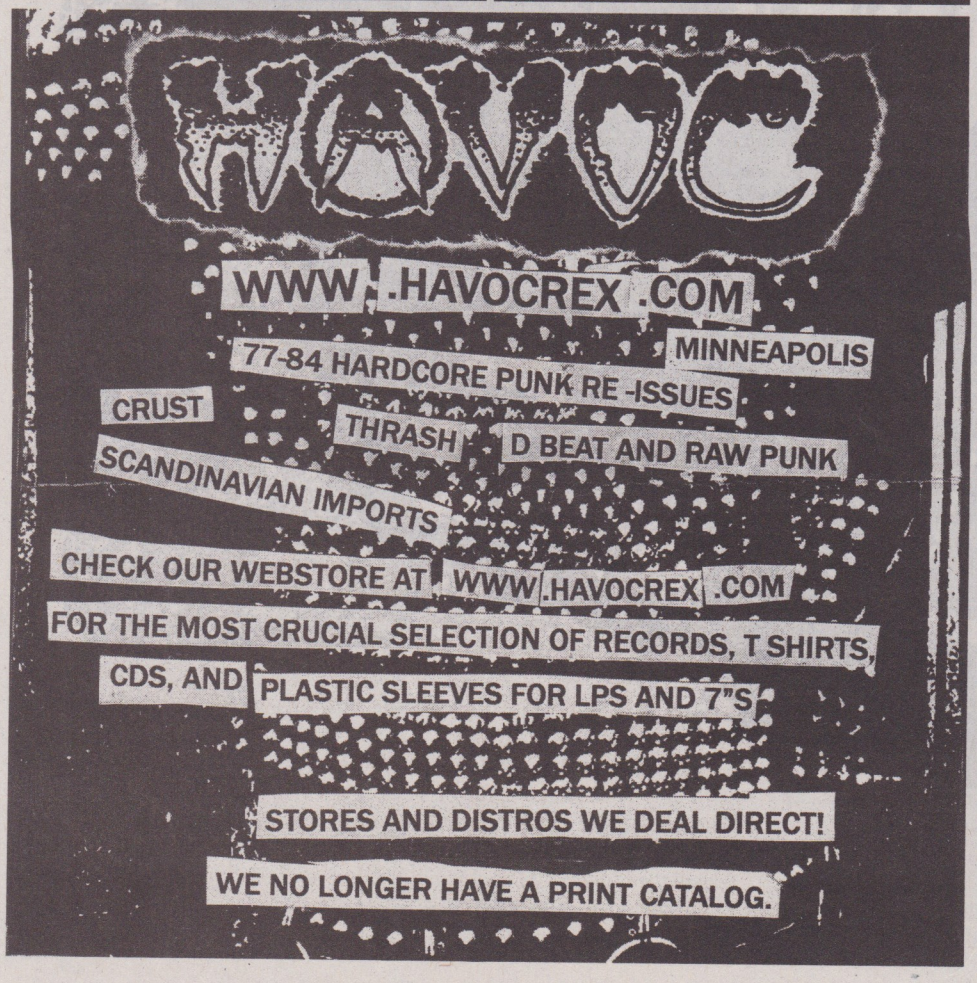

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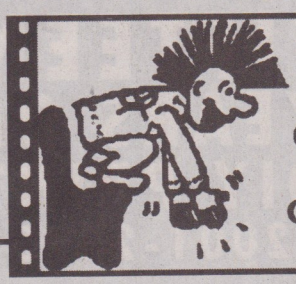

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

We are always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146 USA. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let us know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. We will go see it.

I never had that childhood connection to the record store you usually hear people my age going on about. Radio was always my go to. I needed to hear something before I plucked down my hard-earned babysitting dollars on an album. Usually, my experience would be me going into the record store, asking for a particular album, being told they didn't have it, the clerk trying to sell me something I didn't want, and me leaving empty handed. Those days don't make me that nostalgic.

With that said **All Things Must Pass** is a wistful story about the rise and fall of Tower Records, the record store chain started in Sacramento, California. Tower Records starts when Russ Solomon begins selling used jukebox records in his dad's drugstore in the 1960s. As people begin to want records, Solomon's business grows. Solomon takes over his dad's store turning it into a giant record store. He is an enthusiastic music fan and has a good record collector sensibility. He makes deals on stock and gets stuff no one else has.

As Tower Records' success grows, Solomon hires friends to help run the business. This is where Tower's story shines. People with no experience, but lots of enthusiasm who are taken seriously by the boss. These employees start at the bottom and eventually end up as VPs. One person recalls being a shipping clerk when he volunteered to go to Japan to help open a Tower Records there. He had no experience and did not speak Japanese, but his venture was a huge success.

Of course as the title suggests there was a downside. **All Things Must Pass** doesn't give as much time to the downfall of the chain, but no stone is left unturned. I was surprised the film didn't villainize Napster. It was implicated, but not as much as record industry greed and poor decision making.

It builds up to a sad end when the former employees get a bit teary eyed recalling getting fired. Then Solomon visits Tower Japan which managed to stay in business because it was sold off when the company first started having financial problems. (towerrecordsmovie.com)

The bands of **Lo Sound Desert** aren't my type of music. It is mostly heavy metal and stoner rock. What I can appreciate is the DIY sensibility of the desert scene. **Lo Sound Desert** is the story of the music that emerged from California's low desert, an area which encompasses towns such as Palm Springs, Rancho Mirage and Coachella. The area was a favorite spot for aging Hollywood types. Frank Sinatra lived there. As told in **Lo Sound Desert** Sinatra hated rock music and was responsible for banning it from the area. That didn't stop the kids from forming rock bands, both as rebellion and as something to do.

The bands started as most do in basements and garages. There were a few punks. Mostly the musicians were into classic rock. They played house parties, occasionally playing in a bar. One band Solarfeast took their act to the street, setting up in a busy downtown area. When they start playing a bunch of people came over to watch, but so did the cops, who stopped the show.

After being harassed by the cops too many times, the kids took their bands and their parties out in the desert. It is here where what we now know as desert rock was formulated. In the wide-open spaces the bands jammed for hours while drunk and high. Audiences members fought and injured themselves there as well, but the cops didn't bother them. It seems the cops never knew about it until a fire that drew attention to the area.

Doing it yourself is always the way to go. The band members recall in the '90s when punk went commercial their scene preferred to stay insular. Of course, it didn't happen. Even with commercial success the bands remained loyal to their friends in the scene. Sean Wheeler recalled asking Queens Of The Stone Age if his band Throw Rag could go on tour with them. QOTSA said yeah and took them.

Strangely, there is not one woman interviewed in **Lo Sound Desert**. I see women at shows and in a few clips, but not in any bands. That seems really strange. Every underground scene has women involved. I wonder why this one didn't.

The end of **Lo Sound Desert** cracked me up. I am unsure which is worse, former rockers who are surprised that kids are still playing music in basements and garages or adult rockers who play in bands with their kids. I think I may be leaning toward the latter. (losounddesert.com)

It is chuckle inducing when I mention to someone that I saw the newest Woody Allen film. It seems no matter who it is they are surprised that there is a new Woody Allen film. But it gets complicated when you try to explain that he actually makes one every year. Yeah, one every year.

The latest Woody Allen film is **Cafe Society**. Since Allen is too old to appear in his films there is always an Allen surrogate. This time around it is Jesse Eisenberg. Eisenberg plays Bobby Dorfman a kid from Brooklyn, NY who moves to Hollywood to get into the movie business. He has an uncle, Phil Stern, who is a talent agent who gives him a job.

Through Bobby the viewer gets to bask in the glitter of Hollywood in 1930s. Everyone is glamorous. There are cocktail parties. It all looks nice even if it seems mostly unnecessary. The main plot could have taken place anywhere, it is a classic love triangle story. However, this is what Allen knows and it looks nice on screen.

As enjoyable as **Cafe Society** is, it is near impossible to get Woody Allen's personal life off your mind while watching it. It may not be his actual story, but it is the story of a younger woman who falls for a much older man. It is also the story of the modern day celebrity romance. As such it can be pretty creepy.

In the service of *MRR*, this column, and the greater punk good, I will usually see any movie that has even a tenuous punk connection. I tried to bring myself to see **Punk's Dead: SLC Punk 2**. It was available to me at no cost streaming in the comfort of my own home, but I couldn't pull the trigger. All I could think of was how bad the original was. How this got made is beyond me.

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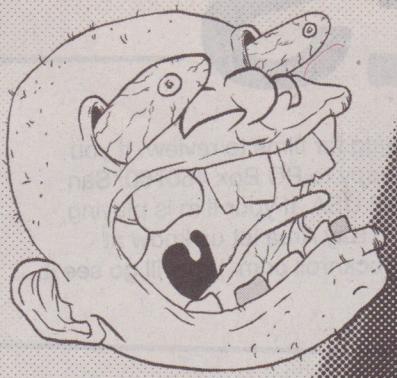

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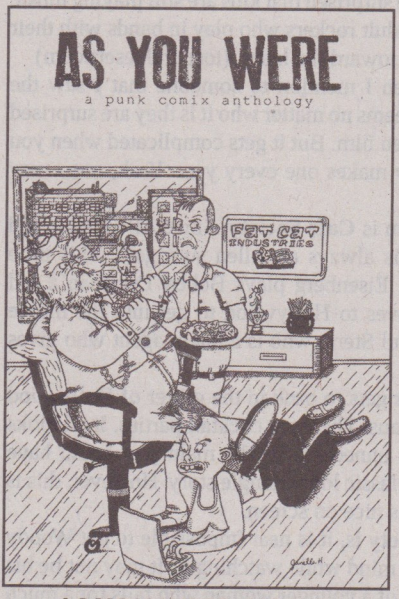

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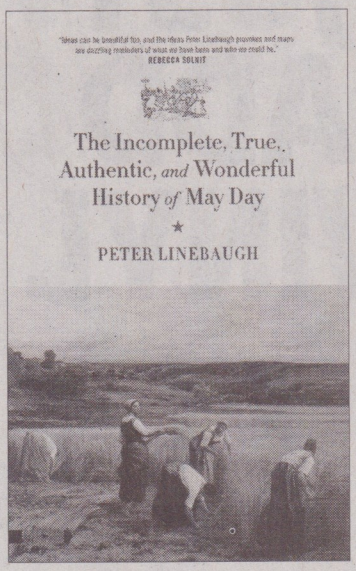

The Incomplete, True, Authentic, and Wonderful History of May Day
Peter Linebaugh
200 pgs | $15.95
PM Press / Spectre
pmpress.org

May Day was the original punk show. It happened on May 1st, 1627 in Merrymount, Massachusetts. Punk owes much of its livelihood and radical transformative aspects to our heroes of May Day. Of course, being a punk isn't the most important thing in the world, but being part of a community of resistance is. The book itself is a collection of essays written by Linebaugh, all relating to the history of May Day and its modern importance. If you have ever wondered why May Day matters, or why there are riots, strikes, walk-outs, and parties on May 1st, this book is a wonderful resource. If you have ever wondered whether your life is of value, this is a wonderful resource. And if you have ever wondered whether or not you should fight the dominant social order, this is a wonderful resource.

Linebaugh spent much of his life as a professor, while also teaching at various prisons around the country. To those of you immediately cringing (as I did) at the idea of yet another intellectualized account of "revolution" written by a white man using too many multisyllabic words and cluttered academic jargon—fear not! His essays read more like they were written by a zinester obsessed with May Day. He takes risks, pulling seemingly conflicting ideas together, and writes without the bravado or self consciousness we so often find in historians who romanticize past cultural experiences from their safe academic distance. Linebaugh writes with the refreshing passion of a working person: "May Day is about affirmation, the love of life, and the start of spring, so it has to be about the beginning of the end of the capitalist system of exploitation, oppression, misery, toil, and moil. Besides full affirmation May Day requires denunciation: the denunciation of capitalism, of patriarchy, of homophobia, of white supremacy, of war."

In many of the essays, Linebaugh keeps returning to the two sides of May Day, which exist together, not necessarily at odds. The Green side is our experience as humans in relation to the environment and agriculture, while the Red side is our experience as humans in relation to labor and systems of hierarchy. In describing these sides of the holiday, he communicates the idea that as radicals our commitment to complete revolution, or insurrection, isn't separate from our struggles regarding labor / advocating for one's rights as a working person / supporting fellow workers in their strikes for improved conditions within capitalism. Paired with this is the idea that our commitment toward the environment / the stars / our spiritual health is not an entirely different struggle from that of fighting for our rights as workers, fighting to be in control of what we produce, fighting for non-hierarchy.

The Incomplete, True, Authentic, and Wonderful History of May Day affirmed for me that I do in fact have heroes. The beauty of these heroes is that they are no different than all our friends who work shitty jobs, go to punk shows, grow gardens, make art, share food, and believe there is something more to this life than the current toil and moil. The heroes of Linebaugh's book are legends simply because they took their beliefs beyond their safe network, and attempted to mobilize others. They didn't do this by manipulation or puffed up chests and intellect and words, but by their living example, and by their dedication to their fellow humans' condition. This book is a sobering reminder, and a critical one, that *many, many poor folks in this country have been shot, hung, terrorized, and abused for asserting their needs as workers.* This book comes at a time many of us feel increasingly hopeless that we may never find meaning in our lives, that our struggles bear no fruit, and that the monster we are facing is so gigantic that our efforts continually fall flat and are ineffective. This book urges us to remain engaged, to remember those who struggled before us, to shake off our communal malaise: "The class of working people can move the world. We need to recognize one another. The bowl of seeds in an artifact of preservation. It permits a future life. So, look at these seeds from our past—the eight-hour day, communing, nonviolent direct action, one big union, song, satyagraha, participatory democracy—and watch them grow… They germinate in many forms: horizontal unionism, solidarity economics, communing, autonomous living, Social Forums. Hence, you and I are urgently needed."

—Jeff Doyle

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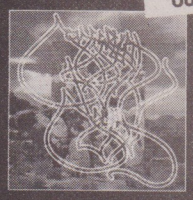

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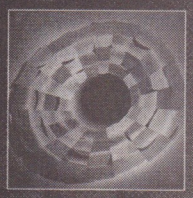

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RECORDS

For review and radio play consideration, send two copies of vinyl or one copy of CD-only releases to PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146, USA. We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore, etc.—no major labels or labels exclusively distributed by major-owned distros. Releases without vocals or drums will not be considered. Please include contact information and let us know where your band is from! No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork. All records reviewed are added to our archive, the largest collection of punk records in the world.

(AM) Allan McNaughton
(AU) Andrew Underwood
(BA) Mike Battleaxe
(BB) Brace Belden
(CK) Carolyn Keddy
(CR) Camylle Reynolds
(DB) Daniel Becker
(DG) Dan Goetz
(DZ) Ryan Modee
(EW) Eli Wald
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(GA) Grace Ambrose
(GB) Graham Booth
(GH) Greg Harvester
(JC) Josh Carman
(JK) Jon Kortland
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(LP) Langford Poh
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(MA) Matt Badenhop
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(MM) Marissa Magic
(MW) Max Wickham
(PA) Pete Avery
(RH) Ryan Hertel
(RK) Ramsey Kanaan
(RL) Ray Lujan
(RO) Rotten Ron Ready
(SW) Shivaun Watchorn
(WK) Will Kinser
(WN) Robert Collins

ADICTOS AL BIDET – "Grandes Canciones Del S. XXI" CD

This Peruvian band does a bit of genre hopping, but primarily focuses on ska punk, surf, and reggae that's inauthentic but not terrible, interspersed with scummy punk and metallic flair for good measure. The attention to tightness and songwriting detail makes everything sound good, and what could have been a blur has decidedly distinguishable songs. I don't normally like ska, and I like this. (DG)
(Berraco / Cuaderno Roto)

A.M. NICE – 12"

I guess people still make music like this. There's prolly some late '90s throwback I could cite, FRANKLIN or BRAID or something, but that'd be kind of off. Slashy guitars, sometimes math rocky, pomade up those echo chamber vox. Midwest white boys playing honest heartfelt rock'n'roll, AKA hella trad emo. They get the mopey boy thing across well, but they're missing that edge that makes shit like this truly memorable. (GB)
(Phratry)

AMYGDALA – "Population Control" LP

This one is an absolute monolith: thundering hardcore with the most searing vocals I've heard in ages. Bianca's voice was the focal point live when I saw them in San Antonio a while back, but its studio manifestation and the soul-baring lyrics will just leave you on the floor. The music is insane, manic, intense—emotional light-speed crust with blasts and brief moments of melancholic guitars. This record addresses physical, sexual, and child abuse, suicide, objectification, depression, and a myriad of other taboos with shocking honesty. It's not just good, it's important, and my hat is off to AMYGDALA for an offering this powerful and honest. (WN)
(Middle Man / Mosh Potatoes Friend Club / Ozona / React With Protest / Structures Agony)

THE BACKSEAT ANGELS – "Saturday Night Shakes" CD

The generic cover and lame band name threw me off but, OK, so I was charmed by this '70s ear candy glam rock with some serious UNDERTONES vibes. I'll keep it simple: sounds like fuzzed-out puffy clouds, Vicodin, and rum drinks. It's lightweight but sometimes I'm a big softy. (CR)
(Rum Bar)

B BOYS – "No Worry No Mind" LP

This trio of B BOYS play deft, demented pop that owes much (very much) to early WIRE in both song craft and delivery. On the songs where one isn't inclined to play "spot the lift" they have the darkened underpass detachment of TUBEWAY ARMY and some of the modern energy of contemporaries like DIÄT or TOTAL CONTROL. It's on these tracks (the opener, "Seagulls," "Sound Frequency," "Get A Grip," the sublime "I Don't Mind") where their personality and taut simplicity really shine. (AM)
(Captured Tracks)

BIB – "No Exit" EP

This band spreads its neo-MECHT MENSCH reverb-heavy space alien vocal musical aesthetic across a few different hardcore styles. The first song had me thinking they were gonna be imitating S.H.I.T. or something, but then they kick into an early PISSED JEANS type angsty dirge on song number two. Number three is quality straightforward abrasive hardcore, plus a crying baby sample. Lather, rinse, repeat, so on and so forth. What could very well be an undistinguished record is elevated by excellent riff writing that matches the different moods of the songs, and the energy they give off makes me think that their live set is worth the trip to Omaha. Not to mention that in all my years of reviewing this might be my first record with a stereo pan part. (DG)
(Deranged)

BORN WRONG – "Nailed" LP

This record is angular, determined, and fierce. Somewhere between DIE KREUZEN *Cows and Beer* and the LP, but with the jagged edges of GANG OF FOUR or the crazier WIRE tracks. This LP is stripped down and thin, but at points it catches a groove and the layers come out, kinda how MISSION OF BURMA would make the most of just three people. Hamilton, Ontario, has always had a pretty great track record with bands, so I'll just add this one to the list. Recommended. For fans of: Melissa Joan Hart, tire fires, being 90% sad and 10% happy. (MW)
(Schizophrenic)

BOSS HOG – "Brood Star" 12"

Veering away from their '90s grunginess, this new BOSS HOG is wildly catchy. At times the songs have this danciness that reminds

me of current Top 40 music, late-era BUTTHOLE SURFERS, mid-period MINISTRY, and New Orleans brass bands. It is strange in a really compelling way. Christina Martinez still has a great voice and Jon Spencer's bluesy guitar style is just obnoxious enough. I don't know if anyone else plays on this since there are no credits. There aren't any photos so the record probably won't jump out at you in the record bins like their previous ones did. The final of the four songs is "Disgrace," a distorted rocker with lots of fuzz that may make TY SEGALL jealous. I really like this. (CK)
(In the Red)

BRAVER – "Torpor" LP

These three Minneapolis pop punk goofballs (and stars of web pilot *Braver: Ghost Cop*—check it out, seriously) go all out with the weird, the funny, and the dark on their new full-length. "Les Enfant Terribles" manages to be genuinely haunting on the same album where a chant of *"I love sodium"* breaks out ("Metal Roads") and everything begins with the band giggling about being *"Braver babies / yeah yeah yeah yeah / coming to get ya!"* Lupe (guitar, vocals) shows off an obscene vocal dexterity front-to-back but especially shines when paired with Ryan's booming bass backing on the title track. This whole endeavor is the result of extreme talent being used to fuck around, and it's glorious. (RH)
(Do What?)

BUG FIX – "Chocolate Nerve" EP

A new band featuring members of Minneapolis greats SELBY TIGERS and BIRTHDAY SUITS. The songs are simplistic, straightforward and catchy as hell. They have kind of an off kilter GEZA X sound but with significant elements of garage. Definitely weird, definitely awesome. (FS)
(Mpls Ltd)

THE BUSYMEN – "Under Attack Of" 10"

Like the band from whom they got their name, the BUSYMEN play with the excellent sound of '60s garage rock pumped up with punk attitude. While their songs are not as catchy as and a bit tamer than DMZ's or LYRES' stuff, they still sound pretty cool. Organ-driven rock with somewhat evil vocals. I can only assume the singer's nickname "Boston Bob" has something to do with his dedication to Mono Mann's style. I like it. (CK)
(Swashbuckling Hobo)

CANCER SPREADING – "Ghastly Visions" LP

These guys are as heavy as six feet of earth and just as grim. This is some legit stenchcore out of Italy. They sound like some kind of sludged out WARCOLLAPSE with BOLT THROWER sensibilities. When bands do this sound right, a musty black film actually forms on your exposed skin while you are listening. It gives me visions of a scuzzy battlefield with vultures slurping up the remains of broken 40 ouncers. The broken down fuzz box guitar leads really bring this one to the next level. Shove yourself into the gutter and crank it! (BA)
(Back on Tracks / Heavy Metal Vomit Party / neanderthal.stench)

CHARGED CBH – "Get Me Fired" EP

Killer GBH anti-work pisstake with "Get Me Fired" and that works great as an aural reference point as well. A top-notch metallic UK influenced punk rampage from Singapore, get wild. (WN)
(4490)

NATO COLES & THE BLUE DIAMOND HEAVIES – "Live At Grumpy's" CD

I don't mind repeating myself. Actually, I enjoy it, so I'll say it again. Nato Coles is a REPLACEMENTS and Bruce Springsteen lovin' motherfucker. This may put a little too much rock and professionalism into your preferred mix of whatever you're drinking this week, but I can get into it. This is, obviously, a live recording, so I wasn't too stoked at first, but then I noticed there's a version of one of Nato's old bands, RADIO FACES' badass songs, "Coffee Cup" (!!), so I was stoked again. As you might expect, being live, although pretty tight, this is a must-have for diehard fans only. I love the hits on their studio work, and I probably would've had an atomic blast at this show, but I'm not feeling it 100%. There are, in my opinion, at least three genuine totally killer rippers on here, though, one of which is a CORTEZ THE KILLER (!!!) cover. (DZ)
(Rum Bar)

MARK CONE – "Mark Cone Sings" EP

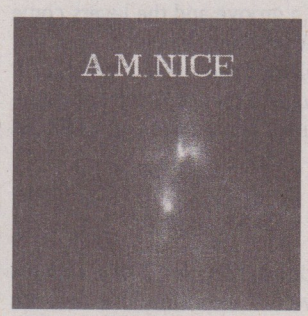
Electro-solo UROCHROMES bro. Genre described as "Punk, Experimental." Six of one, half a dozen of the other, ya know what I mean? There's not a whole lotta twitch here, sadly. It's got all the right ingredients, but there's too much traipsing around. We want danger, don't we? The most admirable quality of the whole shebang is Mr. Cone's vocal delivery, which I do love: exaggerated New Wave camp, and believable too! It's the saving grace that elevates this doggie outta stinker status. Worth a look if you're skinny, young, and stupid, but possibly a grower for old fatties like moi. (MC)
(Nicey)

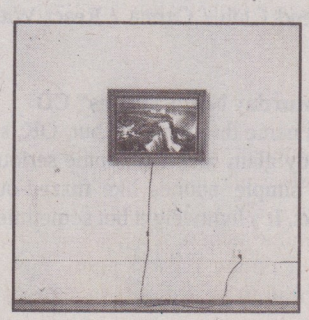
CONGENITAL DEATH – "Fucklove: Prophet Of Death" LP

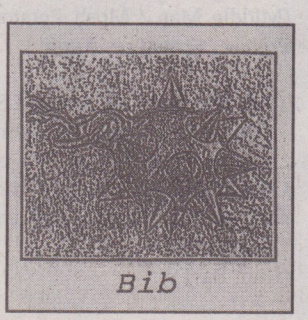
A seriously impressive grind platter from this long-running Philadelphia outfit. Manic and mathematically challenging explosions meet gut-churning low end and a multiple vocal attack that's as angst-ridden as the songs themselves. This is advanced grind, not pretentious grind. Killer. (WN)
(Hydrogen Man / Ranch Jams)

THE CRAZY SQUEEZE – "To The Lonely Ones / Red Rosie"

"Pub music," if we're to believe the imperial pint logo adorning the sleeve. Is it deluxe enough for you ducks? Well, it's not icy cold shit, so color us all surprised. Yeah sure, it's Dynamite / Skydog channeling, which is way up my alley, but the overt hoo-hoo glam nods are a near deal-breaking pitfall. Leave the glitter at the door next time, lads. We're here for lager and vaguely menacing rock! Right-o. The best moments conjure visions of that *Live To Ride* comp floating in a vat in vaginal discharge. Ex-STITCHES, so roll your tongue up. (MC)
(Pure Punk)







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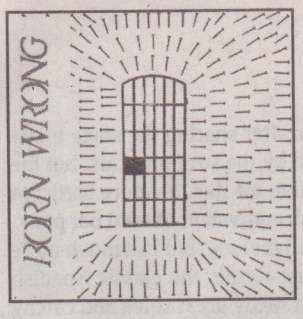
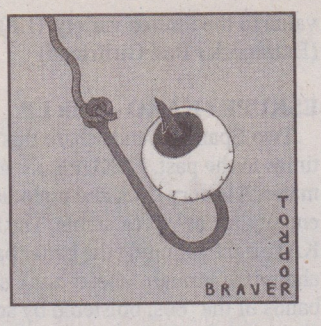
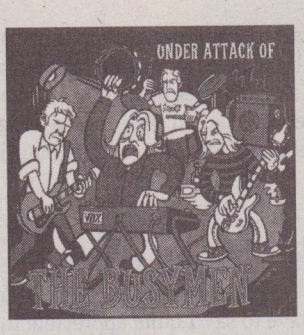






THE CULT OF LIP – "Right Now" EP

While listening to this EP, I couldn't shake comparisons to SPRAY PAINT. The CULT OF LIP showcase woozy guitars, jittery rhythms, and distant vocals dripping in effects. The closer "Fog" brought to mind a more punk MY BLOODY VALENTINE because of the spacey, atmospheric guitar hooks. I'm hesitant to use the term "psychedelic" because there's too much nervous energy contained within these five songs, but that feeling is definitely there. This is both confounding and addicting…and a great record. (GH)
(Mpls Ltd)

CULT VALUES – LP

Berlin's CULT VALUES play driving, direct, moody, aggressive post-punk (more punk than post). They seem to be drawing inspiration (or maybe I'm just drawing comparisons) from HÜSKER DÜ, HYSTERESE, RED DONS, and some of the aggression of DIE KREUZEN. The lyrics are direct and intelligent. The hooks on this one are infinitely more interesting and inventive than most bands of this ilk, which makes for a more engaging LP. It's a pretty big accomplishment for a debut record. There's a full size booklet included that showcases artwork for each song by ten different artists. The whole thing looks and sounds really good. Very recommended! (GH)
(Deranged)

DEATH CHURCH – "Black Book Vol. 2" flexi EP

This flexi from Sydney's DEATH CHURCH is overflowing with anger and frustration, and it's a perfect soundtrack to current events. A desperate cry for help with a million voices of ignorance squelching your consciousness. The music is dark wave / neo-gothic punk (whoa), but the vocalist makes this for me with their pure hardcore venom. I can't say that I have been very interested in many bands doing this style lately because most of them seem to pale in comparison to the originators. Derivative is boring, but here and there a band happens upon a nice mix of inspiration, influence, and innovative changes, and comes out with something worthy. This is what I want to hear when I listen to this kind of music: raw and catchy and with real commentary on life and politics in the lyrics. "Jaw Crusher" is a fast paced war-beat anthem that sets the bar high for the record, while "Choking Nation" is a mid-tempo rager with a few twists and turns to pique the listeners interest. My question is, why not put two or three more songs and release an EP which actually will last some time on a turntable? Flexis are for collector scum! Nonetheless, I will cherish this plastic in my collection. (WK)
(self-released)

DEEP POCKETS – "Nice Life" EP

This is, for the most part, pretty straight mid- to up-tempo punk. It's melodic in a way, it's kind of heavy, and there's a bit of a post-hardcore feel to it (it sounds a little like SWIZ sometimes). Then you get to the last song, "No Guff." It's mid-tempo, it's got some pop, it's catchy as hell, and the guitar riff on the verse is pretty simple but you can't help but shake your head to it. At the same time, it's still driving and not at all a pop punk song. Then you want the whole record to sound like that. Oh well. The recording is also a plus in that everything is really well defined without it sounding slick or overdone. (PA)
(Dead Broke)

DIRECT HIT – "Wasted Mind" LP

It would be a lazy review to simply categorize this whole thing as a "Fat Wreck Chords style" album. What this band has done here is more complex than that flippant, dismissive quantifier. But truth be told, this band checks all the boxes on your list of a "Fat Band" (super catchy, tongue-in-cheek humor, endless harmonies, measured aggressiveness, and of coarse very poppy riffage). There's some complicated orchestration happening in many of these songs, but they pull it off without going into "over-produced" territory. At its best, this album will remind you of your favorite adolescent Midwestern pop punk band. At its worst it will remind you of late-era (post-*American Idiot*) GREEN DAY or the theme song to *Big Bang Theory*. This is a good album, so you pop punk junkies out there should take note. It could be your next sugar high. The record earns a few extra points for having kick-ass cover art (an important component, and far too frequently overlooked). Solid. (FS)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

DOG SOLDIER – "Mother Fucker" EP

A 2008 recording just now seeing the light of day from these full metal jacketed punk warriors. There's a definite later ENGLISH DOGS influence in the sharp metallic riffing and occasional falsetto vocal flourishes. Dare I say they even dip their toes into *Grave New World / Massacre Divine* territory at times? The perfect record to throw on when the bar's closed for the night but the shitty speed won't let you fall asleep quite yet. (AU)
(Distort Reality)

DOWNTOWN BOYS – LP

Re-release of the first (and hard to find) DOWNTOWN BOYS album, which still sounds just as fresh, fierce, and politically potent four years later. The freshest take on X-RAY SPEX that's heavy on the sax, with Victoria's deliciously screamy and ragged vocals in both Spanish and English at the forefront. Lyrics are highly acute with anti-sexist, anti-racist, anti-classist, and anti-colonialist messages that rage against the social and political constructs of oppression. If you haven't heard or experienced DOWNTOWN BOYS, listen up! (CR)
(Radical Empathy)

D.R.I. – "But Wait... There's More!" EP

I can't believe this is happening to me. Kurt, the singer from my favorite band D.R.I., is actually nibbling my ear, his huge hand fumbling for the buttons on my male blouse. He stinks, it's true, but in that stink is hidden a musk that I find irresistible. It doesn't matter that he's older than my dad, and I don't give a shit that D.R.I. hasn't been good for the entirety of my 26 year long life (and before, if we're being honest). I'm in heaven. I can feel his throbbing rod, and

even though it's clearly malformed and has somewhat atrophied with the passage of time, I know that I'll be the one to throttle him out of his decades-long celibacy. You see, nothing gets my motor running like a glossy-sleeved 7" of half-baked thrash and re-recorded songs from thirty years ago. I close my eyes. I'm in ecstasy. Also this music is for divorcees. (BB)
(Beer City)

DRUNK & HORNY – "Songs In The Key Of Stink" EP

Some seriously funky junk here. My appreciation of saxamaphone is well known in these pages, and I have to say I quite appreciate the versatility of this here saxamaphone player: would not be out of place in the Boss's E STREET BAND, but also sporting solid disco lounge chops, and a convincing throwback to honkin' JOE HOUSTON '50s R&R vibes. Really doin' Michael J. Fox proud. Why they'd drop the sax for an accordion on the last track is a complete mystery to me—prolly going for that polka punk buck. Silkscreen paper bag sleeve is pretty sick, not to mention scratch & sniff technology. (GB)
(Related)

DRUX / VEUVE SS – split EP

DRUX is really lo-fi, in your face hardcore, kind of like a dirtier NIGHTSTICK JUSTICE. It's equal parts dark, vicious, and a hair political (the first track is about club owners peddling beer to the youth). VEUVE SS has a CURSED vibe, with a similar lo-fi production as DRUX, except with way heavier mosh parts. All in all, a solid offering from these two bands. They both complement each other in a way that a lot of other split records don't. For fans of: obscure BATHORY bootlegs, Nietzsche, learning a trade. (MW)
(Nerdcore)

ELECTRIC PEACE – CD

CD collection of '80s band ELECTRIC PEACE, spanning 1982–1989. I'll be honest, I don't know much about this band. What I do know is it's a '60s LA psycho electro-garage sound that's heavy on the CRAMPS. A time capsule of sorts, fourteen lo-fi recordings that are all pretty alright. It also comes with a shitty lo-fi video DVD of their one and only music video "Big Man." (CR)
(Big K)

EPIC PROBLEM / THE SLOW DEATH – split EP

Strangely enough, EPIC PROBLEM sound more like gruff thoroughbred Gainesville pop punk than they do FUGAZI. If you're looking for a British (Welsh) connection on that style, then these lads have the mopey lyrics, the emo chords, and the half time breakdowns to fill that hole in your heart. The SLOW DEATH rep Minneapolis, and bring the same basic style, but without the echoes of emo. At times I'm reminded of San Francisco bands SHOTWELL and STRAWMAN, two groups who played sardonic pop punk that was on the much less sugary side of the style. Other times I think of a pop punk ROLLINS BAND, with their pounding aggro vibe. Both bands fly pretty close to the same wire, but different enough that if you're already in deep with DILLINGER FOUR records, you'll find some value to the limited variety. (LP)
(Brassneck / Rad Girlfriend)

ESKUPE / KAKO – split LP

Two Spanish bands share this platter after sharing the stage many times in the past. ESKUPE are elevated by the strong vocals, but the material is very slick and melodic, coming off like the more hardcore end of the Fat Wreck stable. The Spanish equivalent of total bar punk. KAKO are definitely the better band, still melodic but in a much more charming, straight ahead punk style that recalls the classic Spanish bands of the '80s, bolstered by some seriously great solos and catchy choruses. I could see these guys holding their own on a bill with bands like RULETA RUSA or LOS MONJO. (AU)
(Grita O Muere / Kalvo / Kamilosetas Muskaria / Kremon)

ETHICIST – "II" LP

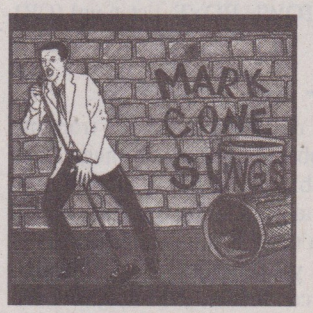
Swirling devilish and dervished blackened grind that has a bizarre Gregorian opulence. The meter give and take is very impressive—you notice the human effort that goes into something that is seemingly too fast to focus on. ETHICIST feels old in a depressive and insane way. It makes me think of HECATE ENTHRONED and GAS CHAMBER. I don't know much else about this band but *II* is beautiful, pulverizing, and mind-bending. (JR)
(Phratry)

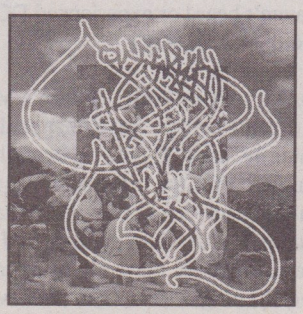
EX-CULT – "Negative Growth" LP

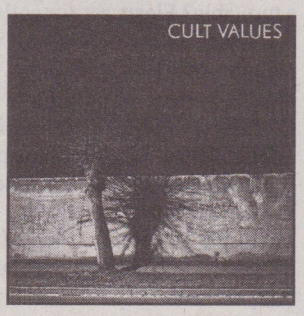
EX-CULT (it stands for "Example of Cult") sounds like some European band, but believe me friend, they're American. So American that the singer, a bald eunuch into feet and molly, sings in a British accent. But that's good—England's where JOY DIVISION is from and these guys sound like WARSAW and that's practically the same thing. Dark, *hypnotic* (!) punk with, as every other reviewer from *Pitchfork* to Dabiq says, psychedelic elements. But not the happy, kind mid-'60s kind, the bad and evil 1970s kind, which is about the only type I can stomach. This is tough and slimy, which means it's good. (BB)
(In the Red)

EXECUTIVES – "Jet Set" EP

Awww yeah, San Diego KBD jams. I actually spent a summer in San Diego with the goal of tracking down copies of all the elusive SD punk jams, AKA everything on the Radioactive label, including INJECTIONS, XTERMINATORS, and this here EXECUTIVES EP. I managed to track down all three, but none had the elusive picture sleeves. Like the OG EXECUTIVES EP, this comes with both an outer sleeve and foldover insert sleeve, though the archivists here ditched the new wavy outer and made up a newfangled inner bio / photo insert instead. Hard to top the jittery spasm greatness of "Jet Set," but all four songs kill, especially after having spent a few months in podunk SD. Grab this and pray the INJECTIONS and XTERMINATORS reissues are coming next. (GB)
(Danger / Rerun)







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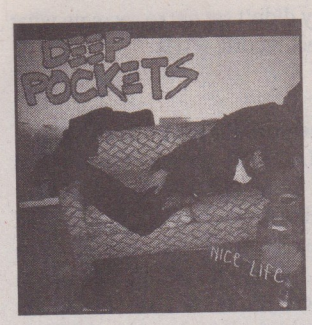
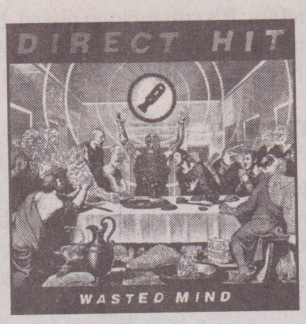
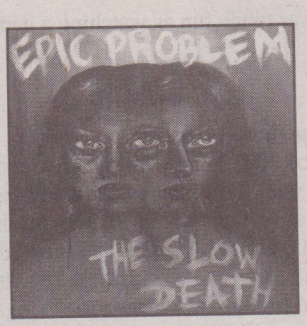






EXTRAFOXX – "Goodbye Insanity Hello Humanity" LP

Shame on me for thinking all Oceanic pop bands should sound similar. EXTRAFOXX buck the jangly the CLEAN stereotype —instead, we get a big, fuzzy mix of styles, mostly '90s slacker rock and '70s psych / acid stylings. The band jumps back and forth between songs that sound like a combination of early BUILT TO SPILL and mid-period PAVEMENT: catchy melodies, chipper vocals, mid-paced tempos, and repetitive rockers, with extended guitar soloing and a lot of drum fills. There's loads of distortion throughout, and the whole thing lends itself to hypnotic head nodding. The downside of this is that the record kind of ends up as one long smear, with only a couple songs sticking their heads up and demanding to be noticed. It feels really long. This will probably work really well as a background record, and "One in the Morning" and "Hyper Space" are hot tracks for sure, but it's a difficult dedicated listen. If this band were to put out a couple singles I'd recommend them, but an LP is a tougher sell. (LP)
(Swashbuckling Hobo)

EYES NINETY – "%" LP

Considering this record was released on something called Swashbuckling Hobo Records, I thought I'd fucking hate it, but to be totally honest it's not all that bad. There is a definite (and at times shameless) EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING influence here, and when I realized the band was from Australia I knew that wasn't a mistake. Who can blame someone for wanting to ape the sound of their national treasure? My problem here isn't so much that this is a rip-off, but it's an inconsistent one; some of the songs are just straight up garage rock with decent guitar. This isn't a hit record, and it won't make you feel great, but it's certainly not the worst record I've heard this month. (BB)
(Swashbuckling Hobo)

FAILED FLOWERS – LP

Fred Thomas has made perfect pop music for a long time now. His dreamy sunshine pop group SATURDAY LOOKS GOOD TO ME sounded like if *Pet Sounds* was a K Records tape from 1985. This is a different world though. It's inflected with the same blurry bedroom pop hit perfection but there's more of a SHOP ASSISTANTS playing *Pebbles* comps feeling. Bombastic sunshine bubblegum garage pop that will make the dreamers dream, upping the melancholic joy of the anorak clad kids still lookin' for Clare Grogan clutching their TVPs 45s to their hearts. (LG)
(25 Diamonds)

THE 5TH DAY – "Evilution Day" EP

A record from an unknown-to-me DC area band recorded in 1985 sees the light of day for the first time. It could have remained in a dark hole for all I care. Melodic California-style hardcore like early BAD RELIGION or the FACTION just ain't my bag, man. The most interesting song is "Y.A.B.D" (You're A Big Dick) because of the ridiculous song title. Gag. Next… (RO)
(self-released)

FINISHED – "Come Inside Me Bro" LP

Space age damage from Providence. Epic noise rock dirges in the vein of SCRATCH ACID and KILLDOZER, though FINISHED attempt to drop a few hooks in on monotonous slogs like "Jane Err." The sound is a very clean and precisely delivered disaster. Guitar howls compete with noise while bass and drums dutifully pound out one (maybe two) riffs per song. Drugs. Closing track "Secret Scum" is a true banger. (WN)
(Load)

FLESH RAG – "Stay Away" EP

Three songs from this Ontario band. The tunes are dirty and disagreeable in a '70s New York or Cleveland punk way. The vocals are gruff and the guitars have a bit of glam. It is a style that seems to disappear for a while and then makes a comeback. I have no problem with that. (CK)
(Schizophrenic)

FLVX CAPACITOR / GNARLY DEATH – split EP

This one is a quick double dose of machine-gun-on-concrete grindcore. There is no time to meander into headier or more accessible styles. Now is the time to do the brutal work, without compromise, and these bands do their job well. FLVX CAPACITOR is a bit more metal, and GNARLY DEATH is a bit thrashier, but who fucking cares? Just grind and fucking die! Like it says in the FLVX CAPACITOR liner notes: "…grindcore and free living until radical change!" (BA)
(Agromosh)

THE FUR COATS – "Short-Brain" EP

This is fun uncle music from at least one literal uncle, if the lyrics to "Fathom" are to be believed. This Austin trio delivers some by-the-book power pop / punk that will, if nothing else, help you tap your toes and crack a smile for about eight minutes. (RH)
(Drunken Sailor / Make-That-A-Take / Rad Girlfriend)

GASMASK TERRÖR – "Chape de Plomb" 12"

I haven't closely followed GASMASK TERRÖR's ten-plus years of hardcore punk, but I've always been aware of their existence and position as probably the most prominent and influential contemporary band from France. D-beat at its foundation, their sound here is clear and full, with fiery vocals sung in French. This shredded-vocal style typically serves more metallic bands better, but I find it adds to the intensity here. These guys must be TOTALITÄR fans, because there are some enormous riffs on here, which nine times outta ten can be attributed to the influence of those god-like Swedes. Tight, well-executed, perfectly produced, and just the right length for a twelve-inch. A really great disc to snap me out of the KBD haze I've been living in. (MA)
(SPHC)

GEOFFREY OI!COTT – "Incredible Shrinking Dickie Birds" EP

Three songs of turgid cricket-themed poonk from this walking rebellion fest. Some of their earlier stuff has been a bit cleverer or

had catchier tunes. This one's about as much fun as watching a game of cricket. It's a picture disc. (AM)
(Boss Tuneage)

GET DEAD – "Honesty Lives Elsewhere" CD

Though they've been around since 2007, this is a Bay Area band that I've somehow yet to cross paths with. Very Gainesville sounding. Raspy vocals and melodic music that reminds me of SAMIAM, the newer sounds of RED CITY RADIO, and RANCID when they mix it up. This is pretty good stuff from a band that seems to click with whatever they want to do with a song. They also have a lead singer who doesn't play an instrument live which is less common these days. A solid full-length from a band I'll be checking out live in the near future. (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

GET OFF THE COP – "Lipstick Tim" EP

Pounding, slogging, pouty-pants noise rock will never die, it seems. GET OFF THE COP do a pretty good job of it, at that. It's nice sometimes to listen to heavy music that's not obsessed with a riff, and these guys tend to just lay out two chords and let the bass drive along that route while the vocalist gibbers and hollers. The guitar is quite nice, very dynamic, sometimes playing quiet and squirrely, with occasional stabbing clean chords, and a couple moments of reinforced, distorted thrashing. Apparently the lyrics are about some "edgy" shit, but there's no lyric sheet and I couldn't really understand homie's muttering / hysterics. If you're looking for repetitive, greasy man-rock in the AmRep vein, this is some of the better stuff that's come my way in a while. (LP)
(Schizophrenic)

G.L.O.S.S. – "Trans Day of Revenge" EP

If you're a punk and you don't know about Olympia's G.L.O.S.S., you're probably not really a punk. On their second record, the band sounds like they've lost all patience and just go for a full-on attack. From the first chords, their singer Sadie, fed up with the smug uselessness of peace vigils in the face of continuing police murders, screams *"It's our turn to give violence a chance!"* The band then launches into a riff that sounds as it could have been lifted straight out of TOTALITÄR's "Psykopaten Bestämmer." That sounds like a dis, but I often feel like hardcore can be a mass of reference points and recycling. What you do with those reference points and how you convey your anger is what separates historical reenactments from raging, relevant, timeless music. Every song on here is a pummeling stab of resilience and resistance, anthems for people who are struggling to simply live in this fucking garbage world that wants them dead. "We Live" is probably my favorite track. In the span of one minute, the band covers the topics of incest, self-blame, and self-hatred only to come out at the end with a message of having pride in who you are. The title track is fucking vicious. When trans people are targeted and killed every day, G.L.O.S.S. challenges people to fight back and win. This EP is definitely different from the last one and I like that they're progressing from the groundwork they laid out before. It's still fucking pissed, but they didn't set out to recreate what they've already accomplished. A perfect record. (GH)
(Nervous Nelly / Total Negativity)

THE GUILLOTEENAGERS – "Cheese Balls to the Wall" CD

This CD by THE GUILLOTEENAGERS starts off badly but gets marginally better. Their theme song (which should always be one of your best songs) is borderline embarrassing, just a tepid rock song. The fourth song, "Part Deux," kicks it up a notch with a soaring bass line and vocals that don't sound bored or unimaginative like the songs that preceded it. Luckily, the rest of the album progresses in that direction, playing punk'n'roll in the vein of ZEKE, TURBONEGRO, and HELLACOPTERS, but goofier (OK, maybe not goofier than TURBONEGRO). Fun punk songs about pizza, beer, and partying. (GH)
(self-released)

GUNS OF NEVADA – "Damned And Adored" CD

Holy fuck, this is terrible! This might be the worst shit I've heard this year. The absolute most paint by numbers, copyright rubbing, bar rock on the fucking planet. Put on a cowboy hat and grow a handlebar mustache, sing with a shitty twang and call your sins cow punk. Fuck you. They have the balls to print their ass polishing puff piece by Pamela Des Barres right on the cover of the CD. Fucking garbage. I can't believe I wasted ink on this. (DZ)
(Hell Bent Halo / Little Mafia / Portwood Intertainment Group / Silver)

HAPPY TIMES – "It's Psychological" LP

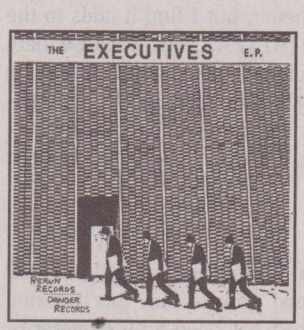
Hard rocking garage punk from Brisbane, Australia. At their best moments ("Depthcharge Dilemma," "Hey Biscay," "Enigma") they show some hints of their continent mates RADIO BIRDMAN, BUFFALO, and PSYCHO SURGEONS. Unfortunately the majority falls into the wah-wah pedal wasteland of the down under guitar rock cesspool. They finish up with an '80s-style synth rock tune, which could be interesting on its own but is so out of place here that it leaves me with a "what-the-fuck?" feeling of complete apathy. (RO)
(Swashbuckling Hobo)

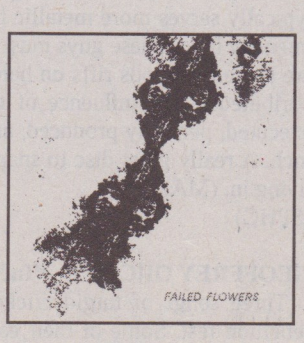
HEAVY BREATHER – "Revenger" EP

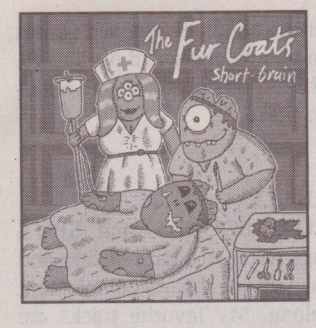
Three songs of moody outsider hardcore out of Brisbane. The first side has two straightforward numbers that sound vaguely post Y2K thrash or even like BETERCORE in terms of riffing and the occasional scissor beat, though the songs are mostly mid-paced. The second side is a slower noise rock type number with robotic effects put on the already inhuman glass-in-throat vocals, built around a rumbling scuzzy bass line with only sporadic guitar bursts alternating with a climatic, pounding quasi-chorus. (DG)
(self-released)

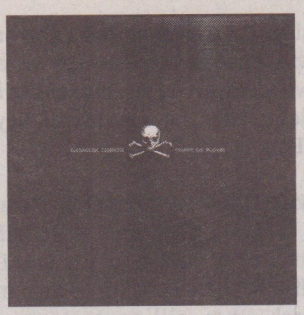
HOSPITAL JOB – "Never Get Cold" LP

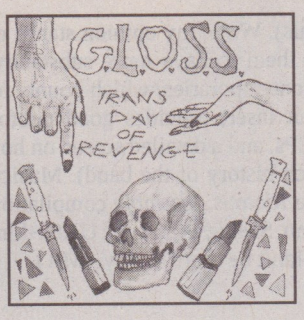
So it's pop punk. It's like the ERGS or something, like it's been influenced by a band that was influenced by another band that was











influenced by SCREECHING WEASEL (more specifically the *How to Make Enemies* era) or the QUEERS (but without appearing to be total dickheads). It's very catchy, the recording sounds big (real big) and it gets cool when they get kind of noisy. Well done. (PA)
(It's Alive / Rad Girlfriend)

INSTINTO – "Dimonis" LP

INSTINTO from Barcelona play a metallic brand of epic hardcore that reminds me very much of TRAGEDY's *Vengeance* LP. A very tight offering of modest, modern crust that is easy to get into. It's a sound that has been D-beat to death, complete with stippled dog skulls and human skulls on the cover. I have no complaints about this record, I've just heard it one hundred times within the last fifteen years. I am not uncomfortable; this does not threaten me in the least. (JR)
(Grita O Muere / Guerilla Vinyl / Hysterical / Pandora / Svoboda)

IWOKK – "Expansión, Continuidad y Colapso" CD

Epic sludge / crust from Mexico…more for getting lost inside of than simply listening to. Plenty of "softer" interludes, but you always know that the hammer is just around the corner, and the dark melodies from the guitars create a really anxious edge even when the band is holding back. And the vocals are pure hate and despair, like crust vocals should be. Really nicely done. (WN)
(Belinz / Detesta / Naufragos de la Vida)

JILTED JOHN – "Jilted Jam: Demos, Rehearsals & Gigs: 1977-2008" CD

JILTED JOHN was a novelty singer creation of actor Graham Fellows who released a theme song in 1978 that was a hit in England. This CD collection sort of covers his brief musical career. As noted in the title, he played only five shows in the '70s and then one more in 2008. The CD does not include any officially released JILTED JOHN songs. However if you like the song "Jilted John," you may be amused to see it born as demo in 1977 followed by live performances and interviews about the song. There are other songs with the same theme of girls not paying attention to John. It is all kind of sweet until close to the end of the CD when a 2008 song called "Keira Knightley" pops up. In it JILTED JOHN nastily attacks the actress for being too thin. It is out of step with his lighthearted pokes at himself and the men his women fall for of his original songs. Plus a (at the time) forty-nine year man criticizing a twenty-three year old woman for how she looks is too creepy. Also knowing that Fellows is a not-as-successful actor and he could easily be negatively judged on his own appearance makes the whole thing more spiteful and pathetic. That addition just ruined the whole historical experience for me. Stick with criticizing yourself, JILTED JOHN. (CK)
(Boss Tuneage)

KNIFE THE SYMPHONY / SMOKE SIGNALS – split 12"

This is a very '90s release, down to the fact that it's a split 12" EP. Two bands that span the Ohio River, on either side of the Roebling suspension bridge between Cincinnati and Kentucky. Ironically, it's KNIFE THE SYMPHONY from Ohio who sound more like SQUIRREL BAIT. Mix in a little PITCHFORK and JAWBREAKER with emotional hardcore singing, and you've got a blueprint for a serious nostalgia trip. On the flip, SMOKE SIGNALS switch between frenetic math rock and epic soundscapes, like a cross between AT THE DRIVE IN and PINK FLOYD. Overall an interesting release. I wish more bands were influenced by SQUIRREL BAIT or EVERGREEN than SLINT. (AM)
(Phratry)

¡LIBÉRATE! – LP

This LP is the complete discography of these warp-speed hardcore champions out of Los Angeles. It features their two 7"s, two demos, and nine unreleased tracks. Add the hand screened cover and I'd say that's a pretty good bang for your buck. Not to mention that ¡LIBÉRATE! totally shreds. They've got a LOS CRUDOS influence but they never forget about Los Angeles powerviolence. The result is a relentless thrash attack of the finest sort. All lyrics are in Spanish, and I'm pretty sure that they're revolutionary in nature. This one is a must for anyone who likes to run around in a circle really fast. (BA)
(No Te Calles)

LIL TITS – "Freak Flag" EP

Deep L7 and / or SEVEN YEAR BITCH worship. Contemporary peers would be WET BRAIN, BIG BLACK CLOUD, TINY KNIVES. They do a good job at what they do. (MM)
(Maximum Pelt)

LITTLE MONSTER / NEGRO LÉO – split EP

This is a split between a band from China (LITTLE MONSTER) and a band from Brazil (NEGRO LÉO). Both sides can handle the right speed and the wrong speed. LITTLE MONSTER starts out raging near grindcore but soon switches to kind of a boring indie rock and stays there. NEGRO LÉO skips between jagged DNA riffs and minimal bossa nova crooning and maybe totally a touch of glue-wave. (MM)
(Genjing)

LSDOGS – "Creeps / You're Done"

Vol. Infinity in Total Punk's production partnership with NOLA punk's chief executives. What's not to like here? LSDOGS boast infamous sick fuckers in their ranks, but it's more important to note that both kinds of punk are showcased here: tough punk up front, mean punk on the flip. Assembled with precision in an afternoon, no doubt. Can't lose!!! A secret heavy guaranteed to reward repeatedly. *"My life is blown!"* (MC)
(Total Punk)

LUNATIC FRINGE – "Eggistential Crisis: Studio Recordings 1981-1984" LP

Bristol's LUNATIC FRINGE didn't really stand out to me during my time spent mining the gazillion bands from that era and region, but this discographical document definitely deserves credit for sounding great and including seemingly only relevant material (read:

no shitty live recordings or rehearsals). While my opinion stands on their musical mediocrity, I do find them to have more substantive lyrical content than many of their contemporaries, which counts for a lot. The glossy full-sized fold-out insert provides good photos, reproductions of art from their two EPs, and a detailed screed on how the reissue came to be (but not much history of the band). Musical content includes their track from the *Riotous Assembly* compilation, both EPs, and a worthwhile 1981 demo. Seeing as how the UK82 thing is all the rage again, this release couldn't be more timely. (MA)
(Heretical Hunchback)

LUTHERAN HEAT / PRETTY BOY THORSON – split EP

Each of these two bands serves up one original and one Johnny Thunders cover. OK, I can get down with that, I suppose. PRETTY BOY THORSON puts it all on the table immediately by kicking off the record with an indisputable heavyweight champ "You Can't Put Your Arms Around A Memory." As much as I generally hate note-for-note covers, I have to admit, this one's pretty fucking tight. Side B starts off with some shitty basic rock which I swear I thought was FOO FIGHTERS. Each side ends with a kinda cutesy surf-ish song, which usually isn't my thing, but I kinda dug it. Go figure. (DZ)
(Rad Girlfriend)

MAPLE STAVE – "V" 12"

This is a tough one. It's post-hardcore in a Midwest way but moving east. Like SHELLAC but it's not nearly that heavy. Like SLINT but again, not that heavy. Like DON CABALLERO but not as interesting. There are brief moments when they are quiet and subtle, and that is when it works well. It's just that they are trying to be heavy without pulling it off. Maybe it's the recording but it feels more like the songwriting. There is something here but this record just doesn't convey it. (PA)
(Phratry)

MILLONES DE COLORES – "Piratas Resilientes Del Inframundo" CD

As far as emo-esque hardcore goes, you could do so much worse. With guitar work more in line with MEAT PUPPETS and BRAID than some crying teenager with a diagonal haircut, it's quirky and fucked up enough to keep the haters away from the power button. Some of these riffs are kinda undeniable, and I'll definitely listen to this a few more times in my life, like probably during my many "get high and take a bubble bath" nights, but most likely not blared at a wild get down. Oddly tight. Oh, yeah, and the cover art is bananas. (DZ)
(self-released)

THE MISCASTS – "How Many More Nights" EP

I spent three years seeing countless shows while living in Japan, and one of my favorite things about many Japanese bands that sing in English is their willingness to eschew standard pronunciation and diction in favor of allowing the vocals to float freely amongst the noise. On the new MISCASTS EP, the sound of the blood dripping off of vocalist/drummer Junkou's strained vocal chords is as much an instrument as the guitar, bass, or drums. On the title track, the singer seems to be reflecting on countless nights of drunken shows and the wear and tear they've taken on him mentally and physically, wondering if he needs to or can quit. This is punk music played out of desperation, because it's all they know. (RH)
(Fine Tuning!)

MODERN DELUSION – "Days of Us" LP

This is cool JAY REATARD, LOST SOUNDS, and SPITS influenced punk from Croatia. The songs reside in a haze of fuzz and disaffected vocals. Some dual male / female vocal parts complement each other well as the songs chug along. My favorite tracks are "Changing" and "Chain," where you almost can't tell if the leads are effects-drenched guitar or keyboard, kind of like REMO VOOR or TUXEDOMOON. Listening to the other songs where synths and loops are pretty prevalent makes me think these sweet leads are courtesy of keyboards and not guitar. "Future" proves this band can deliver riffs which is crucial for this kind of chugging, fuzzed-out guitar rock. As the end of the album approaches, the mood slows, ending with "Days" whose electronic slices click and clack in a nod to GARY NUMAN. (JC)
(Crapoulet / Doomtown)

NOBODYS / RAGING NATHANS – split EP

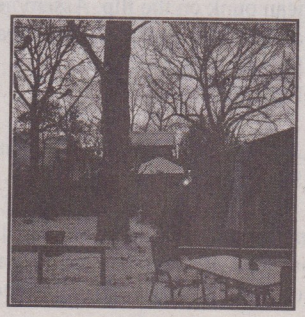
I am in a little personal hell right now as I listen to this. A hell where shitty guitar punk bands with wannabe offensive songs about "Down With Brown" prostitutes ("Brown Street Pimp") and a flip side of PENNYWISE shorts-wearing white boys kill me with endless sing-along choruses. I've done a lot of bad things in my time. This is where I live now. (RO)
(Rad Girlfriend)

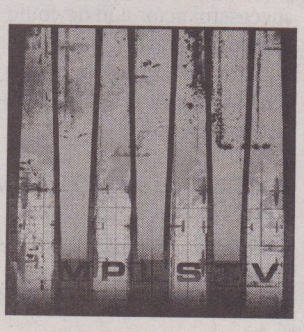
NO STATIK – "Earhammer Soundsystem" 12"

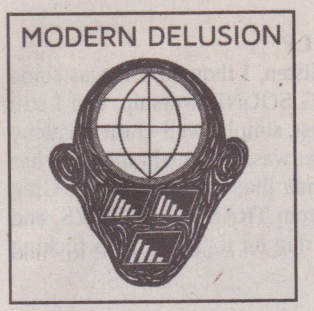
NO STATIK: the remix. If you're unfamiliar with NO STATIK, they play rip-your-fucking-head-off brutal hardcore and I understand that this is a remix of their album *Everywhere You Aren't Looking* (originally on Prank) by Greg of Earhammer Studios. I haven't heard the original release so I'm probably not the best authority on what's been remixed, but after listening it sounds like Greg has been given free license to throw in samples and his signature haunting piano bits here and there and drop out instruments so as to highlight the vocals, drum work, or fuzzed-out bass in certain parts. There's a solid ass riff that I like at the end of "Earnest," and "Sigh of Relief" is remixed like a video game soundtrack. Then there's a minimalist dance club type mix in "Everywhere You Aren't Looking." This is twisted. No lyric sheet. Cool to see this collaboration between NO STATIK and Greg the wizard, but I think this may be for NO STATIK superfans only. (JC)
(25 Diamonds)

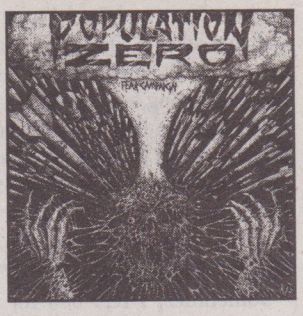
NOT DEAD YET – CD

An eight-song release from this Wisconsin band. These guys play uptempo melodic hardcore and pop punk. Pretty tight stuff that ranges from the likes of OFFSPRING, STRUNG OUT, and AGAINST ME!









Lyrically I could live without the song "Wisco Hooker." The rest of the songs touch on social commentary lyrically. This is decent stuff for locals. Nothing essential but if you like modern melodic punk with chops you could do worse. (RL)
(self-released)

NUMERATORS – "Strange" LP

Gang-yelp rave-up psych-leaning hyphen-heavy barely-punk-by-way-of-garage shite. Throw a rock and you'll hit a band that sounds just like this, especially if you happen to be at an OH SEES show. (MC)
(Amateur Freak)

THEE OH SEES – "A Weird Exits" 2xLP

I moved to SF at the end of THEE OH SEES era. Never really spent time with 'em. I had a few friends that thought they were the shit, and other friends who rolled their eyes at those friends. I liked that they were steeped in psychedelia but also jagged and amateurish unlike a lot of shittier cool bro psychedelic bands I'd seen living in LA around that time. This must be, what, thee eighteenth OH SEES record? To these ears it sounds like a cross between STEREOLAB and ARIEL PINK, twenty-first century elevator music. If there was an edge, it has long since given way to optimizing thee rock club sound. I can hear the dank sweat, desperate to escape out a side door to cool off. Prolific and inoffensive, surely someone will sort their catalog out someday. (GB)
(Castle Face)

OUT OF TUNE – "Jury Duty" EP

Raucous ramshackle hardcore punk from Southern California. "Killing You" is so off the rails I'm surprised they manage to stop at the same time *(they do, and that's a compliment)*. OUT OF TUNE just go full out all the time. For those who like their hardcore wild and loose. (WN)
(King Of Drunk)

OWL – "Screech" LP

This album isn't very punk—not to say that makes it bad, necessarily. OWL (sometimes referred to as OVVL) are from Oakland, CA and have been honing their sound for some time now, playing heavy '70s rock (and I mean rock!) mixed with some psychedelic stoner jams. Think older bands like THIN LIZZY / BUDGIE / BLUE CHEER, and newer bands like WITCH / LECHEROUS GAZE / MAMMATUS. No rock band that is this adventurous can be described as being exactly like their contemporaries or the "classics," though. They tend to take a little from here, little from there, and then put their own spin on it. Their sound boils down to multiple vocals and dueling guitars backed by a lockstep rhythm section, highlighted by one of the Bay Area's most ripping drummers, Clint, who just kills it in every band he plays in. This record keeps up the pace for the most part, which is something I like in my stoner rock. Favorite jams are "Cave of Whispers," "Atlantean Key," and "Immaculate Misconception." (WK)
(Hardvaark)

POPULATION ZERO – "Fear Campaign" LP

This is a crust album with the heart and soul of a metal album. These Philly dudes got the driving beat, all the right black metal flair, and some of the slickest solos I've heard in a while. They even throw in a touch of IRON MAIDEN cheese every now and again. It's not anything special, but it would be perfect for when it's noon, and you've already been at the bar for a while. (BA)
(This Fucking City)

RAGING NATHANS / SLOW DEATH – split EP

This EP was created only for the staunch, unabashed fan of pop punk. SLOW DEATH is not generally an uber pop band, but their original track on this record certainly is. It starts out with a pretty sick guitar riff intro, and the verse seems cool, but then the chorus kicks in, and the song is transformed into sounding like BON JOVI—which isn't meant in a derogatory way (don't pretend like you don't secretly enjoy "You Give Love A Bad Name"). All of this makes the NEGATIVE APPROACH cover that follows seem so bizarre. Somehow, though, they do work together. If you already like SLOW DEATH, you will enjoy this. On the flip side RAGING NATHANS gives us some straight up SCREECHING WEASEL worship, with an emo tip. The songs are super aggressive and snotty but about love (or the lack thereof) and feelings. (FS)
(ADD)

THE POSE – "Dig an Endless Grave" EP

I loved BACK TO BACK both live and on record, and can definitely hear the member involvement in this new band, which trades in abrasive mosh for fast and stompy hardcore. These four songs are burly yet catchy pit-worthy bangers that are characterized by harsh, grunting vocals and a great thick guitar sound, all wrapped in an ambient cloak of reverb. From the opening cough to the closing fadeout, it flows unusually well for an EP. The opening riff to "Pride" may very well make an upcoming appearance on my list of year-end top ten riffs. (DG)
(Warthog Speak)

RAW DOG – "A New Low: Live 2015" CD

This is like a lazy Confederacy Of Scum band that's a combination of COCKNOOSE and FRANK ZAPPA which is much like early RANCID VAT or ALCHOHOLICS UNANIMOUS. Recorded live in Raleigh, North Carolina, for your home listening pleasure. You get the white trash trailer jokes and mildly offensive comedic anthems like "Jihad Jerk Off" all done with blistered tongue in cheek. The vocals are delivered in an annoying over-enunciated manner that gives it the quality of a Broadway show. Like *Hedwig And The Angry Inch* meets GG ALLIN but not even remotely that interesting. (RO)
(self-released)

RED TEETH – "Light Bender" EP

RED TEETH is a Michigan-based indie rock band formed by

brothers Ryan and Rael Andrews in 2002, who returned from a hiatus with this release. Spastic guitar, dreamy vocals, and pummeling drums make this EP an interesting listen. This is a band that I could totally imagine seeing at a basement show in some college town. With this band being so fucking experimental and calculated it doesn't sound like anything I know. I guess it could be for fans of bands like DEVO, MELVINS, PIXIES, and MISSION OF BURMA. (DB)
(GTG)

SEGA GENOCIDE – "Trys" LP

Sometimes, I feel bad for the casual reader because I can drop some pretty obscure references here. This is one of those times. I can't help it, SEGA GENOCIDE sound exactly like a Scott Miller band. For those of you who haven't been following the Sacramento pop punk scene with bated breath over the last 20 years, Scott has played in several bands, namely NAR, BRIGHT IDEAS, and the ENGLISH SINGLES, although he will likely be best remembered as the drummer for the BANANAS. Most are bands worthy of your time and attention. The music on the SEGA GENOCIDE record that I'm actually supposed to be writing about sits in a little nebulous region between pop punk (not nearly punk enough), indie pop (just a little too punk), and twee (just a hair too aggro). It's a pretty sweet spot. The songs are all nicely stripped back, warmly fuzzy, very energetic, super catchy. For those of you who pay attention to such things, this is the type of record you'd expect Kenny to review. The downside: the drummer only seems to know three variations on the same beat. Once I noticed this, I had a harder time latching onto the admittedly very catchy melodies. I like these songs though—this could have been hands down the best pop record that has crossed my desk this year. It still might be, even if they didn't manage to write a song as good as "Casanova's Memoirs." (LP)
(Just Because)

SHALLOW CUTS – "Empty Beach Town" LP

This is an album by three dudes who like to hang out on a river together and write punk music that sounds exactly like three dudes who like to hang out on a river together and write punk music. There are no surprises or new tricks, but if you're generally a fan of No Idea Records or JAWBREAKER, this will likely fit nicely in your rotation. I have found myself hum-repeating "Snails Snails Snails" and "Berlin Streets" and frequently returning to the desperation anthem title track. I also have a new, incredibly strong urge to chug a cheap beer, strip naked, and throw myself ass-first into a river. (RH)
(No Idea)

THE SHANGHAIS – "Fall In Love With the Shanghais" EP

True syrupy sweet bubblegum / power pop that's a bit of the DONNAS and RED CROSS but with the bare knuckles of the RAMONES. "Gimme Good Love" has a shout out to the ISLEY BROTHERS, and "Going to Hawaii" starts off with a straight "La Bamba" riff. It's kitschy and that's the fucking point. With Natalie's straight unapologetic sass that gives zero fucks, catchy hooks, and sweet and slick guitar, it's a certified sugar high. (CR)
(Endless Daze / Surfin' Ki)

SHITBOX JIMMY – "The Movie" LP

This is surprisingly good. At first listen, I thought this was some whacked out, cracked out REIGNING SOUND worship, and I still may be right, but who cares? Pretty fast, simple, well-crafted, catchy rock. Kinda the only way, right? If that wasn't enough, the dude has a fucking killer voice. I mean it. Kinda like a cross between Greg Cartwright, Donald Duck, the dude from TRASH MONKEYS, and maybe even a little Brontez. I really dug on it. This shit is fucking great! I want so much more. (DZ)
(Just Because)

SHREWMS – "God Hates FAQs" LP

I've been on a steady diet of Australian Cock Punk this summer, so these SHREWMS are not outside the sphere of my recent interest. It's all riffs and barroom toughies, which is sometimes enough to make things work. Not the case here: not a lot of wit, requisite power, or even piss-take punk lean. It amounts to a low-calorie take on things, which is pointless if you've got ONYAS creeping behind you on the same imprint. (MC)
(Swashbuckling Hobo)

SIMON CALLED PETER – "Confused American" CD

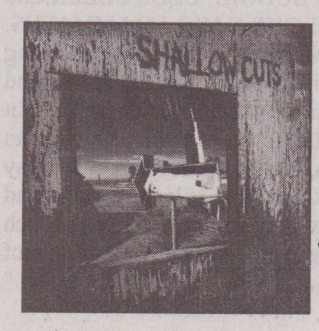
This is the guitar player of '80s Dallas punk band BOMB SQUAD's solo effort. How do I know that? Cuz he included a letter stating that very fact along with a copy of the *MRR* #10 write up. I can't say I'd listed to that band before writing this review, but they're pretty swell and worth a spin. This, however, is not so great. He can still pack a punch with his guitar playing and songwriting on songs like "Gotta Have It," but the music is recorded way below the vocals, which are done in a rambling spoken manner that come across as a bitching old man complaining about how the world's done him bad. Sorry, gotta go Dad. (RO)
(self-released)

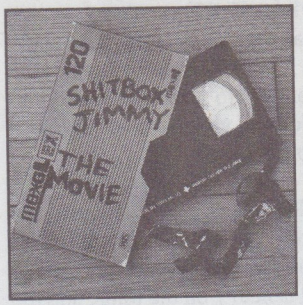
SNEEZE ATTACK – "Maxwell" LP

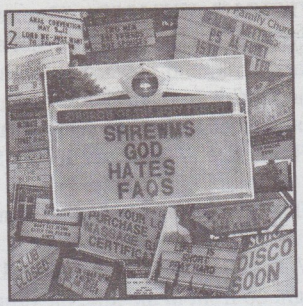
This band exists in that little-visited place where pop punk, twee rock, and fuzzed-out garage intersect. And it's all done with a nod to PHIL SPECTOR-style '60s rock. If you could image a lo-fi MUFFS with cranked up reverb, you might get a little close to the mark. This is a really fun album, and it somehow finds a way to transcend bedroom jams and basement party band simultaneously. The hooks are both catchy and dreamy. I want this album on while I lay in bed and stare at the ceiling, but I also wanna sing along. What a conundrum! Gets better every time you listen to it. (FS)
(Pleasant Screams)

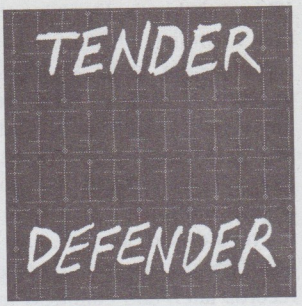
SUICIDE – LP

How do you even review something like this?! A cultural artifact that revolutionized music with an impact similar to fellow downtown dwellers the VELVET UNDERGROUND. A call for an avant-garde simplicity, pared down desperation that will eternally pierce through the plastic facade in a mirror like fashion. Reproducing elements of









pop culture, the idea of LINK WRAY's guitar sound, of Coney Island ride music and tragic '50s pop stars, American industrial noise filtered through that sick synth scape, those incandescent breathless vocals. It's the sound of pure teenage feelings, the landscape of America in all its majesty and decay, every song is perfection, a number one pop hit in a just and true world. You can't listen to this and not fall in love with "Cheree," "Che," and "Johnny," the mythic, burning bright "Ghost Rider" before you find your love cast into doubt by the manic reality that is "Frankie Teardrop," one of the true masterworks of modernity! Devastating record!! And, as always, a beautiful reissue from Superior Viaduct. You gotta grab this. It is a record that will make you disappear into your head and visualize new landscapes and new sound ideas and make you wanna make something new in its honor. (LG)
(Superior Viaduct)

TEEN CREATURE – "Haunted World" 12"

Haunted World is actually a fairly appropriate title for this record. It's pretty spooky, and not in a vampire bats, mummies, and Frankensteins kind of way. TEEN CREATURE is a one dude garage rock band that leans toward goth and post-punk, and uses a particularly effective blend of harsh distortion and icky reverb to create an unsettling atmosphere. Most of the songs on this record take some cues from the goth-country vibe that SLIM CESSNA'S AUTO CLUB and similar bands were / are pushing, but when that gets dropped in favor of a punker sound on "Polyester Sky," TEEN CREATURE really shines, and together with the queasy vibe of this recording, that alone makes this record worth listening to. (LP)
(Carbonated Sounds)

TENDER DEFENDER – LP

This has an immediate RVIVR feel to it, and with good reason. My innernette tells me they have ex members of that band as well as IRON CHIC, BRIDGE & TUNNEL, and LATTERMAN. Fans of the aforementioned are indeed going to shit their britches. As you might expect, this is filled with pretty anthemic, super energetic personal jams, designed to get in your head and stay there for a bit. There's a raging BENT OUTTA SHAPE cover, but my favorite point of the record was this trippy, weed smokin' space jam à la JANE'S ADDICTION. No shit, I'd wear this needle to a fuckin' nub if the whole LP was like this. Man, the guitars on this record are kinda fuckin' huge. (DZ)
(Dead Broke)

TENEMENT – LP

The first fifty seconds of this LP are an intense cacophony of breaking falling glass and thunder followed by a screeching, angry guitar. It's super solid and builds anticipation. The next roughly eighteen minutes could easily be passed off as a late-era EVERCLEAR B-sides album. If you're one of the people that would really love that, this album is for you. Otherwise, may I recommend literally any other release in this month's review section? (RH)
(Deranged / Forward)

TENEMENT – LP

Not as bad as some think. Not as good as the adulatory liner notes would lead you to believe. (GA)
(Deranged / Forward)

TURQUOISE FEELING – LP

I will say I am not crazy about the name. However, I am crazy about the music. Panic-y and distorted frantic garage rock. The singer's mumbles are buried below the noise, but it sounds nice, like little evil whispers in my ears. More please. (CK)
(Heel Turn)

TV FREAKS – "D.Y.O.T. / The Pits"

These dudes have put out a grip of records, but it's my first time throwing them into my ear holes. Apparently, TV FREAKS got the memo that if you're gonna put out a two song record, you better make it good. Let's start with the second side first. "The Pits" is a simple-yet-effective, raging garage punk song. Howling vocals and stomping drums and a manic guitar all congeal together in a perfect caterwaul of fucked up-ness. It reminds me of the MAKERS and the ACTION SWINGERS thrown into a blender. "D.Y.O.T." is a little more subdued, but only in that way that a small tornado is *still* a tornado. It's more of a straightforward rocker that builds off of a solid riff while shooting out into various directions. It feels like it's channeling both STEEL WOOL and STOOGES at the same time. It's big, ugly, and confident without being pretentious. This shit is perfect. (GH)
(Schizophrenic)

ULTIMO RAUSEA – "Amazing Zone" flexi

Huh. Based on my previous encounters with their '90s output, I'd pegged this band as gooey lo-fi grinders, but these songs are much more in the vein of frantic, eclectic thrash bands like SUN CHILDREN SUN, BREAKFAST, or DUDMAN than earlier split-mates like CHICKENSHIT or EXCRETION. The vocals are raw, the guitar is barely distorted, and the three tracks on this one-sided flexi fly by in mere moments. I dig this new direction (if it is new—I really haven't heard anything from this band in years and years) but apparently this is a one-off pressing limited to 50 (!), so…yeah. (AU)
(Royal Shadow)

UPINATEM – "Groundhog Years" CD

This band from Idaho has been around since 1995. This is the first time I've heard them. This release sounds just like NOFX. Musically it dips into PROPAGANDHI territory at times but the vocals stay NOFX. NOFX is huge so I suppose for Idaho this could be a good thing. For me in Cali it's been as done to death as sounding just like GREEN DAY or BAD RELIGION. Nah. (RL)
(Wavepop)

USELESS ID – "State Is Burning" LP

I feel like I can't start writing this review without a disclaimer. Like the vast majority of Israeli punk rockers, I grew up going to USELESS ID shows. I would even go as far as saying that USELESS

ID is probably the band that I've seen most times live. For those who aren't familiar, USELESS ID is a punk rock band that was formed in 1994 in Haifa, Israel. They were probably the first melodic punk band to come out of Israel (back then they called it melodic hardcore) and they're definitely the "biggest" Israeli punk band. No one can deny that. Shortly after their inception, they moved to the Bay Area for a few months and started to aggressively tour the US, eventually landing a split record with emo / pop punk band the ATARIS and releasing the record *Bad Story, Happy Ending* on Kung Fu Records in 2001. Fast forward fifteen years (fuck, it's been that long!), four awesome records later, and countless tours in Europe and Japan (with bands like NO USE FOR A NAME, LAGWAGON, NOFX, FRENZAL RHOMB, and the like) and we get *State Is Burning*. Though I loved their previous releases, this is the record that I have been waiting for all this time. USELESS ID reemerges with their heaviest album yet, full of angst and frustration about living in the pressure-box that is the state of Israel. Over the years, USELESS ID has shown that they can do sweet, angry, and sad without compromising either one. When they're angry, they're angry. When they're sweet, they're sweet and catchy! You don't need more than two listens to start singing along to some of these tunes, especially the choruses of "Borrowed Time," "How To Dismantle An Atom Bomb," and "We Don't Want The Airwaves"—the latter being a song about how the RAMONES were the greatest band that ever fucking existed. I don't know many people who would disagree with this. Ray from TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET sings on this one and it's dedicated to his brother, Brandon, who passed away a few months ago. Bassist and vocalist Yotam Ben-Horin is definitely one of the best and hardest working songwriters in the melodic punk world. He's been touring endlessly all over the US and Europe in the past couple of years, playing backyards, bars, parks, festivals, living rooms, record stores, and pretty much anywhere he can. The songwriting on this album is on a whole different level and I believe it might have a lot to do with that. If you're into Fat-style punk—clean and produced but energetic and to the point—this is one of the best releases of the year. (DB)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

VATS – "Green Glass Room" LP

So truly bummed that I missed VATS when they played the Bay! This record is evidence that I snoozed and loozed. Absolutely killer insurrection sound that invokes PYLON bass lines, sneered MALARIA!-style vocal damage and a wild late dark post-punk Mancunian-esque guitar deconstruction. If you have been swept up by the dark wave that's wiping through the current music scene and want a little art punk extra this will do the trick ever so nicely! Pacific Northwest melancholy refracted through the lens of late Cold War European post-punk fandom. "Green Glass Room" and "Melting Culture" are the mixtape hits. They also do a woozy MALARIA! cover that is pretty sick/slick... "Half Night" is a wild odyssey that ends the record in a manner that affirms its insurrectionary feel, bodily autonomy in the face of end times capitalism, a rallying feminist anti-capitalist art punk anthem for our times. (LG)
(End of Time)

VICIOUS DREAMS – "Somethin' Vicious" EP

VICIOUS DREAMS are not easily labeled. They blend post-punk, dark punk, and power pop with some X into a cohesive sound. On the flipside to that tidbit of posi, it's boring. No grit and no teeth; all rounded edges and no sharp corners. Nothing vicious about it. (CR)
(Hover Craft / No Front Teeth / Swamp Cabbage)

VIDEO FILTH – "Media Games" EP

Heavy, crusty hardcore that definitely nods in the direction of WORLD BURNS TO DEATH. Slightly melodramatic vocals are right up front in the mix, the drumming is heavy on the toms, and the bass and guitar sounds are thick and warm (this is a good sounding record, for sure). The songs are a bit same-y, but they're all pretty good, and "Media Games" stands out as quite memorable. This is a very solid early effort from a band that will only get better with age. (AU)
(Nightrider)

VIVID SEKT – "Who Protects Us From Ourselves?" EP

The opener "The Threat" is already much lighter than their last effort, but still (maybe even more) reminiscent of UK anarcho punks LOST CHERREES or ICON A.D. "Common Disinterest" is more driving with spitfire vocals, exploring the concept of being trapped in a system that you reject. On the flip, "Redemption" steps back a bit in tempo and has more drawn-out vocal lines. It's a bit clunky at times, but the swervy bass line keeps it moving. Cool band, interesting lyrics. Still a fan. (MA)
(Black Water)

THE WANKYS – "State Monitoring State Control" EP

Fuck, by now you should know if Mr. Wanky and crew bring a smile to your face or make you want to put out your eardrums with a pencil. Four cheeky tracks of Kyushu noize worship from the UK's finest purveyors thereof, irritating vocals and phaser pedal in full effect. This is a bit more political than their usual fare, which is fucking great. Don't let anybody tell you that you can't have a larf and a think at the same time. Honestly, I like this a lot more than their last couple EPs—"None That I Can See" is probably their best song since the early days of "C.R.A.Z.E. Power" and "I Love Jab." (AU)
(SPHC)

THE WELLIES – "Higher Calling / How Long"

I don't know anything about this band but they are the perfect combination of SLADE and ROSE TATTOO. I mean, the singer has NODDY HOLDER and ANGRY ANDERSON down pat. One stomper and one slow ballad that will have you shaking your room 'til your dad comes home and kicks your ass. Seriously good shit. (RO)
(Power)

WHITE MYSTERY – "Outta Control" CD

Something between a retro '60s girl garage masterpiece and a drunken swamp slog, Chicago duo WHITE MYSTERY are soulful

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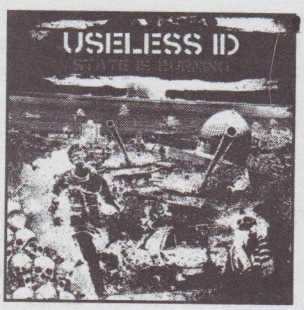

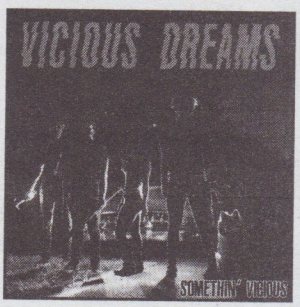

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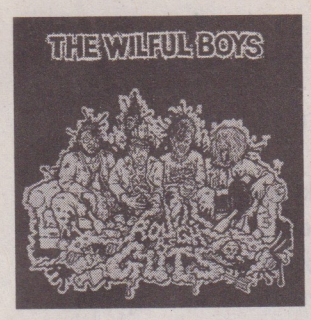

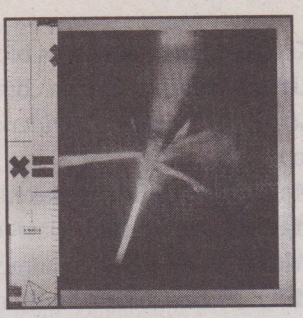

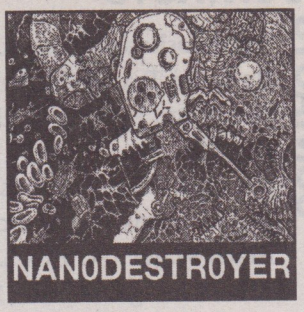

and brilliant on *Outta Control*. Never too serious, there are ridiculous moments—"Pacci," and half of "Sweet Relief" sounds like KING MISSILE gone garage—but these rockers excel when they drop into sultry rock'n'roll. "Alien Vision Bomb" and "Unhinged," are the hits. Excellent. (WN)
(self-released)

WILD TINDERBOX – "Lava Surfin'" CD

This is a hard rock band from Texas with alternative leanings, if you consider SOUNDGARDEN, RED HOT CHILLI PEPPERS, and PEARL JAM alternative. Five songs that sound like what you hear on your classic rock station's "local band hour" that comes on at midnight on Sunday. I didn't like this. (RL)
(self-released)

THE WILFUL BOYS – "Rough As Guts" LP

Noisy blues-based guitar punk from NYC with two Aussies in their ranks gives this a decidedly X – *Aspirations* with a few less drugs feel to it. The singer has a stellar screamy, growling-in-anguish vocal delivery and the band pounds along in a LUBRICATED GOAT meets early WHITE ZOMBIE stompathon. The best noisier and angrier songs such as the title track and "Take It Easy" are delivered with a full pint of piss to the head, a kind of love that is a welcome surprise to these ears. (RO)
(ever/never)

X= – "5 Walls" LP

After numerous tape and EP releases, Pennsylvania-based punk rock band X= finally released their debut LP. There's four years worth of work in here. X= starts this record in high gear with a fast song called "2042" about the country being gone by the year 2042. Songs about corporations, consumerism, the sad state of humanity, and capitalism all delivered and crafted through music that ranges from melodic punk rock, hardcore punk, and a hint of post-punk—this band seems to be doing all of it really well. These guys are talented songwriters and players. They remind me a little bit of the more recent TSOL records (*Divided We Stand* era), with NIGHT BIRDS-like vocals. At times I even get an older BAD RELIGION vibe, but don't take this as a band that sounds exactly like those bands. This record really is unique and original. The record itself also comes with a really nice booklet with a shitload of artwork, lyrics, and information about the band. Most of the songs on this album are pretty good but my favorite tracks have to be "2042," "Set Me Free," "Seeing Grey," "Disaster Porn," "Transcend," and the last track, which sounds an older recording of a hardcore song full of anger and guitar feedback. (DB)
(self-released)

ZOTZ – "Victima" EP

Three cuts of pulsing deathrock from Mexico City. All of the elements are present: thick bass, sinister guitar lines, and ghostly reverb. The howling vocal style reminds me of LOST TRIBE, but the drumming gives their sound a bit of a jagged edge. I'd like to hear the vocals with fewer effects, as so much reverb can mask inflection, but this production seems intentional. You know I'm always looking for a hit, which this disc isn't delivering, but these guys are totally capable at what they're doing. (MA)
(Discos Enfermos / Mass Media)

V/A – "B Sides" EP

This split came out early last year and features four groups all from the Midwest, all quality pop punk, all starting with the letter B. The first track is from the BROKEDOWNS, an Illinois band who have had a few good releases in the past couple of years. The song they contributed to this split is no different. BOILERMAN's contribution is a song called "Stricture," which starts fast and angry but soon turns into what sounds a little like a mixture of pop punk and early emo with different tempo changes. Chicago's BRICKFIGHT actually have two songs, which mix together really nicely. It sounds like a cross between JAWBREAKER and DILLINGER FOUR, which is pretty cool in my opinion, and their second song is about counting down days till the weekend, something I can totally fucking relate to. BOXSLEDDER's track "Rocky Loves Emily" is a pop punk song with a catchy chorus about drowning. This is a good split if you want to get to know some good current melodic punk rock bands from the Midwest. Comes with an insert of lyrics and pictures of all the band members. (DB)
(Rad Girlfriend)

V/A – "Nanodestroyer: A Fastcore Compilation" EP

This is a three and a half minute fastcore compilation pressed onto a postcard. Even though it's almost impossible to play, even on a nice turntable, this postcard comp is fucking sick. You get thirteen songs by six bands on thin cardstock, and the crappy sound quality just warms my heart. Comps like this should always be pressed on cardboard. This is hardcore stripped to the marrow. All the bands shred, but the standouts are RAD and PERMANENT RUIN (although I think that THROAT SLITTER has the best name of the bunch). It does include a download code for the posers that don't like the sound of a record needle scraping against paper. Pick it up! If you don't like it, it's easily recyclable. (BA)
(Goatmeal)

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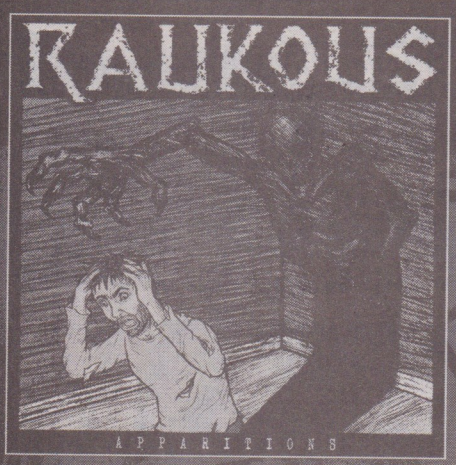

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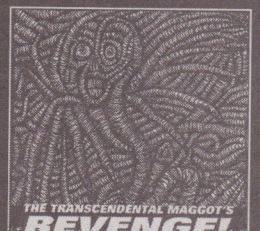

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DEMOS

All cassettes and CD-Rs are reviewed in this section. Send yours to PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146 USA and include your contact information. Submissions without artwork will not be considered.

(AT) Alex Turner
(GH) Greg Harvester
(HB) Heather Blotto
(JR) Jason Ryan
(MB) Matt Badenhop
(MT) Michael de Toffoli
(SN) Sean Nieves-Quinones
(WN) Robert Collins

ABSOLUTE ZERO – *Panorama Of Hell* – Hopeless noise crust from Japan. These crashers inject a little more groove into the slow parts, and screaming ACIDIC SOIL-style metal leads dominate the mix when the overbearing gruff vocals step aside. Constant raw hiss and noise permeate every crevice, just the way you like it. (WN) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, Black Konflik, PO Box 28, 27600, Raub, Panang, MALAYSIA, blacxkonflik.blogspot.com)

ÂGE NOIR – *Le Grand Sommeil* – It's super weird. Like no wave / hardcore. Off-putting but intriguing. Tracks are bleak, noisy, and without pretension. Monotonous riffing serves more to create a vibe than to rock out, if you know what I mean, and these freaks know how to crush a vibe. Packaging is over the top and beautiful. Way into this. (WN) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, Maik Adler, Schillerstrasse 17, 07545 Gera, GERMANY, derschwund.bandcamp.com)

AGENT – Fucking ugly, pissed hardcore from Kansas City, MO featuring members of BETA BOYS, NUKE CULT and the DEACONS among others. The drums sound like getting punched in the face through a wet paper bag. The singer sounds like a rabid dog in an echo chamber. I already said it was ugly, but the guitars are beefed up and still catchy as fuck. It sounds like dragging your stupid fucking knuckles all over a shitty ass basement in the rain. That means it's good. (GH) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, agent1.bandcamp.com, deathsideblackout@yahoo.com)

AKAKABUTO – 赤カブト – Ripping fastcore equally rooted in the Y2K tradition and the foundation laid by their Swedish forebears. Nine tracks, all burners. (WN) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, akakabuto.bandcamp.com)

ANTI CIMEX – *Raw Live 1984-1986* – Hey hardcore rebeller, I suppose you're wondering if these live demonstrations are worth picking up. Well they is. This tape is two live sets: Sweden in 1984, and Leeds, UK in 1986. All the songs you're wondering about from *Anarkist Attack*, *Raped Ass*, and *Victims*… are on here. The performances are organic and loose, crushingly heavy at times and raucously re-inventive at others. The grandest takeaway is Jonsson's furnace of a mouthpiece, some of the most powerful vocals in hardcore, which you can feel rumbling both clubs way above the rest of the band. Real, live, and raw. (JR) (16-song cassette, lyrics not included, Black Konflik, PO Box 28, 27600, Raub, Panang, MALAYSIA, blacxkonflik.blogspot.com)

THE ANTIDON'TS – *Ate My Pizza* – Fun, '80s-influenced hardcore played by beer-drinking, pizza-stealing cartoon characters. Some of the instrumental parts sound dissonant like SUICIDAL TENDENCIES' "Institutionalized," but there's also a slightly more straightforward, melodic street-punk streak. A brattier, more spastic take on early BLACK FLAG or MINOR THREAT. They've probably legitimately earned the bragging rights for their track "Banned in PC" (as in Port Charlotte, FL, the band's hometown). If you find yourself in Southwest Florida, please make sure to give these dudes a high five. (HB) (7-song CD-R, theantidonts.bandcamp.com)

AVENUE ROCKERS – *Letters From New York* – Their promo thing says they are inspired by RANCID and US BOMBS and…well, that's pretty much it. Aggressive and faster than most bands of this ilk, and I'm sure they tear up the stage live when opening for the MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES. (WN) (13-song CD-R, lyrics included, avenuerockers.com)

BOBBY PERU – *2 Live Peru* – Portland garage punk in the vein of early Rip Off and rawer Estrus releases. Thankfully, it colors outside of those rigid lines and their singer has the spunk and energy to carry this out of the staid, simple garage rock canon. Energetic and catchy. The kind of shit you're gonna see in a slimy ass basement rather than in a shitty fucking brew pub. LP out this winter. (GH) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, bobbyperupdx.bandcamp.com)

THE BRATTY ATTITUDES – *T.B.A.* – Welp, they got me. I was so floored to hear three teenagers make pure adolescent punk rock and I was excited to write them up and give them a push. Then Grace emailed me and basically said, "you know that anything on Life Is Posers is a fake band, right?" Nope. I did not. But I guess that's a testament to how good this tape is. The BRATTY ATTITUDES are characters in a Life Is Posers comic and that issue came with a tape by the band, and it actually sounds good. Like a real band kind of good. It's everything that you'd think thirteen-year-olds in a garage would make and it functions on its own as real recordings. Definitely worth listening to, and I hope we didn't give away the secret. (MT) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, rallenrenovations@gmail.com, lifeisposers.bigcartel.com)

BURIALS / EXHAUSTED PRAYER – *split* – Technical high-speed death metal from BURIALS. Heavy and unrelenting. Faster shits from EXHAUSTED PRAYER: more black metal influence, more hooks, more blasts. (WN) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, Rose Quarter Records, 5025 SW Corbett Ave. #17, Portland, OR 97239, rosequarterrecords.bandcamp.com)

CASCARRABIAS – *Odiando el Sonido! Y la Dieversion!* – Peppy mid-tempo punk with infectious bass riffs from Lyon, but sung in Spanish. Simple, melodic, and upbeat. Vocals are slightly off-key in a charming way, but delivered with confidence. The clean and dry production perhaps stunts the impact their sound could potentially have here. Despite my overall lukewarm reaction, this band seems cool and I'd go see 'em play given

the chance. (MA) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, cascarrabias.punk@gmail.com)

CHAMBER OF TORTURE – *Behead Before Interment* – Motherfukkr, the Reforestation label keeps on delivering. Stomach churning mid-tempo death metal from Russia…punk attitude, savage delivery. This crew has yet to disappoint. (WN) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, reforestationrecords.bandcamp.com)

COMFORT – *No Hurt* – Straight for the fukkn throat Australian hardcore. Fierce, ugly, hard hitting and pissed, COMFORT make you feel anything but comfortable. There are occasional guitar leads that hint at more melodic possibilities, but the bulk of this demo is meant to knock you out of your chair. And it succeeds. Killer shit from DRAFT DODGER, TEARGAS, and WHITEHORSE personnel. (WN) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, N. Bramley, PO Box 5371, West End, QLD 4101, AUSTRALIA, comfortzenwar.bandcamp.com)

COORDINATED SUICIDES – *False Pleasure EP* – Three nice Madison boys whose noise goes beyond what you'd expect and produces a range of heavy muck and technique. They capture the image of grey skies, woodsheds, and four-horned goats that you're pretty sure are Satan's creation. It starts with crunchy fuzz doom that sounds totally destroyed and punishes the ground that it stomps on, but then kicks into a demented kind of tech death that's crunchy enough to ground them, but energetic enough to roar on. With very atmospheric screeching / wailing vocals from each member, their doomy noise has a surprising amount of personality. Thanks, boys. (MT) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, avrcrc.bandcamp.com)

DAISY GLAZE – *Kings of the Fuzz Style* – Chicago indie-style punks who make me think about early SUPERCHUNK and DINOSAUR JR (in the ripping, fuzzy riff department) with a little bit of WEAKERTHANS in the lyric delivery. Speaking of the lyrics, DAISY GLAZE is probably a little more politically conscious than those first two references, with songs about police murder and constrictions of the gender binary. Overall, a cool, catchy demo with riffs for days. (GH) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, daisyglazed.bandcamp.com)

DIKLOUD – *Seven Seas* – Melodic punk rooted in '90s US DIY emotional shits. Driving tracks with vocals part spoken and part crooned, but in that raspy sensitive way. You know the way I mean. I mean the way of 1997. (WN) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, Apocaplexy, Maik Adler, Schillerstrasse 17, 07545 Gera GERMANY, derschwund.bandcamp.com)

DOPESTROKE – *Wounded Family Heirlooms* – Opening groove brings '90s hardcore to mind (BORN AGAINST, AUS ROTTEN, EL DOPA) and the sample helps to date the sound (the blatantly / expertly retooled BORN AGAINST riff doesn't hurt) so you know exactly what these Philly punks are going for. The fast parts are forceful, the vocals bring to mind a relentless and upfront delivery that's seemingly been traded in for mystery and manufactured despair. To a certain listener, DOPESTROKE will come as a welcome reset…are you that listener? Either way, the band released two EPs and this tape, then they done broke up. (WN) (8-song cassette, lyrics not included, M. Purchla, 4833 Walton Avenue, Philadelphia, PA, dopestroke.bandcamp.com)

DRY HEAVE – *Designer Skin* – Anxiety-inducing punk with desperately demented vocals. Seriously, the vocals are kinda consuming; I was three tracks in before I paid attention to anything else. Shit is good. Shit is dark. Shit makes me really antsy. Abrasive treble rebels, fast and snappy. Dig it. (WN) (9-song cassette, lyrics not included, 3510 Gunderson Avenue, Berwyn IL 60402, dryheaveill.bandcamp.com)

ENAMEL – Brutal, driving hardcore from Philadelphia with some serious fucking breakdowns and buildups and hysterical screaming and pretty much everything I want hardcore to be. It's angry without taking itself too seriously and fun without losing heaviness. It makes me feel like getting in the pit, the same way ACTS OF SEDITION used to make me feel. Fuck yes. (HB) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, enamelphl@gmail.com, enamelphl.bandcamp.com)

FILTHY HATE – *Hatred Stench Corpse* – Cheers to Black Konflik for unearthing this Japanese monster!! Two demos from the early '10s, raw, churning filth drawing from classic '80s UK filth and Japanese hardcore bands that ripped on '80s UK filth…this shit is epic (and filthy). Howling lead vocals and a struggling whirlwind of guitars—the entire presentation is perfect but doesn't seem calculated. Don't snooze on this. (WN) (12-song cassette, lyrics included, Black Konflik, PO Box 28, 27600, Raub, Panang, MALAYSIA, blacxkonflik.blogspot.com)

GARBAGE BRAIN / SPEWING CUM – *split* – I mean…the fukk did you think SPEWING CUM were gonna sound like? Well, they are more garage and less hardcore than I thought, but the tracks are pretty sick nonetheless. Two extra creamers from GARBAGE BRAIN. They want you to think they are punks, but the shit sounds like EUGENIUS and *Superfuzz Bigmuff* to my ears. That's a compliment, you monkeys. (WN) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, King Pizza Records, 79 Franklin Avenue #3, Brooklyn, NY 11205, kingpizzarecords.com)

HANG THE OLD YEAR – *Exit Out* – Epic and anthemic prog / metal. (WN) (1-song cassette, lyrics included, Rose Quarter Records, 5025 SW Corbett Avenue #17, Portland, OR 97239, rosequarterrecords.bandcamp.com)

HARDWARE – *Demo* – Debut recordings from Massachusetts' self-proclaimed "Flowerviolence" band. Not sure where they're getting that because the music itself isn't very flowery at all. It's nice and harsh powerviolence that's dangerously distorted and reeling. Heavy and brutal, blurringly fast output with cackling, screeching vocals drowning in the rapids of the power and, well, violence. The lo-fi recording is being pushed to the peak so the whole thing gnaws its way off the tape. If this is their first recording, they're definitely worth keeping up with. (MT) (9-song cassette, lyrics not included, hardwarewmhc.bandcamp.com)

HECKLER – Four tracks of anti-racist shit punk from Switzerland. Fast and loose like MDC, but with Jerry A vocals. Good shit. (WN) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, Raphael Kessler, Rosengässchen 35, 43 10 Rheinfelden, Aargau, SWITZERLAND, hecklerpunk.bandcamp.com)

HUNGER ANTHEM – *Cut the Chord* – The first track sets the tone with a wall-of-sound tidal wave of power pop, warranting a comparison to CHEAP TRICK in both melodic raging and cheesiness. It chills out a little after that, skating the razor sharp edge between respectable power pop and the embarrassing backwaters of SoCal bro pop punk. The whole thing is catchy as hell and has a '90s ring to it, melodic and a little off, like the things you like about WEEZER and GUIDED BY VOICES. (HB) (5-song cassette, hungeranthem.bandcamp.com)

INDONESIAN JUNK – *So Live, So Devastating* – Essential creamers from Midwest rockers, INDONESIAN JUNK deliver the live goods on this cassette. We

are talking M.O.T.O., NEW BOMB TURKS caliber garage bangers with ruthless leads and undeniable KISS tendencies. Drunk and loose, the way a live tape should be. I figured this one was gonna be good…it's better. Between song banter is just extra: *"You lick me? I lick you."* (WN) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, 2241 N. Booth Street, Milwaukee, WI 53212)

THE JAMES BADFELLOWS – *He Went To The Store . . . For You* – Serious seeming garage rock'n'roll with low, wavery vocals that don't not bring to mind the sounds of the ANIMALS, RICHARD HELL or the DOORS ("People Are Strange," specifically). Brooding and dark, with a little B-3 organ here and there, a little surf drumming, and a little "dry your tears, baby . . . just cause I cheat on you doesn't mean I don't love you." The convincingly anachronistic vibe and extremely pro recording quality make it sounds like it belongs on a 12" rather than a demo tape. (HB) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, thejamesbadfellows.bandcamp.com)

KAPPA CHOW – I only know this band through the *MRR* review section, but KAPPA CHOW have created consistently infectious garage punk, and I'm sad to see them go. Some of the hooks are buried in this rehearsal recording, but sometimes that's the charm, and if a six song creamer like this is your swan song, then good on ya. Fast, feisty, ass shaking rock'n'roll. As into it as I thought I would be (which is a lot). (WN) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, kappachow.bandcamp.com)

LEE HARVEY OSWALD / THE PSYCHIC HOTLINE – LEE HARVEY OSWALD is creative, mathy post-punk with unexpected chord progressions and rhythms. Sharp, decisive female vocals cut like a knife with lyrics threatening physical violence. Almost gets a little jazzy at times. An overall exciting post-punk weirdo masterpiece. PSYCHIC HOTLINE starts out with distorted, minimalist, echo-y electronic beats, feedback samples and deranged talking / screaming vocals. At times it's a feral robot chewing its own leg off to escape a trap while intermittently trying to repair a motorcycle. It then enters less aggressive territory, slapping you in the face with pharmaceutical commercial background music, hyper-distorted screaming, machine gun sounds, and looped bad-acid-trip mumbling. It's definitely a concept effort: sounds that don't fit into punk exactly, but put together in a very punk way. (HB) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, leeharveyoswaldnola.bandcamp.com, psychich0tline.bandcamp.com/)

LEISURE WORLD – Single note guitars, vomit *yeeeaaaaooowled* vocals, hard driving punk rock. Discordant, awkward, no fucks given...but then there are the hooks, and once you get hooked then look the fukk out… because you're finished. What if BORN AGAINST had been a garage punk band? I'm just saying. Choice creamer: "Really Manly MEN." (WN) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, leisure-world.bandcamp.com)

LUMPS – *Curses* – Sometimes sounds like DICKIES, sometimes like slick commercial garage punk. More than proficient, though I think some of the pop sensibilities serve to dull the teeth that could make this band truly memorable. That said, the tracks are bangin', and the rock'n'roll is solid. (WN) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, King Pizza Records, 79 Franklin Avenue #3, Brooklyn, NY 11205, kingpizzarecords.com)

MACE – *Tour Tape* – Fast brutal hardcore that doesn't stray too far from the pack but definitely comes at you with some pretty irresistible breakdowns and guitar shreddage. Seven short tracks on a tape that could probably fit on a 7" doesn't leave much room for filler. The most creative and original track is "No Control," with palpable anger in the singing, and a plodding rhythm with lots of cool surprises and stops / instrumental drop-outs. The vocalist really kills it but the vocals are mixed low. Sounds kind of like PUNCH! (HB) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, bee.traverse@gmail.com, macehc.bandcamp.com)

METER FEEDER – *Decision To End Rock* – In a dream world Poly Styrene would be in a hardcore band, and in western Massachusetts we have METER FEEDER. They're calling themselves the world's first "roll" band (apparently deciding to end the rock of rock'n'roll) but this tape rocks pretty hard. Raw and tight, brash but danceable, they have you slamming through the pit then bopping and pogoing. The songs have a fun house party vibe, shouting about meter maids, how much they hate the shitty party that they're stuck at, and my favorite song about going to Applebee's instead of Chili's. They rock, but I guess they're trying harder to emphasize their roll. (MT) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, meterfeeder.bandcamp.com/releases)

MUERTE A LOS '80s – *Es Nuestro Tiempo: Compilation Hardcore Punk* – I recently met a person who told me a "Peruvian Goodbye" differs from an "Irish Goodbye" in that a Peruvian is in the middle of something with you and vanishes, and the Irish just leave you secretly and sketchy. Well, what else can I say about this tape. It has the wild spirit; it has the lows and the highs; it is in and out in volume; it is all over the place. Crust, Oi!, pogo, chaotic noise, street stomp. Totally ill. And it's perfect for making love to. Can I get a Rock Subterráneo? (JR) (26-song cassette, lyric not included, Drenaja Distro)

NEO NEOS – Home recorded trash rock from Minneapolis that seems to have a mile-wide chip on its shoulder. I can't tell if they're sending obvious nods or piss-soaked tirades of venom to bands like CONEHEADS and URANIUM CLUB, but there are some definite similarities, including a reworking of the latter's "Black Semen" that shit talks their hometown. The recording is a warm, warbly, lo-fi affair that flows between sloppy stabs at the aforementioned acts and tight KBD-style punk. This might be a joke, but it's a really good one. (GH) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, 2845 43rd Avenue S, Minneapolis, MN 55406, vedicardi.bandcamp.com)

NO PERSON – *America* – Mainstream punk with generous helpings of ska. Good tracks, could easily see them among the ranks of the grittier club starter bands, though the melodic tendencies are hard to hide. (WN) (6-song CD-R, lyrics not included, B. Wingard, 3313 Brownsville Road #4, Pittsburgh, PA 15227, noperson.bandcamp.com)

PARDONER – *Gravedigger EP* – I've been waiting for this tape for months now. This is punk rock with droning distorted guitars that have a great bummer tint to them. Very wobbly, very delayed, very atmospheric, with great building wobbling chorus breaks that give a breather between blurry powerful melodies. Nice fuzzy FAILURE bass coupled with heavy rolling drums. They are at the bummer end of the spectrum of punk and I'm glad that we can recognize how gaze fits into that. Great for bumming out in your room with your SWERVEDRIVER and DINO JR posters keeping you company. (MT) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, pardoner.bandcamp.com)

RIÑA – This is the RIÑA demo and it is fucking smoking! Image if you will, you're walking around the city clanging and smashing on every fucking thing in your path, literally scorching the face of society with your vocals. That's what this band from Mexico City sounds like. No time to breathe, no time to stop. Not a single song of the six clocks in over a minute and a half, yet they

DEMOS

all carry you through a lifetime of rage and furiousity. "Olvido," the final song, is my new favorite teeth grinding, pace changing knuckle-dragger. Ruthless raw hardcore punk with the fiercest heart I've heard in a demo in a while. No hype, no gimmick. I love this so much immediately. (JR) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, riniapunk.bandcamp.com)

SCHWUND – *Der Schemen* – Hell yes, punks, some actual weirdo music. SPARKS attitude, DEVO irreverence, and a distinctively Deutschpunk tone. This one is instantly addictive and at the same time demands multiple listens. There will be contact information in the parentheses—you should use that information to your advantage. (WN) (17-song cassette, lyrics not included, c/o Apocaplexy, Maik Adler, Schillerstrasse 17, 07545 Gera, GERMANY, derschwund.bandcamp.com)

SEX HOGGS II – *Sex Hoggs II: Part One* – Ramblin' surf garage rock'n'roll with raw drums and guitar keeping the beat the focus. The two of them bang along with bop guitar and old timey radio vocals ramblin' to tambourine-heavy beach party drums, keeping us teens jiving around the sock hop all night long. They throw a handful of ballads in there for your slow dances, but mostly it's raw groovy garage. Kinda fun. (MT) (10-song cassette, lyrics not included, sexhogs.bandcamp.com)

SHUTUPS – *EP2* – Awesome tape that brings back '90s alterna-power pop, playing to the strengths of bands like EVE 6 and QUEEN SARAH SATURDAY. They're a two piece from Oakland with major key power chords, riff-runs wobbling with chorus, and happy popping snare drums. They're doing East Bay pop punk proud while still keeping it strong and ruthless, and it's surprisingly raw. For hardcore kids that have a soft spot for pop punk this should be the annual band that gets a free pass. (MT) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, shutupsoakland.bandcamp.com)

SPECIAL INTEREST – Holy *fucking* shit, this is destroying me. New Orleans' SPECIAL INTEREST plays totally fucking damaged, synthy, queer no wave that is blown out and wild sounding. It feels like it's somehow from the future, 1981, and another world where time never existed. A floundering, frantic drum machine and distorted bass hold everything down while their completely unhinged singer freaks the fuck out. A cloud of synth fills up all the space surrounding it. Freak nasties and outcasts of the world take note. They cover KRISMA. Have your friend dig a spiked heel into your face and get ready to lose your shit. (GH) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, specialinterestno.bandcamp.com)

TERRÖRSTRIKER – *Hordes Of Armageddon* – Late-'80s crossover meets mid-'80s death metal. This one is a complete and total ripper. When I saw ABSU this weekend, I wish they had been as good as this cassette...they weren't even close. This shit makes me want to go to Russia. (WN) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, reforestationrecords.bandcamp.com)

THERM – *Anti Fun* – Catchy, snarky punk on one hand, but man, some of these tracks sound like *Valley Girl* soundtrack outtakes (Karoline would say that is a compliment). So if you're taking retro to new heights, THERM, if that's your goal, then you've done the thing. When "New Wave" meant more than keyboards and dance moves and referred to bands that didn't sound like BOB SEGER, it referred to bands that sounded like this. I'm not talking shit, it's really good, I'm just trying to put it in a box for you. (WN) (4-song cassette, lyrics not included, thermforyou.bandcamp.com)

TRASH KNIFE – *Trash Life* – Super energetic garage hardcore along the lines of TYRADES. The kind of tracks that could be infectious catchy ditties if these Philly punks would tone it down a bit...but we are glad that they choose to blow the thing out instead. Shrill lead vox, constant fire. (WN) (5-song cassette, lyrics not included, Endless Daze, 2333 Mercer Street, Philadelphia, PA 19125, trashknife.bandcamp.com)

WARM BODIES – Kansas City has been tight for years now and WARM BODIES proves that. Sharing members with DARK AGES, WARM BODIES has more of a spaced-out hardcore feel…slowing it down sometimes and even treading into some SWELL MAPS territory. Olivia's vocals are all reverbed-out and urgent with hook after hook coming out of the guitars. It's a great fucking demo and you'll wanna track it down right now. (GH) (6-song cassette, lyrics not included, warmbodies100.bandcamp.com)

XYLITOL – I'm just gonna go ahead and call this a perfect demo. Vicious, ripping, tortured damaged vocals scream about queer assimilation, killing fucking rapists, eating ass (consensually), and being a true fucking freak of society. For the bulk of this demo the drums are just relentlessly pounding out a simple ass pogo beat that is gonna make some shithead beat their brains out with their studded leather gloves. The guitars are just *burly* and monotonous (in a good way), rattling around inside your skull. It all feels truly inspired and sick and inspirational. *"Pop society like a zit!"* Members of bands you already like from the Pacific Northwest. (GH) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, xylitolband.bandcamp.com)

V/A – *Juanito 4 Guns* – Powerviolence comp featuring four bands from around the world that have character and don't take themselves too seriously. Two-piece grindcore band COLLATE from Chile start with call and response vocals between screeching and growling about Jabba the Hut. Then comes FLAT SUCKS from Japan, who are on the punk end of powerviolence, but cut into deep hardcore. Side B opens with VENKMAN from Oakland, whose D-beat intensifies with rabid vocals and keeps their brand of powerviolence at a heart attack pace. The comp is closed out by trad powerviolence band xDELOREANx from Italy, whose whole material is based on *Back to the Future* (duh). This is a comp for anyone who has this intensity in their veins but doesn't need to take it so goddamn seriously. This tape shows that powerviolence worldwide can rip anyone apart but still manage to be maybe even…fun? (MT) (19-song cassette, lyrics not included, ponxpresents.bandcamp.com)

V/A – *Pop Rocks: Punk and Pink* – A comp from R'N'R Masturbation Records featuring bands from up and down the west coast from Vancouver to LA, and just as much territory musically. From ADDERS' synth heavy rap track to MIKE WATT & THE SECONDMISSINGMEN's hypnotic, surfy mid-tempo banger featuring hand drums, organ, and group vocals, LAST PRICK STANDING's '60s retro organ-heavy swagger, WEEKEND MATTRESS' take on feminist hardcore punk, echoey '90s alternative from WEED, surfy garage punk from BAD TATS, melodic pop punk from DEAD BARS, and urgently off-kilter aggressive post-punk from STREET EATERS, there's something for just about everyone on here, proving that if it exists in punk you can probably find it on the west coast. Clever Pop Rocks-package-themed artwork advises the listener to "Store in a cool place," which is kind of the best. (HB) (11-song cassette, lyrics not included, rocknrollmasturb.free.fr)

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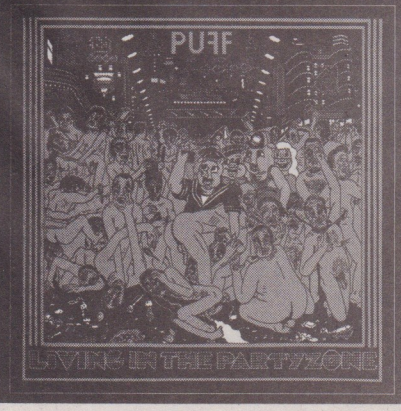

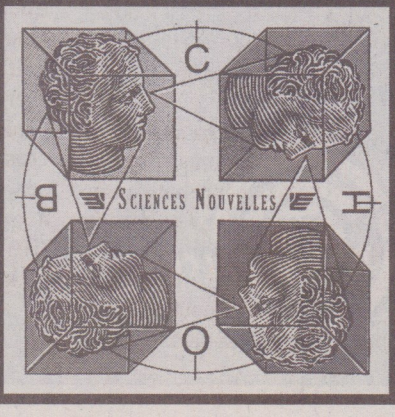

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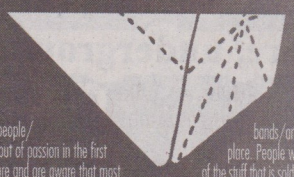

We like to meet people/ bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

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(SF) Sami Fink

CRETINS OF DISTORTION #9
$4 / 8 pgs
I like the layout—this zine is big and stiff making it a little awkward to flip through. There is an interview with Uranium Club and an interview with Livin' Thing. The rest is record reviews that have a real rambling style about them that I appreciate. This is explicitly Midwest-centric and I do love regional things. (MM)
bugcartel.storenvy.com

DORIS #32
$3 / 44 pgs
Couldn't imagine a world without this cultural mainstay. In this issue Cindy reflects on practices taught to her and her sister by her mother, most importantly on how to think about things you are grateful for and understanding the difference between negative thinking that can harm and the kind that springs you into action. There's also an intro—for those unaware—to the case of Marius Mason, an anarchist prisoner facing 22 years for property damage in defense of the earth, along with a conversation with him. Also included is the first installment of a series Cindy is doing of interviews with anarchists over 30, this one with Icky Dunn. All this plus book reviews, writing exercises and much, much more. (AP)
PO Box 29, Athens, OH 45701 / dorisdorisdoris.com

EVEN NOISY SPARROWS: LOVE STORIES #7
$4 / 45 pgs
Five short heart-wrenching stories make up this zine. Two of the stories are actually just interviews with friends but they follow a narrative arch well enough that I feel comfortable calling them stories just the same. The more traditional stories have a very creative memoir style with lots of feeling obviously rooted in real life experiences. The first story recounts a long-term long distance love affair between two punk runaway trans girls as they move around the country over years, never losing touch but living separate lives. The characters are stunningly real and you are immediately as endeared to them as they are to one another. The interviews with friends are about love too. They ask pointed plain questions about definitions of love which lead inevitably to telling a long weaving story about personal history, loss, and joy. If you're a fan of the kind of intimate storytelling that made zines great in the late '90s and early '00s this is for you. (EC)
228 N C Street #2 Lake Worth, FL 33460 / seramfima.mintz@gmail.com

PHANTOM LIMB #1
$2 / 32 pgs
Beginning with space science factoids, the wonder of the names of seas on the moon, teeming with stories of family, friendship, a visit to Japan, and ending with a dedication to "the outlandish idea that your story is worth telling," this zine is all over the place in a great way. It's poetic in a swirling anecdotal rhythm, curveball conclusions to ideas that seem half formed but taken as a whole are a condition, a mood, a stance. It's flirting with personal reveal but says more in what isn't there. The graphic is mixed with illustrations forming like comics and collage and all black backgrounds with typewriter layout mixing with handwriting. I'm struck by the illustration from a porn vid still with the woman staring directly into the camera titled "Am I Consumable?" above a proclamation about sober abstinence for healing. There's always more to say. I immediately thought that if it were widely accessible this zine could do for zinesters what the Ramones did for bands—inspire us to start our own. It's pretty perfect. (JB)
Sam Rose, PO Box 1285, Flagstaff, AZ 86002

PSYCHO DISCO #1
€2 / 24 pgs
It's stupid how long it took me to review this zine, cause *franchement*, it fucking rules. *Pyscho Disco* is a new French fanzine put out by the same folks who run Cool Marriage, a label that put out cassettes by Good Throb and Mystic Inane, so you know what they do is bound to be killer. This zine totally makes the mark. It's short, sweet, and most of it is in the format of "Top 5" lists made by various columnists, who write about pretty much whatever the hell they want—favorite records, favorite songs (neither of which are necessarily punk-based), top five show injuries, etc.

In the middle-ish of the zine there is an excellent interview with the singer of the English punk band Good Throb (side note: the zine is named for one of their songs) and there's a really great intro paragraph about how it's hard to compare any band to Bikini Kill because every fucking band with a female singer gets compared to them. I can't believe how much this resonated with me, and how many times I've heard that bullshit comparison from men who literally can't think of a single other female singer or musician. It's a real thing. But seriously, if you think every female punk singer sounds like Kathleen Hanna then a) fuck off, b) shut up and c) goddamn, you're listening to a narrow swath of punk. This zine totally rules (and even features a guest appearance from the world-famous *MRR* coordinator Grace Ambrose herself!) and you should absolutely read it if you read French or want to practice your French. (SF)
coolmarriage.bigcartel.com

RAZORCAKE #93
$4 / 112 pgs
Long running fanzine that's got stuff like interviews and columns and record reviews. Noticed a call for women to who want to review records to get in touch and a mention of a moratorium on hiring men as new reviewers (I dig this). The issue is dedicated to Barker Gee. Interviews with Cometbus, Basement Benders, and Lenny Lashley (BB on the cover). (MM)
razorcake.org

ROCK'N'ROEL AT THE PATRONAAT
€7,50 / 52 pages
This zine itself is mostly in English, although there is some Dutch. It's mostly a collection of posters and flyers and art he's done for punk bands. There was a little cartooning, but mostly just flyers. His art style has stylistic influences from pin-up art, hot-rod / Rat Fink type stuff, a teensy bit tattooing (strong outlines, lots of banners). The themes are grimy and nasty, but it's in this cutesy cartoony style. He is clearly a first-rate draftsman and his work is super clean. It did remind me a little of some of the stuff in the Dennis Dread compendium *Entartete Kunts*. That's mostly metal and metal band art, but Nick Blinko and a couple of punks

ZINES

are in it. I showed this Roel Smit zine to a cartoonin' buddy of mine, and he immediately recognized a lot of the earlier flyers in it as collaborations with Peter Pontiac. He told me that Peter Pontiac was considered the number one underground cartoonist for that area, and that he had died recently, and that there is a documentary about him on YouTube but that it's got subtitles. Peter Pontiac does have a lot of work that has never been translated into English, and therefore he is relatively unknown in the US, so there's a whole another world of comics and punk out there, if you look! (MX)
Roel Smit, Patrimonilimplein 9 2181 GH, Hillegom, HOLLAND

TATRAT #7
$5 / 24 pgs
In the initial, always exciting, "grab and flip through" moment with *Tatrat* #7 I stopped at the page where the author, in telling the story of his journey into comics, portrayed the X-Men villain Mojo, who he found visually fascinating. Mojo is a bulky alien creature with techno-coils for hair who sits on a spidery robot body and rules a dimension called—shockingly—Mojoverse, where everyone is really into watching terrible television that's just folks fighting each other to live. In the X-Men comics the Mojoverse seems like an overwhelming, almost seizure inducing place, with way too much visual stimuli happening at once, which some people are into. *Tatrat* #7 also feels overwhelming in how much is happening on each page, but I guess that's also the way of a lot of underground comics. Without a doubt, all the artists in this issue are very talented and have churned out some real technically impressive and precise art (I discovered new things each time I looked at the panels). Maybe you've got to do some drugs to really get it all, I don't know. All that crammed in detail is fine most of the time, and I think folks who love that kind of comics should check out this creation from the Forsley brothers (and collaborators). Me, I wasn't so into the poop and needles and used condoms jokes, the abundance of boners, and weird characterizations of black women's bodies. Maybe this would have felt exciting in middle school. No, wait—nothing was exciting in middle school. (KS)
P.O. Box 720283, San Francisco, CA 94172 / cameronforsleyart@gmail.com

WARPWISH #1
$5 / 28 pgs
This comic caught me completely off guard. It is fucking amazing and blows some of the other comics I've reviewed right out of the water! I was like, who the fuck is this guy?! Where did he come from? Cleveland?! As has been pointed out, Crumb and Pekar came from Cleveland, but otherwise it's not exactly known for it's rich cartooning culture. One of my first thoughts was "this guy should've been in *Raw*." Given the artsy-ness of the comic, it has an almost European sensibility. It's so psychedelically intense that at points it's hard to tell what's going on, but who cares? He paid in effort and that wins my respect. Each page is stippled to the nines. I would guess .05 or .08 line-weight, but still! To put it in perspective, I heard Drew Friedman got to the point where he produced one panel *a week*, and this book is *twenty eight pages* of material! Not photo realistic like Friedman, but still. I guess he applied for and was awarded the same art-grant as Derf BackDerf (check out *My Friend Dahmer*, which is awesome too, by the way) and John G., whose work I'm unfamiliar with. I guess Nathan plays in some punk bands out there and has his own radio show, which is some of the subject matter of this comic I'm raving about here. This guy clearly had some good breaks art career-wise after art school, but I can't hate because he clearly earned and deserved it. If he lives a while longer and doesn't burnout, this guy could be a huge deal. See for yourself. His stuff is all humbly priced still, and that may not be the case forever. (MX)
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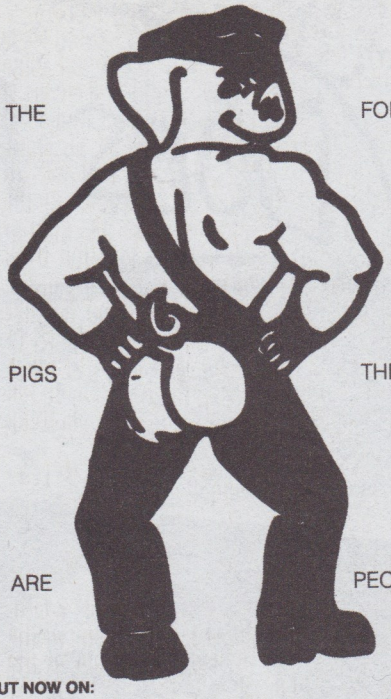

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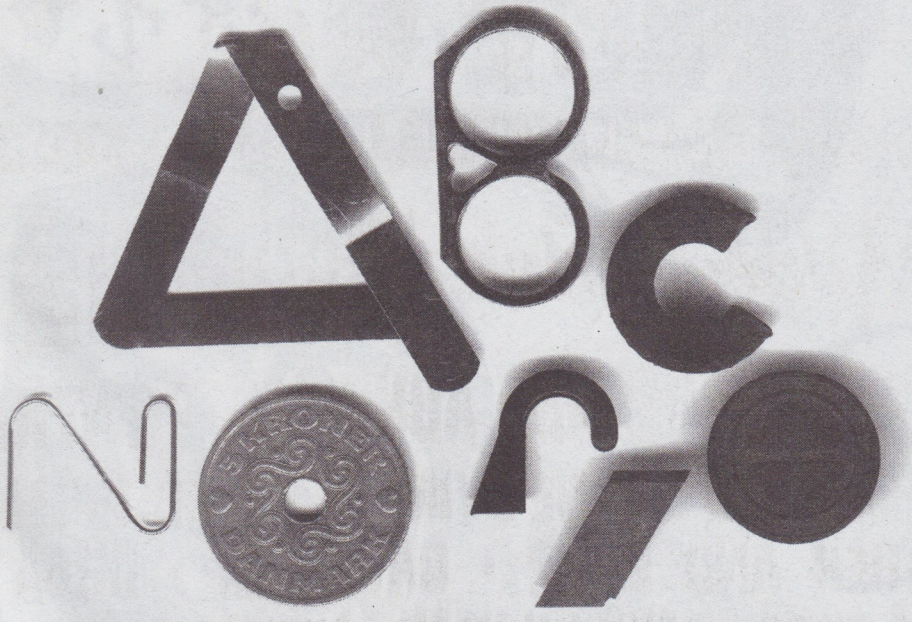

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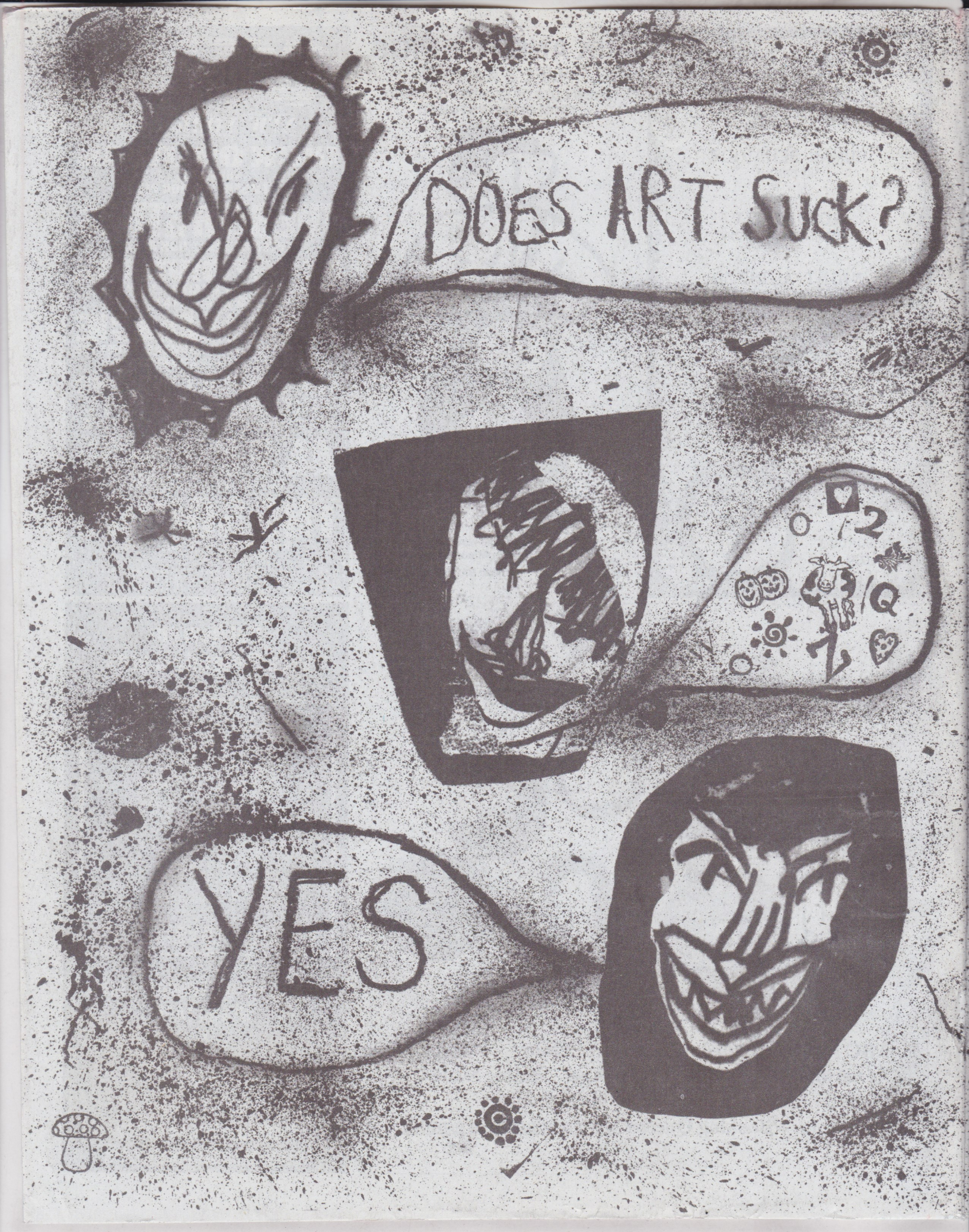
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